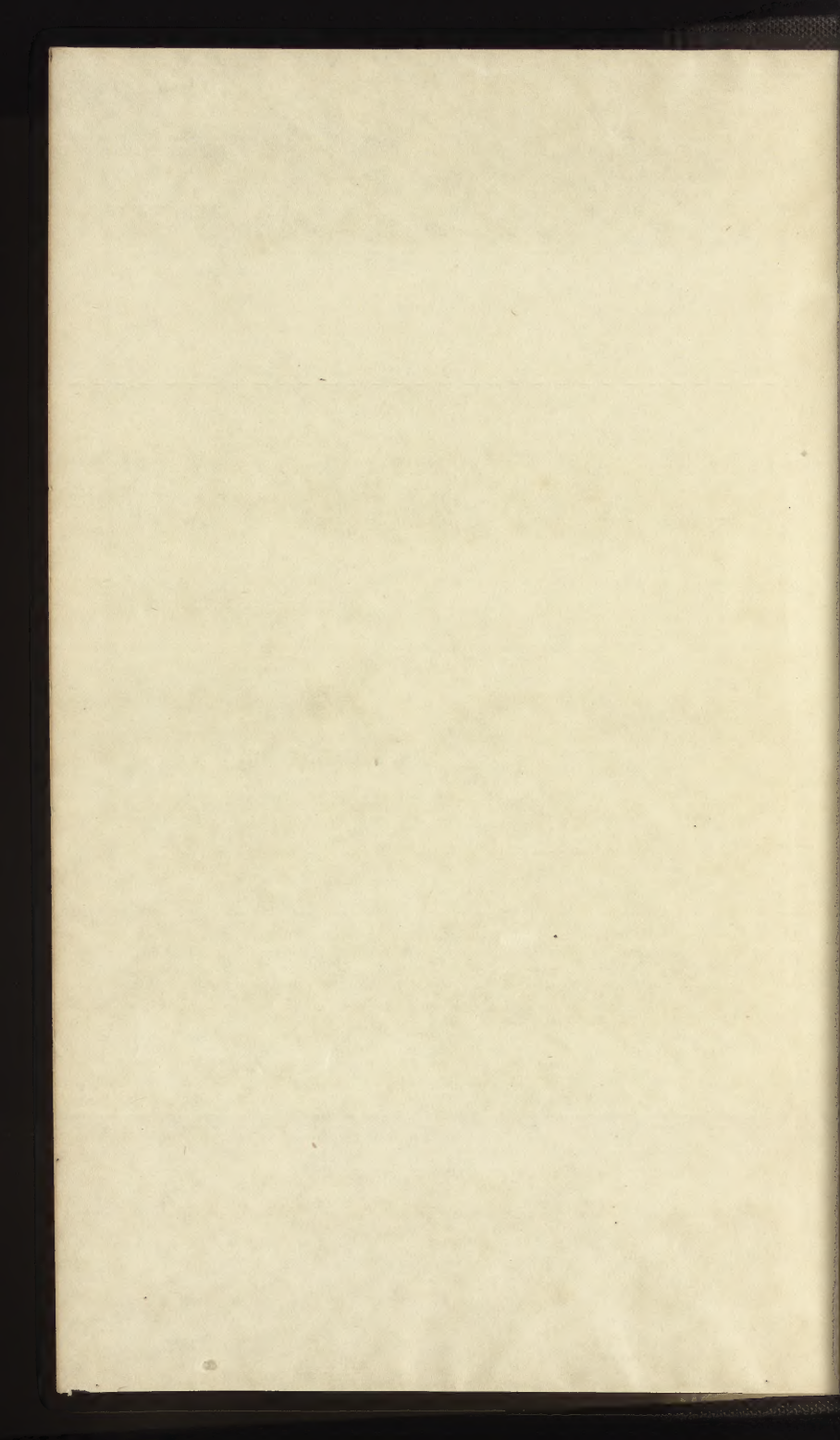
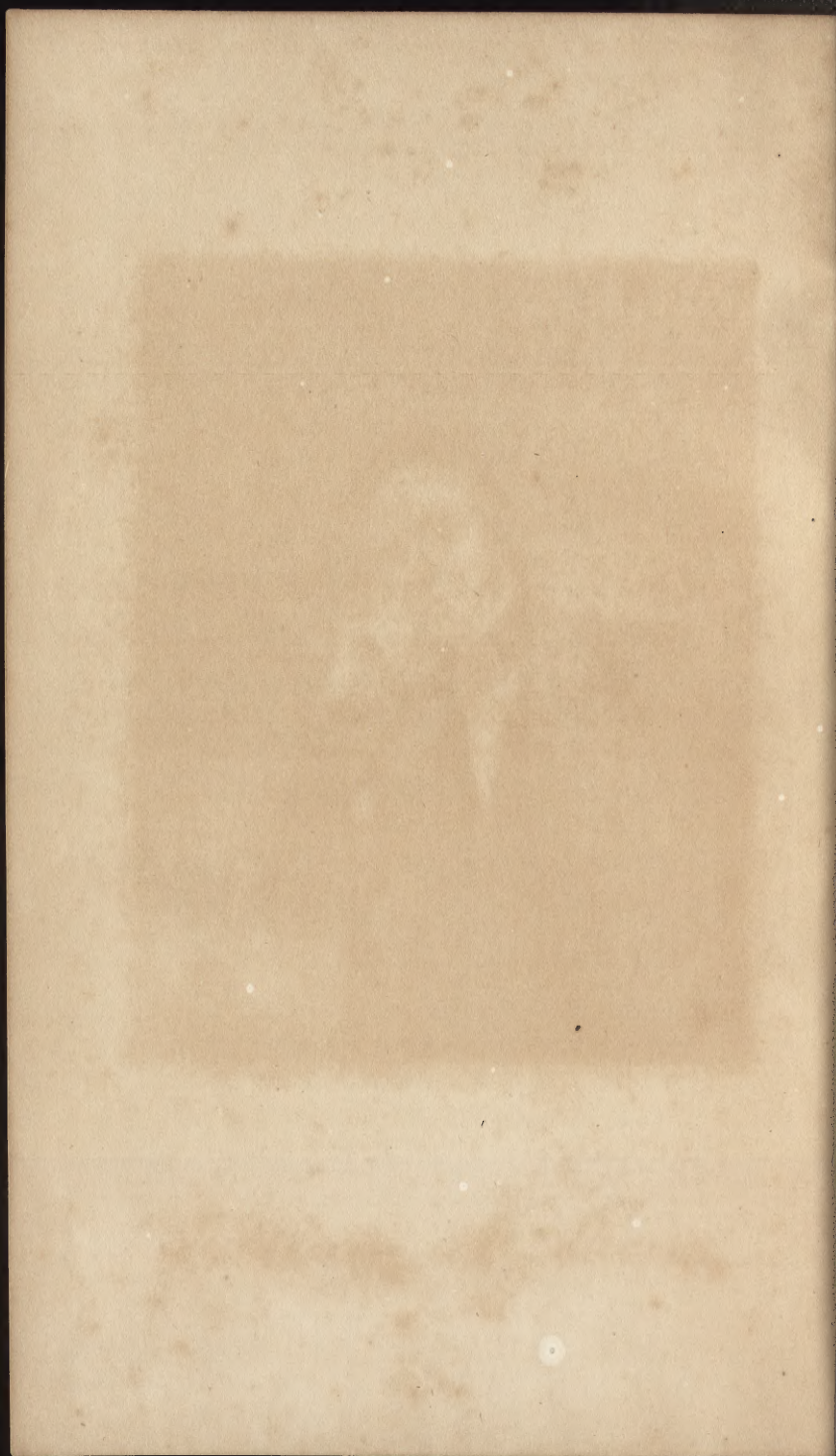


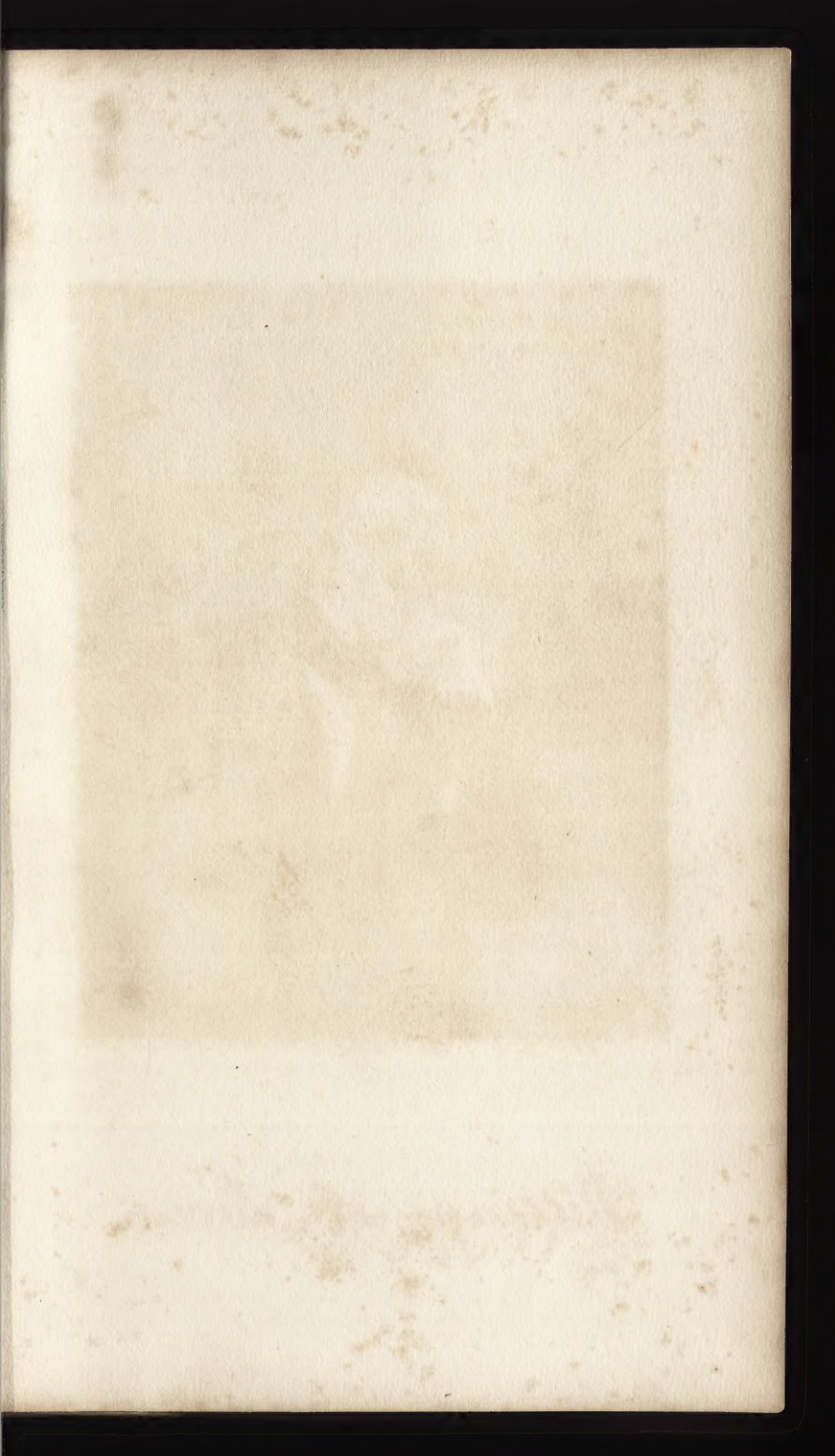
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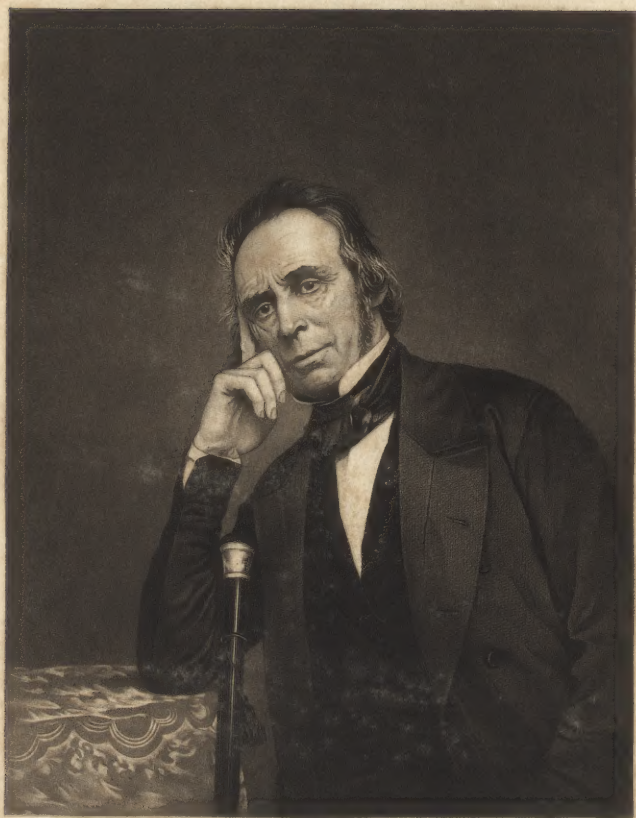
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Engraved by H. W. Smith.

William A. Brewster.

GLIMPSES AND GATHERINGS,

DURING A

VOYAGE AND VISIT

TO

LONDON AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1851.

BY WILLIAM A. DREW,

COMMISSIONER OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

"August and glorious city! Thy renown
Fills with heroic deeds of high emprise
The lengthened records of the stream of Time."

AUGUSTA:
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P R E F A C E .

IN the original preparation of the following Letters, the writer had no design of making a book of them ; consequently, they may not have that relation to each other, which would be expected of consecutive chapters. They were written off-hand, during the author's Voyage and Visit to England, as editorial communications to his paper, *THE GOSPEL BANNER*, for the weekly gratification of his numerous readers and friends. As each new one was prepared, the contents of the last despatch were not always well remembered ; and this circumstance will account for some repetitions which may, perhaps, appear in the work. They are revised and published, with the addition of a large share of new matter, in compliance, it is believed, with an extensive call for them in the shape of a book.

Another thing :— Though the author went out as a Commissioner of the State to " the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations " in London, his communications home were made, not so much in his official, as in his professional character — not as formal Reports to the Government, but as familiar epistles to his patrons. This will account for the free and unstudied style of the composition, and also for the fact, that the more systematic and labored results of his mission, bearing upon the Industrial Interests of the State, have but an incidental place in the present volume.

His commission, though it was not intended to accredit him officially to the British Government, gave him access to some desirable sources of information and pleasure, which he could not otherwise have commanded. At the rooms, in the Adelphi, of the Royal Commissioners, who conducted the Exhibition, and of which Board Prince Albert was Chairman, he enjoyed more or less intercourse with those and other intelligent gentlemen from different nations; and it was from them, and the facilities furnished at those rooms, that he was able to collect not a few of the facts which the readers now have in the pages before them. Prince Albert was the projector and chief patron of that World's Congress of Industry and of Peace, and to his patriotic love for the Brotherhood of Man, will the Nations of our common earth always be indebted for all the influences it may exercise upon the Arts, Commerce, and Peace of the World.

The author would do injustice to himself and to others, if he did not take, as he gladly does, this opportunity to tender his very sincere thanks to those kind friends, who contributed so materially to the means by which he was enabled to perform his distant journey, and accomplish the objects of his mission. Upon them, upon all his patrons, and upon the reader now, he invokes, for time and eternity, the best blessings of Almighty God.

W. A. D.

AUGUSTA, Me., May 1, 1851.

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GLIMPSES AND GATHERINGS.

LETTER I.

A FORTUNATE CHANGE OF DIRECTION.

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"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well;
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

SHAKESPEARE.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, JUNE 14, 1851.

WHERE now? This is a lawful question for my readers to propose, and I am more than half inclined to ask it myself;—I can answer it, however, only in humble reference to the mysterious workings of a super-directing Providence. Day before yesterday, in the afternoon, I left my own sweet home in Augusta for *Europe*—and here I am on *Lake Champlain*!—instead of ploughing the briny ocean named for the African Mount Atlas eastward, actually turning a furrow by steam on one of the fresh Mediterranean seas of our own Champaign country, westward of the Green Mountains!

Thousands of facts and incidents in the whole history of my life, from childhood to old age, have arisen up in my pathway as proofs and demonstrations of the truth of the Scriptures — (the whole of life is a verification of Holy Writ,) — and especially of that Scripture which readeth, in the words of the Wise man, “A man’s heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.” Have you not, also, often found it true? Cannot you call to mind many instances in which you have “devised” your “ways,” or in other words, have laid your plans and purposes with the utmost consideration and care, and commenced the execution of them with ready feet and strong hands; and yet, you had hardly taken the first “step” ere your feet were tending in a different direction, and you were led to results of which you never dreamed at the beginning — all the while, *knowing* that you acted freely, and yet *proving* that God controlled every cause that could conspire to the final event? I am just so much of a Calvinist that I verily believe God’s presence is everywhere; that his hand is concerned in all things; that atheism, or the doctrine of chance, is true nowhere; and that, if not a sparrow can fall to the ground without his notice, so neither can any other event take place in this or any other world which is not subject to the agency of Him, “who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.”

“Thus wisdom speaks

To man; thus calls him through this actual form
Of nature, through Religion’s fuller noon,
Through life’s bewildering mazes to observe
A Providence in all.”

But though I admit and rejoice to believe in the super-directing agency of God’s providence in all my move-

ments, I do not, therefore, deny my own moral freedom or accountability, nor doubt that a very sufficient reason may be given why I am now going Westward on the Lake, rather than Eastward on the Ocean. Indeed, this strange fact, instead of being inconsistent with my main design, will be found the one, ordered in the Providence of God, for its better accomplishment.

As I have said — I left home on Thursday afternoon ; and, after a most delightful passage in the excellent steamer "Ocean" — freighted brim-full of broad-brimmed Quakers, or Friends, proceeding to their Yearly Meeting at Newport, and a most excellent, because a pacific and honest people they are, whom I always love to be amongst — arrived in Boston at 3½ o'clock the next morning. Nothing of particular interest occurred during the passage, unless I may mention the fact that some dishonest wight stole from my berth that famous cane which I have carried, and which has helped support me, through the whole of my manhood, and which, indeed, I received as a family heirloom in childhood, it having descended to me from a respected grandfather whose name I bear. Some person, I suppose, was tempted by the silver ring that clasped it, upon which my name was engraved. Much good may it do him ! I wished it to support my tottering steps in Europe, and prized it very highly from the circumstances under which it descended to me. The rogue will have my name with him wherever he carries the cane, and will know, as often as he sees it, that he is a thief and needs repentance. I leave him to the chastisement of his own conscience.

Before I left the steamer, Rev. Charles Spear, of Boston, came on board to inform us that the project of the

famous clipper ship *Nightingale* taking the Peace Congress to London, had failed, and the passengers, after having been kept in suspense ten days, were deceived and injured, and must seek some other modes of conveyance to the old world. It seems there were some embarrassments on the ship which is yet upon the stocks in the territory of Maine, (opposite Portsmouth,) where carpenters have a lien upon the vessel till the bills are paid; and under these embarrassments she cannot be launched at present. Who is to blame we know not: but of one thing we are certain, no blame can attach to E. W. Jackson, Esq., the Secretary of the Peace Committee, of whom the passages were engaged. He has acted in good faith, like an honorable man, and promptly paid back, I understand, all the advanced moneys he received. If the payments had been made to some other persons, perhaps the passengers might have been used worse.

God closes no passage, without opening another. A failure in one direction is oftentimes the means of better success in a different one. I was desirous that my lame son, who is a member of Bowdoin College, and who has been studying constantly for several years, should take a sea-voyage this summer, visit London, and see something of the world that is to be concentrated there; in this the College Faculty concurred; and W. V. and O. Moses, Esqs., of Bath, two of the most enterprising ship-builders and owners on the Kennebec, generously wrote us, a short time before my departure, saying that they have a ship — the “*New England*,” Capt. R. P. Manson — which has been sent round to Quebec to receive a load of deals, and is to proceed thence to London; and if I would put him on board that ship, they would take him out to Europe and

bring him back again on such terms as are highly creditable to their liberality. Accordingly, he came to Boston with me, to go to Quebec, whilst I should embark in the *Nightingale* from Boston. Thus we were to be separated ; but the failure of this conveyance was a Providential agency which determined me to accompany my son to Quebec and take passage in the same ship. God, for wise and kind reasons, has resolved that father and son shall keep each other company. And so here we are on the highway to the American Gibraltar, steaming upon the lake for St. John's and Montreal, at which latter place we expect to arrive to-morrow (Sunday) morning at 9 o'clock. Rev. M. M. PRESTON, of Hingham, who was disappointed by the "*Nightingale*," accompanies us to London, and will make an excellent travelling companion.

We left Boston yesterday at 1½ o'clock, P. M., for Burlington, *via*. Fitchburg. According to the advertisement we were to proceed to Rutland, Vt., last night, early next morning to Burlington on the lake, thence take a steamer to St. John's at the foot of the lake, and arrive at Montreal by 3½ o'clock, P.M. to-day. But after we started we ascertained that the Vermont and Champlain road from Bellows Falls to Burlington had changed its time just so as to leave the former place an hour before the arrival of the Boston train ; and thus we were landed at Bellows Falls at 6½ o'clock, to go no further, but to remain till Saturday noon, when we took the cars for Burlington, and embarked at 5 o'clock for a sail down the lake ; and here I am on board a splendid boat from Whitehall, N. Y., delighting myself with some of the most enchanting scenery, by land and water, that I ever witnessed. The Green Mountains of Vermont tower towards heaven in the

east; over wide waters to the west, we behold the shores of Northern New York — of Ticonderoga, Queenstown and Plattsburg, near which latter city the waters of this lake were made red during the bloody naval battle fought in the last war with England, in which our Commodore McDonough was victorious; fertile islands also stud the lake, and everything conspires to render the sail enchanting. I am not sorry I came this way; and shall have much to write about after I visit Montreal and Quebec.

The ride on Friday, from Boston to Bellows Falls, 114 miles, was interesting to me. We passed through old Concord, where the first blood of the Revolution was shed, and also through Fitchburg, which is becoming a new inland city. Keene, N. H., is a beautiful place. It is situated on plains surrounded by mountains and high hills; the streets are very wide and well shaded by trees, the buildings, public and private, give evidence of wealth and taste, and it appears to be a great head-quarters for rail-roading. A few miles before reaching Keene we passed Monadnock Mountain, which overlooks the Ashuelot river and valley where Keene is situated. The country east of Keene is very hilly, and we marvelled that any persons should ever think of building a railroad there. This character of country extends to Rutland, some fifty miles or more distant, and so severe are the cuts and so high are the embankments, that the whole road cost forty thousand dollars per mile. It is equal to the road through the Berkshire mountains, from Springfield to Albany. Some of the cuts, through solid rock, are terrible. Doubtless we shall see more elegant roads and richer equipments in England; but we shall see nothing that will rival, for sub-

limity and magnificence, the railroad scenery through the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Bellows Falls, where we stopped last night, are on the Connecticut river, which separates New Hampshire from Vermont. An intelligent bookseller who was so kind as to show us some of the Green Mountain elephants, assured me that they were originally called *Bellows Falls* from the resemblance of the river gorge at this place to a pair of bellows; being wide and oval-shaped above, and thence the waters running through a sort of natural canal cut to a great depth in the solid ledge, in shape of the bellows' nose, through which all the waters of the river are precipitated. It is something like the cascade at West Waterville. Other authority, however, declares that these Falls are named from an original settler there by the name of Bellows. Both statements concurring, may be true. Bellows Falls village is on the western or Vermont side of the river, and is a pretty place. There are three churches, as many taverns, several stores, and a good number of neat dwelling-houses. Opposite the village, viz. on the eastern or New Hampshire side of the Connecticut river, rises, from the very water's edge a huge natural wall almost perpendicular, perhaps two or three miles long and nearly one thousand feet high. If the villagers would see an eastern sky, they must look up towards heaven at an angle of forty-five degrees. The sun does not rise in the morning — not till forenoon. The wall, or Falls Mountain, as it is called, though very precipitous, is like all the Green Mountains, literally green; the roots of trees and shrubbery finding subsistence in the *interstices* of the rocks, so that, on the whole, it is a sublime ornament to

the place. The wall is Nature's work. A million of railroad companies, with millions of nations to pledge their credit to the same, could not put up such a wall in a million of years. But my sheet is full. For an account of matters and things through the Green Mountain State, over the Lake, in Montreal, down the St. Lawrence and in Quebec, my readers will please to wait till they can hear from me again.

LETTER II.

JOURNEY TO MONTREAL.

A sprinkling of uncongenial national elements—Montreal—Situation and size of the city—The Railway Ride amongst the Green Mountains—Fine grazing country—No country is made rich by mere field-culture—Ludlow—Embarkation on the Lake—Passengers on board—Delightful scenery of the Lake—Com. McDonough's naval victory near Plattsburgh—Rich lands poorly cultivated—Rouse's Point—Ogdensburg Railroad—New Fortification—The Richilieu River entered—City of St. John's—Ride to Laprairie—First sight of the St. Lawrence—Arrival in Montreal.

MONTREAL, JUNE 15, 1851.

I WRITE now in Montreal—a city in America where I see both England and France in miniature. Can water and oil mix? As well can the descendants of Gaul and Britain. Every thing here is as English as it is in England, and as French as it is in France; so that before I visit the Old World I can be introduced to a readier and more familiar acquaintance with the sights and sounds of Europe, for my advantage when I reach my destination. I am told, and, indeed, so it is laid down in guide-books, that Montreal appears more like an European city than any other one on our continent. Its buildings are as antique in style, and built as much for durability, as are the structures of France and England. It is situated on the northern shore of the mighty St. Lawrence, which is widened into a bay in front, of oblong shape, some twenty miles in length, up and down river, by eight or ten wide. The population is forty or fifty thousands,—twice the size of Portland; and yet, as I approached it this morning in

the boat, I could not make it appear to be larger on the ground than that city. It has many splendid public edifices in it, of which I shall speak after I have described my journey thither.

I have not been glad but once — and that is all the time — that Providence directed my steps toward Europe by way of Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence River. I have seen what I never before saw, and probably never shall see again ; and the whole tour, thus far, has been one of absolute pleasure both to myself and son, and to our travelling companion, Mr. Preston.

We left Bellows Falls on Saturday noon for St. John's, via Burlington and the Lake. The weather was pleasant, and our route lay entirely across the State of Vermont. It is a curious place over which to make a railroad, but human art and capital will accomplish almost any thing.

Sometimes the mountains would tower above our heads on one side, whilst the yawning gulf below on the other, would make us giddy to look into it. The country, though hilly, is not barren or desolate, but the soil is good and may be cultivated in most places to the tops of the mountains. It resembles the mountainous regions of Oxford, Franklin, and Somerset counties in our own State, and the soil is no better, and the improvements are not so good. I was surprised to see so little orcharding ; and as for the farms, they did not appear to be so well cultivated, or the people that occupy them so comfortable and thrifty, as they are in most parts of the "Dirigo" State. After all, I am not ashamed of Maine, even as an agricultural region. I begin to be proud of her in this respect. Vermont is undoubtedly an excellent grazing State — so is Maine ; and the history of the world shows that those

rural regions where grazing is the best, are the most independent as agricultural communities. Cultivated field crops alone make no people wealthy. Commerce is the fabled goose that lays the golden egg; and Maine is better fitted for commerce than any other State of the Union. In due time our nest will be full of eggs. These sending their golden chickens all over the rural districts of our State, will secure to the agricultural interest a corresponding wealth. Time will verify all this.

On the route through Vermont we seldom saw much of a village; we did, however, pass Ludlow, Brandon, famous once for a Bank, and famous still for its iron foundries. We also passed Rutland, Vergennes, the ancient seat of government, and Middlebury, where is a College. When within six miles of Burlington we first saw the Lake and the mountains of Northern New York on the western side of it. It was the first time I ever saw a Lake, properly so called. This is about one hundred miles long — from Whitehall, N. Y., to Rouse's Point, — and differs in width from one to ten miles. We arrived in Burlington at 4 o'clock, P. M. — distant 120 miles from the place we started from at noon, via Bellows Falls, and 234 from Boston. Burlington is certainly a very pretty place. It is well laid out on a gentle slope towards the Lake, and has a number of beautiful streets and handsome buildings. It is the seat of the Vermont University. At the wharf in Burlington a splendid steamer, the "United States" — a larger and more richly furnished boat than the "Ocean," — was in waiting for us, having arrived a few moments before from Whitehall. Glad were we to get on board, away from the jar and clatter and dust of the cars, and breathe the free sweet airs of the Lake. The boat

had a large number of passengers on board, who appeared polite and cheerful.

The passage on the lake was charming. I could not make the fresh water of a lake appear like the briny deep of the ocean — after all, it was *a pond* to me ; still, it is pleasanter, if not so sublime, sailing on smooth waters that know no sea, than it is to be tossed up and down on the heaving billows of old Ocean. The Green Mountains of Vermont were in the distance east, exposing their smooth and well formed tops to the heavens ; between that range and the lake, the country is tolerably level, and the land evidently good. On the other, the western side, is Northern New York, and some of the mountains in the distance appear higher than do any in Vermont. One was pointed out to me that is said to be the highest land in the United States, save the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The scenery was fine, — being various — and the lake itself was studded with verdant islands, and moving lake boats, small sloops and schooners, and steamers of all sizes. A point of land on the western shore — some twenty miles from Burlington, — makes a bay within, on which Plattsburg is situated, and where the celebrated naval battle was fought with success on our side in the last war with England, which immortalized Com. McDonough.

I noticed, as we advanced north, that the land appeared more level, till both shores of the lake finally became a champaign country, as far as the eye could see. Thus, I suppose, we had a sample of the appearance of the Great West. The lands are not exactly prairie, for they evidently *had* been wooded and cleared ; but their quality must be good, as the rich verdure of the grass and grain, and the size of the trees plainly evinced. And yet they

are poorly cultivated. We saw but a few pretty cottages, or painted houses, with ornamental yards and out grounds, The "do-for-the-present" policy is that which seems to prevail in all those rich bottom lands.

At Rouse's Point we halted for passengers from the Railroads. This is the narrowest point on the Lake, and is near — within fifteen or twenty miles, — of the lower end, where it discharges into the Richilieu River. The Ogdensburg Railroad terminates here, and the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad comes up to meet it on the eastern side. Piles are driven and tracks are laid for the cars to run upon, on both sides, from the shore to the channel in the middle of the Lake.

By this road the Boston people expect to take the trade of the Great West.

Shortly after leaving Rouse's Point, we passed a large American Fort in progress of building. We then crossed the line into Canada, and passed the Isle au Naux, where is a British garrison. It appears in good repair. We then entered the Richilieu River, through which the waters of Lake Champlain are discharged into the St. Lawrence River. It is wide and placid; the shores are low, level and swampy. Thus steaming down about fifteen miles, we came to St. John's — a considerable town on the left bank of the river; St. Antoinet being on the opposite side. There are rapids in the river here, which the boats cannot pass; so we stopped in St. John's, where we arrived a little before nine o'clock, having travelled two hundred miles on Saturday afternoon. St. John's has several long, level, thickly settled streets; but is a filthy place — just where some kinds of Yankees, we know of — such as have

no consciences — could make money by open rum-selling. We put up at a tolerable house — but not a Temperance one ; there is none such in the city. The cars left at seven o'clock next morning for Montreal, or rather for Laprairie — distant fifteen miles — which lies on the southern side of the river or bay opposite Montreal.

The whole country from St. John's to Laprairie is a perfect level — like the low prairies of Michigan. They are fenced into farms, but the fences at a little distance appear so thick together — being on a level — that in the distance you see nothing but the rails glistening in the sun, and I could make nothing of the country as far as I could see, but one vast area of *fish flakes*, broken only by miserable Canadian-French houses.

Arrived at Laprairie, we had our first view of the St. Lawrence, the twin sister of the Mississippi — the one being for the North what the other is for the South. It is a holy Sabbath morning, and the scenery is delightful. We stand upon the steamer's deck and look upon and across the river northward. It is nine miles across the water to Montreal, and a greater distance to the land up or down the river. You see the city with its numerous spires, reposing near the river; and directly in the rear of it, at the north-west, a beautiful mountain or high hill, the sides of which are occupied by the seats of the lords and gentry of the city. As we pass over the wide waters, we look back upon the southern side of the river, and behold in the distance at the south-east, a range of beautiful mountains that seem suddenly to arise out of the interminable plain. One of them is Belle Isle, where the first cross was erected in America; another is St. Horace, and a third — a more beautiful one still, — we have forgotten the name of.

Montreal, as we have said, does not, from the water, appear much larger than Portland. There are a few brigs and schooners, and several steamboats, at the wharves. British flags are thick ; amongst them is one American, and that is the highest of all — just like Yankee operations. There is a high, hammered stone wall, a mile long, upon the bank of the river, between which and the water, all the wharves are built. It is a noble piece of masonry. There are passages for carriages, from the Fore-street, parallel with its river line, down to the wharves, and these pass-ways are also laid in stone masonry. A heavy iron-railing is erected upon the top of the wall the whole length of it, so that people of the street can lounge over the “ lazy pole,” and look off upon the wharves, shipping, &c. Calèches, and cabs, and omnibuses, in great numbers, are in waiting for the passengers ; we accept the card of a Temperance House — the Eagle Hotel, on College street, — and soon find excellent lodgings.

LETTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF MONTREAL.

Structure of Montreal — A Catholic city — Good observance of the Sabbath — Boys of Jesuit's College — Notre Dame street Church — Description of the interior — Fifty Priests and other performers for a vast congregation — Sermon in French — Apostolic creepers — A procession — Black Nuns and Gray Nuns — The Scotch Kirk — The new Catholic Cathedral — An argument for the Real Presence — Temperance House — College on the opposite side of the street — Nunneries — Streets, and stores, and public edifices of Montreal — View from Montreal.

MONTREAL, JUNE 16, 1851.

THIS city is laid out, for the most part, like Philadelphia, in squares, but the buildings upon them are not so elegant; they are mostly of stone, and built after European fashions. The roofs are steep, with Lutheran windows projecting therefrom, and covered, or as we should say, shingled, with square sheets of iron or tin, and laid so that the lines of each layer shall run in an angular direction towards the gable ends of the building, rather than rectangularly towards the eaves. This, I suppose, is done to tempt all the water off, it finding no horizontal lines where the dirt may lodge and make an obstruction. The buildings are generally not high or ornamental; and occasionally, amongst the blocks, we meet with some old wooden French shanty, with its piazzas and roof-walks so rotten as to be on the point of falling to the cellar. A large market house stands on Fore street overlooking the wharves and river, about midway of the city. This is of stone, is two stories high, and

has a dome in the centre. It appears to advantage on approaching the city by water. There are other elegant buildings in Montreal, of which I shall speak directly.

This is a Catholic city, as yesterday, being Sunday I had opportunity to observe ; and I must say that, Catholic as it is, I did not see but what the Sabbath was observed with as much religious order and reverence as it is in our Puritanic New England cities. I saw not a store or shop open for business. I heard the roar of no omnibuses or carriages. The streets were quiet and still. No loafers were about, and the only things I saw, which might be objected to, were a few women quietly sitting at corners of the streets with baskets of oranges, apples and confectionary for sale, and the boys of Jesuit's College playing the bugle and the drum, and kicking foot-balls in the College yards, after service at the church.

When we arrived at the wharf, about nine o'clock Sunday morning, we did so under the chimes of Notre Dame street Church, which is the most splendid church in America, whose towers, and minarets rise above the surrounding buildings and make it "sit a queen" amongst them all. There are bells enough in the towers to fill all the notes of the octave, and the music that floated over the city was solemn and inspiring, calculated to subdue and chasten the public mind, and prepare it for the solemn devotions of the day. This church is not the Cathedral. That is always the Cathedral where the Bishop has his seat, even if it be in a school house. His seat in this city is in St. Patrick's church, an edifice towards the mountain, of great capacity, and dignity of appearance. It is of stone. How many Catholic churches there are in the city, I do not know ; but the Parish church on Notre

Dame street, is the most splendid of all. It, or rather its buildings, cover an acre and a quarter of land, and cost between four and five hundred thousand dollars. We know not its size, but are told that when the first mass was celebrated in it, July 1829, ten thousand persons were seated in the church ; and that if it were to be filled as our Protestant churches are, at times, by people sitting and standing wherever they could get in, the house would hold twenty thousand people. We have no doubt of it.

After finding our lodgings, and getting brushed up, we wended our way for this church, where public service was then being conducted. As we reached the building, we were inclined to exclaim, as the Disciples did to Jesus, when standing before the Temple of Jerusalem, — “ See what manner of stones, and what buildings are here ! ” We entered. The house appeared full. Five stone vases of holy water stood, each, opposite an entrance door. Standing at the head of the great nave, or centre aisle, (there are five of them,) you seem to be looking down a long hall, the sides of which are supported by rows of marble columns that sustain two splendid galleries, rising one above the other towards the roof. The central hall, or space between the galleries, rises to the points of beautiful arches ascending from the several columns. Minor arches arise in different directions over the upper galleries, the whole constituting one grand arch for the whole building. The columns are of clouded marble, each appearing to be composed of a dozen small columns well set together and highly polished and surmounted with covered capitals. As you stand at the head of the great nave and look down the long avenue to the east end, in the dis-

tance, you behold there the high altar of sacrifice, where the bread is converted into flesh and the wine into blood. A golden image of Christ is in the centre, surrounded by significant emblems and flowers, and seven burning tapers. Behind it is a huge arched window, filling almost the entire end of this width of the building. It is set in small squares of glass, all green but rows of white ones that make the form of a cross in each one of the small arches of which the whole arch of the window is composed. At the right and left of the altar are circular rows of black walnut seats, polished like the nicest furniture, which are occupied by the priests and apostles and choristers in white, with black cloth caps. In front of the altar is a carved railing, supported by banisters, resting upon a platform that descends to the main floor of the hall by seven mahogany plank steps. At these steps the penitents kneel during mass, and receive the eucharist. The priests, with their gold laced vestments, officiate in front of the Holy Place, where the real Presence abides, with their backs to the people. Large gilt frames, enclosing splendid paintings of Christ, in the act of being bound, of receiving the crown of thorns, of being nailed to the cross, of suffering the agonies of crucifixion, of being taken down from the cross, buried in the tomb of Joseph, rising from the grave &c., are suspended from each of the great marble columns that support the galleries, which galleries, by the way, occupying all but the east end of the building, are three stories high, and the organ is in the upper one over the entry. Looking within the rows of columns to the side walls of the house, you see them occupied by eight sentry boxes or confessionals on a side, where the penitents confess their sins to the priests. Each priest

presides in his own confessional, and there are fifteen priests that do service in this church. The confession boxes are finished according to the taste or pride of the priests, and their names are painted on them in gold. On the main walls of the house, too, between the confessionals, are elegant paintings. The walls of the altar, of course, are full of them.

Projecting from the middle column on the left side of the great nave, and directly in front of the people in the middle gallery, is the rostrum or pulpit, which the priest occupies when preaching. A winding flight of bronzed iron stairs ascend the column to his box, which is a beautifully carved pedestal, over which is an ample sounding board. Opposite to him, fronting the corresponding column on the other side of the hall, is a gilded table on which rests a solid silver image of Christ on the cross, that, we dare say, would weigh an hundred pounds. On either side of it are huge silver candlesticks, that would probably weigh twenty pounds each, in which are tall candles burning. The central aisle and side aisles are very wide, and are occupied by benches fronting the east, not so long but what people may pass between the ends of them and the pews. These are for poor people. The pews will seat four persons each, are made of black walnut polished, and richly lined and furnished.

Now stand, as we stood, on entering this magnificent temple, and amidst its many, but harmonious arches, small and great, all tending to one grand arch, its columns, and galleries, and paintings, and huge windows, and confessionals, and pedestals, and altars, and images, look upon the vast congregation that fills it. The main floor is entirely filled with people. The first and second galleries, too, far

back to the main walls and windows, are filled mostly by ladies. Fifty priests and apostles, or boys in white, surround the high altar of sacrifice. A venerable man of gray hairs occupies the rostrum or pulpit on the marble column, and delivers a sermon in French. He speaks extemporaneously, but earnestly, and with his cap in one hand. We could not understand a word he said, but all the people gave the most respectful attention, and at the name of JESUS, whenever he pronounced it, we noticed every head in all the vast congregation bowed! When he had closed, chantings began at the altar, responded to by the great organ and the choir which accompanied it. Meanwhile, various priests were performing their ceremonies, kneeling, crossing themselves, &c., &c. At one time we noticed the apostolic boys crawling in procession before the altar, on hands and knees; at another, a procession of men marched upon the main floor, before the railing of the altar, led by officers with red capes, and something in their hands that looked like sheathed swords. By and by, priests burned incense, clouds of which arose in graceful motions, from hollow balls thrown into the air, and caught as they descended, and soon filled the house with the fragrance of frankincense.

When the service closed, and the people began to retire, the organ struck up a quick step, as much as to say, hurry home with a merry heart, your sins are forgiven, go in peace. The black nuns and the gray nuns, all clad in black veils, and the orphans clad in white, passed out in procession.

We tarried till most of the people had left the house, and then, by the approbation of an intelligent person, walked about the building to inspect the machinery at our

leisure. Yet many worshippers lingered, some reading in their pews, others on their knees upon the floor of the aisles, saying their prayers; some dipping their fingers in the holy water and crossing themselves. We must say the service was grand and imposing; and if men's minds and hearts are reached through the bodily senses, we know not why strong communications might not be made to the soul through such solemn and significant services. We know that forms without the substance are vain; but can there be any substance without form? The body without the spirit is dead; but how can the spirit act and demonstrate its existence but by means of a body? If there is a *spirit* in Catholic worship corresponding to the beauty, dignity, and solemnity of its significant ceremonies, it must be a grand and glorious spirit; and if the Catholics *are* hypocrites — we judge them not — they have a higher judge than we. God make us *all* honest and sincere.

In the afternoon we went into the Scotch Kirk, a new stone edifice, and the handsomest Protestant church we ever saw. We cannot describe it in its exterior or interior. It is a new building, that has been occupied but six months. Rev. Dr. Matthewson is the pastor — a clerical brother preached for him that afternoon. There is something sturdy and honest in the Scotch; they are conscientious in their religion, and are great thinkers.

From the Kirk, we crossed the street and dropped into the new Catholic Cathedral. It is a monster building of stone — not so rich as the church on Notre Dame street, but rich enough to make even Trinity Church in New York appear mean. A small congregation was assembled in a collection of pews and free seats that surrounded one of the priest's stands, and after conducting a Latin service,

he stood forth and addressed the people in English. It was an extemporaneous discourse, and gave them instruction as to the duties of the month. He had much to say of the Real Presence. Said he — “ When Jesus (at which word all reverently bowed,) said — ‘ Take, eat, this is my body,’ he did not say the bread was *like* his body — for it was *not* ; nor that it was an *image* of his body, for it was *not*. There is nothing in broken bread that bears any resemblance to a human body sacrificed. But his language was positive ; this is my *body*. We must take him at his word and believe what he says. In the holy act of consecration his body is not converted into bread and wine, but the *reality* of bread and wine is destroyed, and the real substance is his body and blood. It is a holy mystery, but the more awful and effectual on this account.” The congregation all bowed assent. We thought as we pleased on the subject.

I am put up at the Eagle Hotel, a really good Temperance House, kept by Francis Duclos, on College street. It is called College street because the whole of the square opposite the buildings upon the side of our hotel belongs to the Catholic College. It covers an area of about one hundred rods in length by sixteen in width. It is all enclosed in a faced stone wall, twelve feet high, laid in masonry ; and so tight that no one can see through it. But I can look over it from my third story chamber window where I sit and write. I can see its huge College buildings, its gardens, the graven images amongst the shrubbery, its fountains, &c., very plainly. The main building is like the Insane Hospital at Augusta, or as it would be if a wing was built on the north to correspond with that on the south. There are two hundred stu-

dents in it. They came here from the States and from Europe. It is the most famous College of Catholics in America. The course of instruction embraces seven years, and is very thorough. Men are fitted for all professions ; but I can see the young priests walking out in the gardens with their black surplices and bands trimmed in white and their black caps on. Every once in a while yesterday (Sunday,) I could hear the College halls resound with the chantings of many voices. I suppose they were engaged in their devotions. Hon. Edward Kavanagh, our late honest Governor, was educated here. They are building a new Jesuit's College in the city, up towards Mount Real ; it is to be a branch of the old hive. The edifice is to be a splendid one.

The Gray Nunnery is near the old College, within sight of my window, and directly opposite the ruins of the Parliament House which was burnt by the Rebels. It is enclosed by a high stone fence, and looks like a State Prison. Finding a gate open I ventured into the yards and gardens yesterday towards nightfall. Of course I could see none of the Nuns. Another Nunnery is on St. Paul's street ; and is called the Black Nunnery, in allusion to the color of the dresses of the nuns. The gray nuns officiate in the hospital in taking care of the sick : and the black nuns are devoted to education. There is also a Congregational Nunnery, in connection with the great French church on Notre Dame street. But we must not mistake this for a Congregationalist Nunnery. I hope to get an opportunity to visit some of these establishments in course of the day. I must leave for Quebec to-night. I am sorry there is no day-boat that goes down the river, for I am told the scenery is the most grand of any in

America. I shall lose all of that which is passed in the night time, but shall have several hours of morning light above Quebec.

I have been about town this forenoon and find Montreal a busy place. Some of its streets are paved with stone, more with wooden blocks, and more yet are McAdamized. None of them, however, are in very good repair. The frost has evidently done hard service to them. Most of the sidewalks are plank, but in good condition. There are many fine stores in the city, and the merchants and clerks are accomplished in their trade. I noticed several splendid buildings as I passed about town, amongst which is the British Bank of North America, the Montreal Bank, &c. Most of the language I hear spoken is French—Canadian French. The boys at their play, the girls as they promenade the streets, and the clerks as they wait on customers, for the most part jabber in what I cannot understand. Montreal was originally established by the French, and retains its primitive character, *maugre* the *English* government that controls it.

The view from the Mountain in rear of the city is doubtless very fine; and if I can contrive to get on to it this afternoon, I must. It overlooks the whole city, the St. Lawrence river above and below, the adjacent country north, and the Ottoway river and valley there; and in passing up it, we see the estates and mansions of the dons of the city and the dignitaries of the British Government. The top of the mountain is a dense forest, and there is a Hotel in the midst of it.

It is a luxury to be put up at a good Temperance House. Since I left Boston, till I reached Montreal, I found nothing but rum taverns, and open bars in hotels and steamers; but friend Duclos is a religious man, a moral man, and of course a Temperance man; and I have seen no rum, nor heard any profane language since I have occupied his premises; this is no place for loafers and rowdies. His house has none but neat, orderly and intelligent patrons. I not only feel quieter, but decidedly safer thus lodged. I hear much praise accorded to Maine here, for the passage of the late liquor law and its approval by Gov. Hubbard. It is believed Maine can lead off as well as any State; and if she asserts the sovereignty of her Laws, and maintains them, her example will have a thrilling effect all over the Union, and all over the world. Gov. Hubbard is just the man to tell the people they must obey the Laws. I feel proud of my State, and hope that the motto on her coat of Arms — “*Dirigo*” — will be maintained, not only politically, but educationally and morally. The Star in the East should lead the way, and guide the wise men of our nation to the place where Wisdom and Virtue are born.

LETTER IV.

DESCRIPTION OF QUEBEC.

The longest day in the writer's life — Where Montgomery fell — Wolfe's Cove — The Citadel, or Gibraltar of America — The River St. Lawrence — Plains of Abraham — The Lower Town — Shores of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles — Ships in Quebec — Walls of the City — Suburbs — Spot where Wolfe fell — His Monument and Inscription — Visit to the Citadel — Scotch Highland Regiment — An Artillery Regiment saluting the Queen's ascension — Streets, Shops, Taverns and Churches — Proportion of Catholics — Fires and Plague in Quebec — Ship-building and Navigation — Account of Montgomery's death.

QUEBEC JUNE 21, 1852.

THIS is the longest day in the year, — being the Summer solstice, — and the longest day of *any* year that I ever saw. Quebec is in latitude, north 46 deg. 49 m., consequently, between sunrise and sunset, there lack but 18 minutes of 16 hours. Byron, in his *Don Juan*, said the moon, modest as she is, sees more wickedness in three hours, than the sun beholds in the longest day of the year.

“ There is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three hours of moonlight smiles.”

But Byron did not remember, perhaps, that there *are* places on the earth — Quebec is not exactly one of them, — where the world has not a chance for even three hours of moonlight villanies, — the sun monopolizing the whole of the live-long night; would there were no *deeds* of dark-

ness where no darkness is ! I shall never again see so long a day as this, till I reach that bright world of which the Sun of Righteousness is the light, and where neither *sin* nor darkness is ever known. In the faith of that world, God help me to live ; in the hope of it, may he enable me to die.

I write this letter in a city which is rich not only in historic reminiscences, but as a spot sacred to American patriotism. That spot is a niche in the mountain walls of the Plains of Abraham, where our own Montgomery fell and closed his noble life with the closing year, Dec. 31, 1775. With a view to see the inscription which a few Yankees, some years ago, placed upon a tablet erected just over the fatal spot, — which inscription is in these words, “ HERE MONTGOMERY FELL, Dec. 31, 1775,” — I wandered early this morning from the city proper up Champlain street, than runs along the base of this precipitous mountain wall, and upon the margin of the St. Lawrence river ; and arriving at a gorge or ravine that seems to have been cut down the rocky precipice, I attempted myself to scale the wall and stand and sit upon a slaty shelf once moistened by the ebbing blood of Montgomery’s heart. With effort I climbed the precipice ; and here I sit, as in a seat cut out of the mountain side, projecting rocks encircling me on all sides but at the open south whence I look out upon the mighty St. Lawrence, down upon the busy street and wharves below me, and above to a clear heaven, in which a bright sun, unclouded, shines in glory upon one of the most enchanting landscapes that the American Continent can boast of. Behind me, the almost perpendicular wall of horizontally laid slaty strata rises three hundred feet to the bloody Plains of Abraham,

where Wolfe and Montcalm fell in the great battle of September 13, 1759. Montgomery was with Wolfe in that fight, sixteen years before.

At my right, the eye traces the straight line of this singular wall, laid with great exactness in Nature's masonry, till the view is broken by Wolfe's Cove, about three miles above, a basin cut into the land whence Wolfe ascended with his army to the Plains above where the long controversy for the control of America, between France and England, was decided in deadly strife. On my left, and nearly over my head, is the Citadel, a height higher than any of the other heights within the city, on which is the strongest fortification in the new world, and which commands the St. Lawrence at this point. The lower town, too, of the city, and the forests of masts that rise from the numerous ships which crowd the wharves and ride thickly in the stream, are bright in my eye as a clear sun smiles upon those busy scenes of commerce; and before me, the deep waters of the placid river St. Lawrence, a mile or more in width just here — (a narrower passage than usual, for the waters of the Great Western Lakes) — extends to the opposite banks of *Point Levi*, where Gen. Arnold encamped when he came through with his suffering army from Kennebec, to join Montgomery in the winter of 1775. That Point then was field and forest; now it is covered with stores and houses and churches and hospitals, and its wharves are lined with shipping. Two steam Ferry Boats are constantly passing from Point Levi to the city loaded promiscuously with coaches, caleches (pronounced *calashes*) and carts; horses, cattle and swine; gentlemen, ladies and — Canadians. We have not

seen any of the last, who, or *which*, are entitled to be classed in the category with the two first.

Before my pen runs too far from what, perhaps, it ought to have mentioned in the beginning, let me remind you of the precise *locale* of Quebec. Permit me to describe it as it struck my own eye, when, after a steam-boat passage here on Monday night last, I arrived at the city, on Tuesday morning, about six o'clock. From early daylight, till I arrived, my soul was moved with the inimitably magnificent views of the mighty St. Lawrence, and its varied shores — varied from mountain to meadow, from deep forests to green fields, and from solitude's chosen retreats to busy towns and smiling villages ; — meanwhile, our noble steamer — the "Crescent" — which performed her one hundred and eighty miles from Montreal in twelve hours — passing numerous other steamers, fleets of noble ships, and rafts of hewn timber, and deals of all dimensions — brought from all the adjacent country, and even from Grand Island at Niagara Falls, and all the shores of the Great Lakes. The river is very wide, and the land on either side appears fertile. It is the month of June, and everything appears to its best advantage. The St. Lawrence, running on a North parallel of latitude, is the rival river of the Mississippi running South ; both originate in North Western America ; the waters of this are quick, pure, and sweet ; those of the other, sluggish, muddy, and impure.

As we go down the river east, and approach the city, we find ourselves under a high, natural wall, at the river's brink on the left, from the summit of which a green Plain makes off northward towards the St. Charles river, which is approaching the St. Lawrence for a junction with it below, thus forming a heater, or wedge-like plain that

comes to a point — *the* Point on which Quebec is situated. This wall is of slate stone, that seems to be piled in horizontal layers, maintaining almost a perpendicular line, of uniform height — about three hundred feet — and broken only occasionally by some rocky ravine, or receding cave, around which, warehouses and dwellings are built under the hill, and rafts and ships make business for the inhabitants. The plains above are the Plains of Abraham. As I have said, they form a point at their south-east, where the St. Charles pours itself into the St. Lawrence. As you approach this point, an elevation of the plain that renders the river's bank-wall higher than elsewhere, is seen like a dome rising from an embattled roof. This is the Citadel of Quebec, from which the English flag is flying. From this citadel, the land descends northward to the St. Charles, and eastward to the point of junction, but *not* southward on the line of the St. Lawrence. This huge wall still maintains its elevation the whole length of the city on the St. Lawrence side, and seems loth to bend its high and proud back even at its terminus; it does, however, there make a graceful inclination to the mouth of the St. Charles, which embraces it with a perpetual kiss. Of course, from the St. Lawrence river, till after you pass the point, and enter upon the broad bay below Quebec, you cannot see the city, or upper town. To do this, you need to be upon the Plains of Montmorenci, below the St. Charles, at the north-east. There you view the whole slope of the city, and see all the upper town. The lower town is directly below the walls of the upper, and closely pressed into the river. There is room but for a single street — Champlain Street — and sometimes another, according as favoring projections have enabled people to build

small pieces of others upon or across the wharves. The shores are bold, the water deep, and there is no opportunity for extending streets by making land, as in harbors which have beaches and flats. The entire shores, both on the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles, are occupied with wharves ; and we were surprised to behold the numbers of ships in port. There are more than we ever saw in Boston. During the navigation season, which lasts but five months, more than two thousand ships, most of them the largest class, arrive in Quebec, to say nothing of brigs, schooners, smaller vessels and steamers. The ships are principally English ; but some Yankees are getting amongst them, carrying off British timber to English ports, to pay John Bull for carrying cotton from New Orleans. We think Quebec may become an important point for the commerce of the United States. It ought to be a city of the Republic.

The lower town, beneath the hill, and the upper, on the Plains, are separated by this mountain wall. A spiral road, however, winds up it, called Mountain Street, and enters the upper city at Prescott Gate. The ascent is very steep and narrow. Two other streets, however, ascend from St. Charles river, not so steep, and enter the city through Palace Gate and St. Roch's Gate. The stores and houses on the river street are crowded back against the hill, the perpendicular sides of which, in some cases, are, by a little artificial assistance, made to answer for the rear wall of the buildings. The tops of these houses, and their tallest chimneys, hardly reach up one-fourth of the distance to the military wall of the city, on which the spectator looks down — down — into the very chimneys of the highest stores and houses.

Quebec is a walled city, and the only one that is such in America. I am glad there is one walled city in the new world, and equally glad there is but one. It is well to have a sample of feudal times and European fashions as matters of curiosity amongst us ; but one such sample answers such a purpose, and that is enough. The old world has always lived upon the principle of antagonism — a doctrine, which takes it for granted that man is the natural enemy of man, and must be treated as such in advance. Hence, the policy of castles and walled cities, as if men were to be secure in their rights only by means of powder, lead, and steel. In the new world, a new doctrine is believed, and practised upon. As no private citizen thinks it necessary to build a tower or castle for the security of his person and rights, so no republican town or city of the United States would think, for a moment, of its being necessary to surround it by a huge wall to secure its citizens from pillage and murder. It is no more necessary in Quebec ; yet it is a fortified city, and as such, is a curiosity worth preserving. And preserved it must be. There is too much property invested in walls, and towers, and magazines, and prisons, and arsenals, and armories, and bastions, and hospitals, and parade grounds, and glaciers, and cannon, and muskets, and sabres, and powder, and balls, and bomb-shells, to be thrown away or abandoned ; and to keep them all in repair requires regiments of soldiers constantly on duty. The wall about the upper city is three miles long, sixty feet thick, and varying from twenty to forty feet high, and resting on a foundation averaging 300 feet above the rivers. Through it the city is entered by five gates — the three already mentioned, and St. John's and St. Louis' besides. The sub-

urbs are without the gates — five parishes in number, — and these, with the city within the walls, constitute a population of between forty and fifty thousand. From St. Louis' and St. John's gates, turnpikes extend out upon Abraham's Plains, one mile from which gates, are toll houses for the collection of the tolls. Near that, on the turnpike from St. Louis' Gate, is the spot where Gen. Wolfe fell, on which a monument is raised with this inscription — "HERE WOLFE FELL VICTORIOUS." I visited this spot yesterday, alone, and gathered, as a souvenir, a flower emblematical of the fading glory of man, from a soil made rich by the perished body of the great English General. The plains, thereabouts, are now covered with cottages, and gardens, and farms; but we could see that the place which Wolfe occupied in battle, and where he fell, was elevated above the surrounding plains, giving the General a commanding view of his own and of Montcalm's armies. It was a well chosen spot. Fifteen thousand men were engaged in battle — both Generals lost their lives; and monuments are erected to both. Montcalm's is in the Governor's Garden which is near the citadel. They had an engagement before on the Plains of Montmorenci below the city on the same side, and Wolfe was repulsed; but afterwards he moved his fleet and troops up the river, dropped down again in the night, ascended Abraham's Plains, and what is now called Wolfe's Cove, and presented himself in battle array, daring Montcalm to meet him there. He did so, and a few hours extinguished the control of France over North America, and gave it to Great Britain. The English are proud of this victory to the present day.

The city walls are pierced all along with cannon. Some are sixty-four pounders. Generally they are thirty-two pounders. A soldier informed us that there are fourteen hundred cannon now mounted and daily inspected upon the walls! We have no other than the soldier's authority for this, which seems to be a great statement. Armed sentries are marching by night and day at the gates and at the walls, &c. There are three regiments now here. Yesterday I visited the citadel, which is the great fort within the city walls, and on the eminence, and witnessed the Scotch Regiment of Highlanders paraded in their peculiar costume — viz. black shoes, short white gaiters blending into green and red checks ascending half way to the knee, and there held by a wide scarlet ribband tastefully tied with ends flowing in the wind; *no* pantaloons, the legs being literally bare to more than half way up the thighs; a Scotch plaid kelt, or short frock, descending from the lower ribs a little distance: a hair purse upon the abdomen, with five hair tassels and a polished brass top; an English red coat, white facings and shoulder knots; a plaid half-shawl hanging over the back, suspended from a green rosette on the left shoulder; a green and white collar; two white leather belts crossing each other before and behind, with a beautiful bright breast plate having the number of the Regiment LXXIX upon it; and the device of St. Andrew embossed upon it; a feather bonnet, almost as large as the soldier's body, having six great black tails hanging down, and six fixed upright, and a white one erect upon the left side—all of ostrich feathers — the lower part of the bonnet, that which embraces the head, being a wide Scotch band of red and white plaid; and a black glazed ammunition pocket or cartouch box

crossing the back upon the hips. Such was the uniform. We conversed with several of the soldiers, and found them to be intelligent men—as all Scotchmen, that we ever saw, are. They had been in Gibraltar seven years, and here three. They paraded six hundred strong, at the sound of the bugle—the only music on the ground, and it was wonderful to witness the dexterity and precision of their evolutions. Such perfection in military discipline, we never saw before. It was worth an hour's rest, after a fatiguing walk, to see their movements. This parade was within the citadel to which we had access by a pass from the Town Major; who gave us a Highlander in full dress as our guide and expounder. It was from his person, and by his assistance, that we took down the description of the Highland uniform as we have given it above.

Afterwards, as we were the same day, that is yesterday, passing one of the guards in another part of the city, our attention was arrested by an English Artillery Regiment, on a square, engaged in discharging minute guns from a line of twelve brass howitzers. We were informed of the cause of the firing. As we stood witnessing the performance, a fat old English lady came waddling along to the place where we stood: and with an emphasis, half of terror, half of curiosity, addressed us as follows:—"Sir! can you be so kind as to inform me what all this firing is for?" We told her it was in honor of the Queen's ascension to the Throne, June 20th. "La! me!" exclaimed the quieted old lady, "I thought, to be sure, there must have been another royal heir born!" and with this she passed on. English subjects know what to expect whenever they hear the great guns announcing a joyous event,

such events as the birth of new heirs to the throne, being very common under Victoria's reign.

The streets of the city are generally narrow — some, particularly those in the lower town, — so narrow as to afford as a sidewalk only one hewn square timber, which answers as a passage way for pedestrians and as a step for the front doors of the buildings. The edifices are almost all of stone, and being built in the old English and French styles, have an antique appearance. Some of the stores and shops are very fine. Of the taverns we can speak of but one — the Albion House — the first in the city, the first no doubt in price. We saw so much brandy drinking in it, that we were glad to leave it for our accommodations in the good ship New England as soon as was proper. The Churches are numerous, most of them costly and elegant. Nearly all are Catholic; there are, however, some of other orders; the Government church (Episcopal) is a fine building; but the Methodist is a richer and handsomer one than that. There are seven times as many Catholics as all the other denominations put together. Their churches are open all hours of all the days, and priests are in waiting to perform the services of the temple; we never go in but we see individual Catholics, who have turned hither from the streets to perform their daily devotions. We like to see the church edifices and the priests in waiting, serving the daily purposes of a daily religion for the people. Next Sunday is Corpus Christi day, on which there is to be a great celebration by all the churches, and a procession is to parade through the streets, bearing the *real body* of Christ, amidst ambrosial arches, and streets decorated with evergreens and flowers. Bishops

and Priests, and Monks and Friars, and Nuns and Novices are to appear in their gala dresses, and the whole procession — perhaps numbering forty thousand Catholics from city and suburbs, and country all around, — will march to music from the Cathedral, and back to the Cathedral again. Ought I to go and see it — on the Sabbath? There are no Universalists here, and, according to the Quebec Guide, but seven Unitarians.

Quebec has suffered terribly from fire and plague. On May 28, 1845, at one fire, 1600 buildings (mostly in the suburbs of St. John and St. Roch,) were destroyed; and in precisely one month from that time, June 28, 1400 buildings more were burnt. In 1846 the Theatre was burnt and 49 persons perished in the flames. In 1847 the city suffered great mortality by typhus fever; in 1849 the cholera, first brought to this continent, swept off vast numbers; yet for all this Quebec is growing. New and better buildings have been erected in the places of the old ones.

It is a great ship-building as well as ship-owning place. From thirty-five to forty large ships are built here annually, — some of them as large as sixteen hundred tons. One house, Pollock and Gilmore, (who load our ship,) one of whom resides in Glasgow, Scotland, and the other here, own no less than one hundred and one full rigged ships, sail them on their own account, and insure them themselves. We suppose this is the largest house of the kind in the world.

I commenced this letter by an allusion to Montgomery, and the place where he fell; I shall close it by a brief account of his patriotic death.

The war between the two great rival nations of Europe in 1759 was to decide the question whether New England or New France should control the destinies of the American continent. New England had suffered from her French and Indian neighbors, and appealed to the mother Government for protection and aid. The appeal was responded to faithfully. Wolfe was sent, with American and English forces to meet the Marquis de Montcalm at Quebec; and as we have already said, conquered New France in behalf of New England. Montcalm, in dying upon the field, uttered the prophecy, that the English acquisition of Canada would cost Great Britain all her other American Colonies. The sequel proved the truth of the French General's prediction. The war taught the Yankees the art of war, and made them begin to feel their power. Against the taxes which the mother government imposed upon her American Colonies for the expenses of the French war, New England rebelled; and that rebellion cost the British throne all her brightest jewels. Sixteen years after the conquest of Canada, the Yankees undertook to war with England for Independence. Forces were sent into Canada, which took Ticonderoga, Niagara, Crown Point, St. John, Chamblay, and Montreal; and all that remained to be taken was Quebec. To accomplish this, Arnold was sent through, with an army, by the Kennebec, to meet Montgomery who was to advance from conquests down the St. Lawrence to this city. The two armies arrived in the winter—Arnold's worn out with fatigue, cold and hunger. Montgomery came down and landed a few miles above the city; Arnold crossed the river below it. By agreement, both were to meet on the night of Dec. 31, at Prescott Gate, which is the entrance

from the lower town on the St. Lawrence side, and attempt to force the gate and storm the city. The two armies advanced — Arnold's from below the city, Montgomery's from above it. The weather was cold and a snow storm that very night obstructed the river road. Both, as they entered the precincts of the lower town, found barricades thrown up against them, and had fighting to do as they advanced. Montgomery carried one barricade, and moving on assaulted the second. In this, he, with thirteen others, were shot down, — his troops retreated and could not be brought to action again after the fall of their leader. Arnold remained encamped near by all winter, but finally abandoned the siege. Montgomery's remains were removed a few years ago to St. Paul's church in New York, where a monument, which I have seen there, is erected to his memory. He was a brave man; and his best monument is to be found in the affections of his country.

LETTER V.

A VIEW FROM THE CABIN WINDOW.

Ship "New England"—Her Cargo—Manner of Loading—Charming Scenery—The Great Timber Boom—Shores about the Cove on the South Side of the River—French Cottages—Church, and Temperance Monuments—Point Levi—Field of Arnold's Encampment—View of the City of Quebec from the Bay—Rural Scenery below the City on the Northern Shore—Falls of Montmorenci—Battle on the Plains of Montmorenci—Wolfe's Stratagem—Orleans Island—Ship-Launch and Wreck—Parliament House, Jesuit's College, Governor's Gardens—Nunneries—Canadian Market—Women—Agricultural Capacities of Lower Canada.

QUEBEC, JUNE 22, 1851.

MY last letter was written on a very romantic spot just above Quebec on the northern side of the St. Lawrence; this will be written at a place full as beautiful and interesting as that, two miles and a half below the city, on the opposite side of the river. I sit at my desk in an ample private state-room of the good ship New England, in which I am embarked for London. The ship is one of the first class of Maine vessels, worthy to be exhibited at the World's Fair, in the metropolis of Nations. She is not far from ten hundred tons register, of a beautiful model, built in the most substantial manner, and with excellent accommodations. She is owned by those enterprising and highly respectable ship-merchants, W. V. & O. Moses of Bath, (to whose liberality I shall always be indebted,) and is commanded by Capt. R. P. Manson, of

that city, whom I never saw till I reached this ship, but whom I find to be a very intelligent and honorable officer and man. He has read much in the best works of history, biography, natural science and poetry, and remembers well all he has read. Conversation with such a man is instructive and pleasing. I think myself fortunate in being found in such a ship, and under such command. The New England lies for loading at Indian Cove, which is a large recess into the main land just below Point Levi. Her cargo consists of deals, which are three inch plank, carried out to England, there to be sawed by hand into boards and other small lumber. Nothing thinner is allowed to be carried to England. This is an arrangement on the side of humanity to the poor laboring classes. The deals, thus cut up at home by hand, give employment, to a great amount of labor in the mother country. There are fourteen other large ships, three Yankee and eleven English, loading at the same Cove and in close proximity to our ship—all bound for Great Britain and Scotland. The ships are loaded not by their own crews, but by French Canadians employed by stevedores for this purpose ; the deals are brought alongside in lighters, and the merry songs and outlandish jabberings of the workmen take all the lonesomeness out of the place, and make it one of constant excitement. Our own ship will take in between eight and nine hundred thousand feet of lumber for her load ; and her loading, we expect, will be completed tomorrow, after which we shall be away, away for the sea, the deep blue sea.

I would like for you to have a view of our situation and the scenery around us. I wish I was a painter ; I would like to take it on canvass and retain it as long as I live.

Suppose yourself, then, to be on the southern side of the river St. Lawrence, two miles and a half below the walled city of Quebec. A Cove a fourth of a mile deep and a whole mile long, makes in from the main channel of the river. This Cove is bare at low water, and its bottom is laid by nature with one vast slab of smooth slate stone, — so that it is always clean and hard; never muddy and soft. From the two horns of the Cove, high wharves extend out to the deep waters of the river, thus making the basin more secure. Sluice-ways in the lower wharf allow chips and whatever else may gather in the Cove, which is now one vast boom, to pass out; thus preventing all foul accumulations. From the ends of the two wharves at the opposite termini of the Cove, and running parallel with the main river, a boom is extended, which consists not of round logs chained together, but a floating bridge of huge logs hewn and matched, making a dry and elevated walk the whole distance — one mile. This floating bridge or boom has occasional joints in it, which may be detached at pleasure for the ingress or egress of lumber. It is the best plan for a boom, and the most perfect one that I ever saw. You will see it is very large, but large as it is, it is full of immense logs, of hewn timber, pine and oak. I paced some of the white oak sticks, that squared three feet at the bottom and measured sixty-five feet straight without a limb. Not a round stick is amongst the whole. It is all fitted for the ships, and for hand operations in England. Without the boom, in the deeper waters of the river, near the lower end, and in the vicinity of the long wharf that extends out as the eastern arm of the basin, are built up six or eight large quadrangular piers, where ships lie for loading. They have no connexion with the land, nor even with the

boom, except by water in boats. These piers, and both long wharves, and the dry yards around the shores of the boom, are piled with deals, oak timber, staves, &c. Of course there must be an immense amount of lumber here, to keep a dozen or fifteen great ships loading all the time the whole season. This boom is owned by one concern, and is but one of three like it which they own near the city.

The shores on the Cove are well cultivated and picturesque, consisting of small farms, gardens, French cottages, washed and painted white, and the customary out buildings. The upper boundary of the Cove is Point Levi, whose territory, however, continues up the bank of the river, opposite the city two miles. The whole road is thickly settled with Canadian French; and about half way up is a village with a great French Church, built with as little regard to cost as if it was designed as an ornament to a large city. Attached to it are the Priest's house and the consecrated burying-ground. Near this, is a high and handsome Temperance Monument, with a crucifix on the apex, that was erected a year or two ago on the Father Mathew principle. We are told that the Catholic Priest took the cause of temperance in hand himself; and that, whereas, when he began, Point Levi abounded in grog shops that were always full of drunken Canadians; *now* there is not a place on the whole Point where rum can be had, nor is there a man known to drink any sort of alcoholic drinks. We have seen hundreds of them at work on the great boom, in the water, on the piers and wharves, and in the ships, loading them; and have not seen one who appears to have tasted of a drop of anything that can intoxicate. Is not this a glorious work?

If the Catholic religion can do this, we shall call it, so far, the *Christian* religion. In front of a beautiful grove, on Point Levi, nearly opposite the city and within cannon shot, has been pointed out to us the field on which Arnold encamped after his arrival from the Kennebec.

But the scenery from our ship, more beautiful than all the rest, appears on the opposite side of the river, which here is three miles distant — making a basin or bay below the city. Up the river (west), Quebec, both in its upper and lower towns appears in full view; with its forests of masts at the wharves of the latter, and its fortified walls around the former, tall spires shooting up from the churches, and the whole crowned by the natural dome on which the American Gibraltar, the Citadel, is built. Below the city, we see also the mouth of the St Charles as it unites with the St. Lawrence from the northwest.

Down river, tracing the circular shores of this basin nine miles, we notice a level and fertile country, cut into handsome farms, with a great road, settled like a village of white cottages the whole distance, till it reaches the Falls of Montmorenci, which are directly opposite us in full view. These Falls are a great natural curiosity, and no one would ever think of leaving Quebec without visiting them. Though not so large, they are thought by many to be better worth a view, than Niagara. From the position in which I write, I can give the reader a correct, but distant idea of them.

Suppose yourself to be looking across a bay of deep waters, three miles wide, to a shore which rises by a slate wall three hundred feet high, the horizontal line of it being as regular as the level surface of the adjacent bay. From this high bank, the land, as it recedes, rises very gradually

for miles, presenting a rich and cultivated appearance, equal to anything about our Yankee cities, till in the distance, well covered mountains appear at the north. In these mountains the Montmorenci river rises. Accumulating volume from tributary streams, as it passes amongst distant mountains and hills, when it reaches the plains, it has become about as large as the Kennebec, at Augusta. Slowly its deep waters move in their bed upon the gradually descending plains, till reaching the end of them at the river's brink, suddenly they are precipitated in one wide sheet over the nearly perpendicular wall, 240 feet, to the rocky beach of the St. Lawrence. It is, doubtless, the most perfect and magnificent cascade in the world. If an Augusta reader would suppose the Kennebec bridge raised two hundred and forty feet in the air, as a structure of solid masonry, with a rocky wall upon the lower side, varying just enough from a perpendicular to break the falling waters all the way and keep them in milky whiteness; if he would also suppose that by any contrivance of art or nature all the waters of the upper Kennebec could be incessantly poured in one wide sheet over that high structure and be precipitated into the chasm which itself had worn into the rocks below, he would have a tolerable idea of one interesting object that is always before our eyes from the ship's deck — the famous Falls of Montmorenci.

It was on the plains of Montmorenci, between the Falls and the city, that Montcalm encamped with his army in 1759, waiting the tug of war with Wolfe. The great Island of Orleans lies at the foot of this basin or bay, in the middle of the St Lawrence. The head of the island is just below a direct line from us to the Falls of Mont

morenci. It is a cultivated and thickly settled Island where ships are built, &c. When Wolfe arrived from England, he landed on this Island with his troops. Ultimately, he removed across the northern channel of the St. Lawrence and encamped on the plains below the Falls, looking at Montcalm above them, the Montmorenci river alone separating the two armies. Finally, Wolfe crossed the stream and gave him battle, but with ill success. He was repulsed, and retreated to Orleans Island. Here he became quite discouraged, and it is said, sent word to England that he must give up all hope of ever taking Quebec. But his courage revived and he determined to meet Montcalm by stratagem. So he moved his fleet up river several miles, as if abandoning his operations on Quebec, and as if proceeding to join the English forces at Montreal. In the night, however, he dropped his fleet down river again, and landed his army on Abraham's Plains, just above the city. The stratagem succeeded. Montcalm, supposing it could be only a detachment of the enemy's force now upon the Plains, did not remove his army within the walls of the city to defend it by its cannon, but marched openly up to the Plains of Abraham, and there "caught a Tartar." Wolfe himself was *there* with his whole army, to fight the French, not behind the city walls, but in open field. They fought; both generals fell; but the English were victorious and have held Quebec and the Canadas to this day.

Though, when on ship-board, I am beyond the excitement of city life, yet even here I enjoy much the sight of Nature's glorious scenery; nor is the busy motion about the boom, and pier, and ships, destitute of interest. Day before yesterday, a splendid ship was launched from the

head of Orleans Island. She went off gracefully ; but no sooner was she in the liquid element, than the current took her, and threw her upon the sharp rocks, near the yard where she was built. The tide rises and falls here twenty feet. When it was low water, there she was high and dry again, but on her beam ends, much injured. Last night, the merciless tide, resolved on her destruction, took her off again, and carried her down stream — we know not how far — probably to be made a premature wreck of. It is a sad sight to see such a beautiful object — the embodiment of so much labor and treasure — wrecked before answering the purposes of her existence. But thus it is even with humanity ; many a youth, in strength and in beauty, suddenly parts with life, and is laid to moulder in the grave, without appearing to have accomplished the great purposes of his promising existence.

There are many objects of curiosity and interest in Quebec, which I have not been able to speak of in my letters from this city — such as the Parliament House, which, by the way, is now having a new wing added to it, for the reception of the Provincial Legislature, that is to be removed from Toronto to Quebec next winter ; the Bishop's Palace ; the Governor's Garden ; the Jesuit's College ; the Nunneries, &c. There are two or three Market houses ; but the principal markets are on squares and wharves, where women sit in carts — precisely such carts as we see Canadians hauling dirt in with us — which are arranged in regular files in great numbers. The women sit on the coarse board seat facing the hinder part of the rude cart, and there expose for sale their vegetables, meats, butter, &c. Canadians are not Yankees, nor is Canadian style Yankee style. The streets are

generally narrow and dirty, and numerous dog carts are to be seen in all directions. A large majority of the lingo we hear in taverns, shops and markets, is in French. We wonder that English power in Canada has not been able to Anglicise the people. But French Catholicism, which early acquired the control, is no friend to English Episcopacy, or Yankee Puritanism; and it is to this circumstance, I suppose, we are to attribute the tardy advance of English customs and manners amongst the people.

I have been disappointed in all this country as an agricultural region. Better land does not lie out of doors, than is to be found from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, and from Montreal to Quebec. I know the winters are long, and the summers short; yet no better grass, oats, rye, wheat, potatoes, turnips and other vegetables, are to be raised on our Continent, and no crops are surer or more abundant. I see no corn fields. I find the country, also, better settled than I expected, and giving more evidence of thrift and comfort. All the cottages up and down the river, and in the interior as far as we can see, are white, and have an air of neatness; they are, however, not generally painted houses, but whitewashed, and appear better at a distance than on a closer inspection. I can point to many parts of our own State that do not appear so independent and happy as the rural districts of the St. Lawrence. If this can be done by mongrel French in Canada, what can be done, or rather what may *not* be done, by Yankees on the more southern lands of the Aroostook?

LETTER VI.

CELEBRATION OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

A Sabbath in Quebec — Corpus Christi Day — Streets lined with Evergreen Trees and arched — Full of People — Grand Procession — Description of the Different Orders in Procession — The Real Body of Christ in a Wafer — Rival Chimes of Rival Church Bells — The Cathedral — Magnificence of the Interior — Pomp and Ceremony — Visit to the Episcopal Cathedral — The Rev. Doctor's Sermon — Quietness of the City on Sabbath — Crossing the Ferry — Feast of God on Point Levi — Significance of the Catholic signs.

QUEBEC, JUNE 23, 1851.

In my present Letter, I must attempt to give a description of a most imposing observance of the Lord's Day in Quebec.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. I did not choose to keep it in entire solitude and silence. We are to worship God in secret; but not always alone. God made us to be social beings, and helpers of each other's joy. The happiness of heaven is not a selfish bliss; the praises of heaven are not a solitary homage. Each angel, as he gives expression to his holy affections, goes not away by himself from the company of fellow spirits, *there* to utter his praises; but, united to all other hearts by the chain of love, which, commencing in the divine throne, binds the whole family of heaven together, he *unites* his voice with the myriads of other voices, which, in happy unison, ascend in pæans of praise to God and the Lamb forever. Feeling

a desire to mingle with my fellow-men in a proper observance of the Sabbath, I yesterday took passage from our ship with the pilot in his boat for Quebec. The wind was blowing almost a gale upon our stern; the waves of the Bay were seas that made the proud ships of Tarshish dance right merrily; the pilot spread his sails wing-wing, and away we bounded like a very thing of life, "sometimes up, and sometimes down," but all the time scudding with more than steamboat celerity. It was one of the most exciting sails I ever took. The pilot was a good Catholic; and naturally affable and polite, he undertook to expatiate on the glories of the holy day, rather the holi-day, that was to be observed by *the* church, not only in the city, but throughout Christendom. He said, there was to be "one grand Procession," in which the "body of Christ" was to be borne; and he strongly desired we should behold it. So, on arriving at the city, we hastened away to the Cathedral, there to take our stand, and witness the solemn ceremonies that were to come off. Our pilot piloted us aright, and stood by, with ready ears and glistening eyes, to hear and explain all our interrogatories.

When we arrived at the church, we found the Procession was on the march — having already gone through St. John's Gate towards the Parish of St. Roch; we could hear the music of bugles and horns and drums in the distance. Our pilot guided us to St. John's Gate, there to remain posted till the Procession should return. Meanwhile, we found every street, through which the procession moved, lined with evergreen trees planted on both sides for the occasion, and here and there decorated with amaranthine arches and canopies thrown over the way, and flags of all nations and colors and emblems of various descrip-

tions strung across the streets, from the tops of the buildings. The wind was high and the flags performed a lively duty for the occasion. The trees set out were mostly fir, cedar and spruce; they were large, varying in height from ten to twenty feet, and extending several miles in length; the cost of collecting and planting them must have been considerable.

In due time the Procession was seen approaching from the suburbs, and re-entered the high gate of St. John where sentries of Scotch Highlanders in full uniform, were marching guard. A herald, with drawn sword, and clad in regalia of red and white, led the way, followed by three stalwart Catholics, bare headed, dressed in flowing blue cloaks with scarlet capes and fronts,—the middle one bearing a large silk velvet crimson banner, deeply fringed with gold tassels and lace, and having in its centre an image of Christ on the cross with the two Marys at its side, weeping. His companions supported the right and left of the banner, by ribbons of white, red and blue attached to its sides. The violence of the wind at times required the strength of all three at the standard, to hold the flowing banner up in the air. The *hosts* of Israel were in two lines, occupying opposite sides of the streets and marching in single file near the curb stones of the sidewalk. The *officers* and *dignitaries* of the church were in the centre of the street, marching sometimes alone, sometimes in groups of threes, fives, sevens, &c. It is well to say here, that every man's and boy's hat was off, and every female's head was covered only with a white cap, or a cap and lace veil. First came small boys clad in black, with blue sashes; between the lines of these was a friar in black crape robes, and white band suspended from

the chin. Next were lines of larger boys in sky-blue dresses, and purple scarfs; two friars with books in hand were within these; next, small girls in pink dresses covered by white lace mantles and caps, the very image of the Graces; next the Nuns clad in purest white linen with fine white lace veils covering their heads and extending almost to the pavements. It is difficult to describe any thing more beautiful than the hundreds of these sisters of Charity thus dressed in the uniform of angels; other women, with appropriate dresses followed these, and men, in numbers that we could not estimate, came after them. But mark; all the way down between this *longo agmine*, this long extended train, were paraded, in the middle of the street, the various dignitaries of the church, dressed in their canonicals and accompanied by banners of fine paintings and flags and lanterns, and all sorts of insignia. As each banner passed, the people who lined the sidewalks bowed reverently.

The last section appeared to be the most consequential and imposing. This was led by the band, that discoursed music equal to any ever heard on Boston Common from the Boston Brigade Band. Then came a retinue of Priests, clad in vestments of gold and silver and silk, of all colors, wrought into many significant designs—the richest dresses we ever saw. Next a man in rich attire bearing a silver cross high in the air; then a hollow square of invested priests; following these were four boys in entire white, bearing large batons; then came the sacred Ark borne by four youths clad in pink satin, with sashes and rosettes of sky blue; lastly came the real *Body of Christ*, the *Corpus Christi*, under the richest canopy of crimson silk, hung in gold lace that faded into the light of

silver fringes. It was borne by four Priests upon Corinthian pillars hung with drab crape, and enlightened on either side by four golden lanterns, with tapers burning within them, and elevated on gilt rods by men in sacerdotal robes. Under this canopy was the venerable Archbishop, attended by subordinate Bishops, and clad from head to foot in raiment as rich as gold and silver and precious stones and silk and satin could make it, himself bearing the real body of Christ (so it was pretended,) for the benediction of the people. But, reader, what do you suppose that body was? — merely a piece of white, unleavened paste, about the size and shape of a dollar, enclosed in a silver plate quite as large as an old fashioned platter, that was made to represent a halo, or sun in its glory, the centre of which was a glass casket occupied by the consecrated bread now having become the real body of Him that was crucified! The Catholics as much believe, as they believe they are alive, that this is a part of the real body of Christ. It is carried out into the world, all over the world, once a year, in order that Christ may yet be about, as he was in Judea of old, blessing the people by his miracles. No doubt we shall hear of many miracles performed in Catholic houses after this — such as healing the sick, and even raising the dead. If it would perform the greater miracle of enlightening the ignorant, curing superstition, and amending the life, I should have more faith in it.

We kept pace with the grand procession from St John's Gate, the whole length of St. John's Street, to its head, where the mammoth French Cathedral is situated, witnessing the images, paintings, costumes, furniture, music and performers. Arrived near the church we halted to

see the whole pass. As we stood here, the chimes of the English Church, just over the way, began, either in reverence to the day, or in contempt of this gorgeous parade, to peal, from the solemn bells of its huge tower, the good old tune, Brattle street or Hymn Second, the words of which are as follows:

“Whilst Thee I seek, protecting Power !
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.”

It was a cold hint, to say the least, and the bells were answerable to the whole city for it. Passing under several lines of national colors, and one grand arch of evergreen, charged with flowers, the procession reversed order, and the Archbishop with the Body under the golden canopy leading the way, entered the Church. We crowded in after them, and were jammed into a small corner near a vase of holy water by the door. In the distance, at the east end of the church, where the Altar and Sacrament are, were magnificence and glory, indeed,—at least, so far as gold and silver and sculpture and paintings and fire and light and smoke and incense and Te Deums and the gesticulations and ceremonies of ready priests, could bring glory down to men. The altar gleamed with burning candles, clustered in groups of sixes and sevens, like twinkling stars, and ascending into the very (painted) heavens above. The Archbishop, the Bishop and the Priests bowed and kneeled again and again before the image of Jesus. The Ark of the Covenant stood before it, and fire came down from heaven and produced a blaze that soon filled the whole house with the fragrance of frankincense and myrrh. Meanwhile a row of priests

threw up silver globes, with chains suspended, and caught them again with the dexterity of Signor Blitz; as they sent them up, smoke issued from the tops of them, an incense which bore the chants and prayers to heaven that were at the same time being uttered by the whole congregation — perhaps ten thousand — on their knees. This was High Mass. When it was over, the organ thundered a quick step, and the officers on parade at the altar marched in companies to neighboring doors and disappeared. We withdrew with the audience, wondering why Jesus Christ and Peter and John and Paul did not do just so when they were on earth! But the world has improved, and *the* church has improved greatly since those old fashioned days of simplicity and common sense.

It was now but eleven o'clock, just in service time to enter the Episcopal Church, whose saucy bells had chimed a hint to the Sunday trainers; and so we repaired to that place and took a seat. There was room enough — *the* church not being a quarter full. Every thing around us looked as Catholic as it would do to have it look, and not *be* Catholic. The broad aisle was filled with cross seats, as the Catholic churches are, for *common* people to sit on; the altar, and the window behind it, and the images and paintings on the walls of the recess, were *like* Catholic ones, but not half so imposing or significant as the originals; there were four priests officiating at the altar, clad in white robes with black scarfs; a mahogany rostrum, ascended by spiral steps, stood at the head of the aisle; something like it projected from the wall of the recess, hung with British flags, which I suppose was for the occupancy of the Gov. General, if he should be there, as he was not; on the gallery side was the English Coat of

Arms, the Lion and the Unicorn standing forth in carved figures gilded, to indicate that the gallery seats in that neighborhood are for the occupancy of the soldiers. Occasionally about the house, in the pews, we saw red coats and yellow epauletts and gold lace, worshipping God. After all the prayers were read and other ceremonies performed — a very distant imitation of the Catholic — a good fat, well-to-live priest, having changed his gown from white to black, ascended the rostrum, and began to read his sermon. He evidently did not suppose anybody was paying attention to his articulations, and he read as if he was under pay for the performance of his task, and would be glad when he got through. His name was Mackay, and he has the doctorate — the Rev. Dr. Mackay — of course, a learned and great man. His text was, “Of a truth I perceive God is no respecter of persons.” From this, he proceeded to *argue*, that “God, in the exercise of his grace, is a respecter of persons,” — I give his identical words; and thence went on to defend the doctrines of partial election, predestination, reprobation, &c. It was what might be expected of an English Church-and-State man; it maintained the aristocracy of heaven in plain terms. After several powerful *arguments*, he set off, satisfied that his text, though true in the Bible, is not true in the Church; and made it out as clear as mud, that God is a respecter of persons. It takes great learning thus to change the truth of God into a lie. It was the baldest and nakedest Calvinism that we have heard these thirty years. It would not do for an Episcopalian in the States to preach thus. He would need something besides an aristocracy to support him there; and all the rest he would drive away

from him. There must be the meal of republicanism on the trencher of an English trap set in the United States.

On leaving the church, we found the city as quiet and orderly as any Yankee city. At the Ferry wharf, there were, indeed, a few women at stands, selling fruit and cakes ; but generally every sort of business was hushed. The wind blew, and it began to rain. Being Sunday, there were no *Caleches* on the other side of the Ferry waiting for passengers ; and we had to foot it nearly three miles to our good ship, New England. Half way there, on Point Levi, near the Catholic church, we came to a street studded with evergreen trees, and arched overhead, with flags flying. Here, too, there had been a Procession, as in the city. For rest, we called at a French apothecary's shop, which was open, and inquired into the significancy of all the strange doings of the day. He was a Catholic, and an educated man ; but he could not command the English language well enough to explain things as he wished. Of course, we got not much light from him, only that the festival was the *Feast of God*, — this is its name ; — *Corpus Christi*, applying not to the day, but to the consecrated wafer borne amongst the people. For us he explained the ceremony of crossing themselves at the vases of holy water and at the altar, &c. — the fingers first touch the forehead, and the worshipper says, mentally, “in the name of the Father” ; then they touch the pit of the stomach, and he says “and of the Son ;” then the left breast, and he says “and of the Holy Ghost,” and bringing the hand thence across to the right breast, he utters “Amen.” This, it will be perceived, describes a cross. All Catholics understand the sign, and perform it often. We will

not say they are not sincere ; they certainly appear very honest and devout ; God looketh to the *heart*, and if he finds that right, however its righteousness may be obscured and buried beneath a rubbish of ceremonies, no doubt he will smile upon the worshipper and reward him according to his works. We have learned to be charitable towards all men.

LETTER VII.

MATTERS ABOUT CANADA, QUEBEC, AND THE SHIP.

Waiting for fair weather—Unwonted rest—An entire Retreat—Maine Convention—New France and New England—The Battle on Abraham's Plains decided the Supremacy of England over France in America—Canada ought to be one of the United States—Ladies of Quebec—Its Belle—Sir James Stuart, a fellow-passenger—Carriages and Dog-Carts in the City—Montcalm's Monument—Shipping in Quebec.

QUEBEC, JUNE 25, 1851.

Here I am yet in Quebec—or rather, in the noble ship “*New England*,” (an appropriate name for a Yankee representative to go to *Old England* in,) which is *not* in Quebec, but in the St. Lawrence River, two and a half miles below the city, and beyond its municipal boundaries and laws. The violent easterly storm that has raged here for the last two or three days, has prevented the lighters coming alongside with deals to load into our hold, and consequently time is lost, no work is going on, and we are waiting for fair weather, in order that the ship, being loaded, may spread her broad wings to the breeze of heaven, and be off for London. I will not say that time drags heavily, though I have been on shipboard a week, doing nothing but work all the time—work, not indeed upon the rigging, nor in the hold, but at the Captain's table, or in my own ample state-room, arranging my papers, studying my guide books, statistics, &c., of England and London, and writing to you publicly, and to my other dear friends privately, whom

I have left behind ; — behind, not in thought, not in affection, not in prayers ; but in bodily presence only. I never allow myself to be idle ; but can always find enough to do, at home and abroad. I have now, however, come the nearest to absolute *rest*, that I have known or enjoyed since I became a man, or within the compass of my memory. Was I ever in such a condition so favorable to solitude as now ? Never. Where am I ? Not in beautiful Augusta, nor in any of its suburban retreats ; not within the territory of my own Commonwealth, nor subject to the government of the North Star State. Nay, I am escaped from all of Uncle Sam's dominions, where President Fillmore is no longer President to me, and am under petticoat government, within the domains of Her Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith. Though not her *Subject*, I am "subject" to her power — a power, however, which, *per se*, is very limited after all — small in comparison with the Republican power of the Head of Government at Washington. Thus retreated, even here in Canada, I am doubly retreated from the haunts of men, and of some animals, called men. Away from the city, away from the land, away even from its shores, or wharves thereupon, I am snugly ensconced in a little side room, which makes out of the state cabin of a ship that lies at a solitary pier erected in the open stream of the mighty St. Lawrence. Sheriffs cannot find me, intruders cannot break into the sanctuary of my retreat, and I fear no disturbance from men. If any of their tongues are busy with scandalizing reports and falsehoods — as too often some have been of late, — as a punishment on me for daring to have a con-

science, — thank God, I am just now where, at least, I cannot *hear* their calumnies. The winds of heaven bring me no reports of “wrong and outrage,” and all the voices I hear from men, are the unintelligible, but musical, lingo of merry French workmen, or the kind and civil words of as kind a captain and crew as ever performed a skilful duty on the deck of a New England ship. Alone, I can breathe and think and read and am where “thus alone, alone the least.”

“I am alone; and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings; I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies.”

I do remember, however, this day — and the thought makes me discontented at times, that my religious brethren of the Maine Convention are gathered together in Turner, whilst here I write, — devising ways and means for the furtherance of Gospel truth and righteousness amongst the people. I cannot forget such a gathering. My connection with the Convention, then the Eastern Association, began in October, 1820, and I attended its first meeting thereafter in Winthrop the following June; with only three or four exceptions, I have been present, and taken an active part in the deliberations of the Convention ever since. Then I could hardly look forward and promise myself, that I should be able to maintain a connection with it, without disgrace to myself, or to the cause, for thirty years; but God has preserved a life, naturally feeble, and kindly enabled me to maintain “a conscience void of offence towards God and man.” For this, indeed, I have sometimes suffered; but He who built my bark of life, and launched it upon life’s stormy ocean, built it not of a shape to escape the rains and storms, but rather to endure and

outride them. I thank him this day, here upon the mighty waters, that I have hitherto found "*his grace sufficient for me*;" and to that grace I still will reverently trust, that He will guide me on the remaining journey of life, smooth for me a path on the ocean's rugged way, and give me an abundant entrance at last into that celestial Canaan beyond the floods, whose Jerusalem is the capital of Zion, and the Mother of us all. My love and my prayers arise from this distant retreat in behalf of my brethren assembled in Convention this day. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem—they shall prosper that love thee. For my brethren and companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good."

There are some matters about Canada, Quebec, and our ship, which, as I have not spoken of hitherto, and have now a little leisure to "gather up the fragments," I will occupy a small space in mentioning.

Two or three hundred years ago, England and France started on a race for the magnificent prize of supremacy in America. The advantages and difficulties of the race were alike; but the systems by which they would achieve their object, were different. New *France* was colonized by a *Government*; New *England*, by a *People*. The men who governed Canada, were only the agents of the Mother country, for whose benefit, all the cream that could be raised upon the new world, was to be skimmed off, and carried across the Atlantic. France established a feudal and ecclesiastical frame-work for a young nation, which planted castles, and built towers and monasteries and convents and cathedrals. Thus she laid a Procrustean bedstead to whose dimensions, civil and religious, all things must con-

form. The State was every thing — the People nothing. The Catholic missions taught implicit obedience. It is a remarkable fact, that during all the government of France in Acadia, not one printing-press was in operation !

A few years after, there came a band of religious men, a church of *Protestant* pilgrims, and settled New England at Plymouth. They came not as the agents of a Government, but almost in defiance of it; not with a love for the Power which drove them hither, but with a just hatred and abhorrence of it. They came with the love of liberty burning in their bones, and resolved to enjoy it or perish. They had no strong arm to protect them; they were neither rich nor poor. Amidst all their responsibilities and perils, they trusted in God, and their own right arm; not in British gold. In one hundred and fifty years the British inhabitants exceeded the French, twenty to one! The English, in 1759, swept over Canada, and took Quebec. Montcalm fell, and the French power departed. To pay the expense of his fall, England taxed her American Colonies. Boston rebelled. Massachusetts resisted the stamp act and the tea tax. The other colonies joined in refusing to be taxed without representation, and Lafayette came over to avenge the fall of Montcalm. Thus the conquest of Quebec, as Montcalm predicted before he fell, cost the British nation about *all its other colonies* !

Canada ought to be one of the United States, and at no distant day, I trust, will be. Republicanism must yet govern this whole continent. This is the “manifest destiny.” Meanwhile, let a friendly, social, and commercial intercourse be established between conquered Canada and unconquered New England. This will propagate common sentiments and sympathies, and make us finally

one. I can but believe that the successful operation of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad will not only open a great thoroughfare of business, but prove a grand artery that will make one of two great communities. Last year, a large party of New Yorkers and Bostonians came to Montreal and Quebec on a visit. This visit was exceedingly acceptable to the Canadians, and they will never forget it. They speak of it often, and whenever they see a Yankee, seem to feel better acquainted with him on that account. Yesterday, another party from Boston — two hundred strong — arrived here ; and the fact has thrown the whole city into an ecstasy. I verily believe, that all which is wanted is intercourse, friendly intercourse, to win Canada over to the States.

I do not think the ladies of Quebec are handsome — at least, I have seen none whose beauty consists in dress half so much as it does in New England. Generally, they are not at the trouble and expense of carrying about upon their persons through the streets and in other public places, a large and costly quantity of silks and jewelry for people to look and stare at as they exhibit themselves. I am told, however, there is one beautiful female body and mind in the city — the confessed *belle of Quebec* — the daughter of the Chief Justice of all the Canadas, Sir James Stuart. I have not seen her, nor her father, but expect to have this privilege soon ; for to-morrow both Sir James and the Belle, with a son and servant, are coming on board our ship to take passage with us to London. They, with brother Preston, my son William and myself, will constitute the whole passenger party of the ship. The Judge is to have a cow brought on board for milk, and four fat wethers for fresh mutton, on the

way. I understand he is an intelligent, accessible, and much respected gentleman. The principal carriages in Montreal and Quebec are caleches, pronounced *Calashes*. They are like an old-fashioned, two-wheel chaise, without a top, having a seat for two passengers, and one cushioned stool, where the fender should be, for the driver. The springs and shafts and axletrees, are of wood, and that of the largest size. They would make excellent drays, only take the tub off. I rode around Montreal mountain, nine miles, in one of them, and glad enough was I to get out of it again. After landing from the ship here, we ride to and from the city in those uncomfortable vehicles. Occasionally, we find a handsome carriage; but generally see nothing more honorable for women to ride in about the city, than a Canadian wagon-body on two cart-wheels. A Yankee female would not be seen in one of them anywhere; but the Canadian ladies ride forth in them with as much *nonchalance*, and self-seeming, as if they were the head of creation.

Many dog-carts are to be seen all over the city; and often I notice a span of large mastiffs harnessed, carrying off a man, or a heavy load of something else. I saw one dog, the other day, backing a cart down Mountain street, loaded with a half barrel of — *something*; and he obeyed the boy who drove him as promptly as a horse could have done.

The monument to Montcalm, in the Governor's Garden, is a noble structure. It is of hewn stone, very large at the base, and rising, I should judge, fifty feet high. On it is a long inscription in Latin. His body does not repose beneath it; but in a tomb under the French Cathedral.

Some idea of the navigation of Quebec may be inferred from the fact, that there are *three hundred Pilots* in commission, and that they all have business enough in the season. I cannot resist the impression that the Yankees would do well to load their ships here with lumber for England and the colonies. Our ships once acquired wealth for their owners by carrying timber to Great Britain from Wiscasset — why not now from Quebec? There are thirteen large ships lying at Indian Cove, made fast to piers which are erected out in the river, in the neighborhood of our ship — quite a nautical family; and most of them are so near us that we can converse from one to the other. Their names and places of ownership are as follows: —

Lady Peel of Plymouth, England; *Ronochon*, Glasgow; *Eliza Ann*, Glasgow; *Arthur*, Glasgow; *Abigail*, Poole, England; *Affghan*, Quebec; *Caroline and Mary Clark*, Capt. Emerson, Waldoboro', Me.; *Sophia*, Glasgow; *Adept*, Glasgow; *Michael Angelo*, Wilson, Boston, Mass; *Emily*, Henderson, Thomaston, Me.; *Ottaway*, Glasgow; *New England*, Manson, Bath, Me.

Capt. Manson's daughter, Ada,* is on board our ship, Capt. Emerson's lady is with him in the *Caroline and Mary Clark*, and Capt. Wilson, of the *Michael Angelo*, is an inflexible old bachelor, who has his home on board his ship, and a whole room filled with antiquarian curiosities and specimens of fine arts, which he has collected in Italy, Egypt, India, and elsewhere. He values his cabinet at many thousand dollars. He is a singular genius, an intelligent man, and a warm-hearted American Sea-Captain. He hails from Boston.

* Alas! sweet girl — she lived not to see her home again.

LETTER VIII.

QUEBEC AND ITS ENVIRONS — A DECK SCENE.

Ship's Mooring—Orleans Island—Plains and Falls of Montmorenci—Higher than Niagara—Olympus—Trojan Heroes—House of Victoria's Father—Distant Mountains, Barriers of Civilization—St. Charles River—Charlebourg—Lorette—Point Levi—Churches—Walls of Quebec—Business of the St. Lawrence—Protestant English Blood *versus* Catholic French Blood—The Great Battle on the Plains—Arnold's Expedition up the Kennebec—Anecdote of Gen. Chandler—Sir James Stuart.

BAY OF QUEBEC, JULY 1, 1851.

IN this Letter, I wish to give my readers a more perfect view of Quebec and environs, than I have been able to do before, and to revive their recollections of some of the important historical events—the scenes of which transpired in sight of the position where I write. These have a connection with American Independence, and should be preserved here. I may write, perhaps, at the hazard of repeating some few of the facts that have been glanced at in other Letters; I trust, however, that they will be so interwoven with additional incidents of relative interest, that the repetition will not be offensive, but useful and acceptable.

Fancy yourself, then, if you please, with me, upon the elevated, clean and almost polished poop — a promenade deck of eighty-one feet in length by thirty-four in width — of the good ship *New England*, which is nearly one thousand tons register. The air is calm and the skies are cloud-

less ; the surface of the waters, like a mirror, reflects the forms of grandeur and beauty from all the shores ; and the bright sun shining upon tinned domes and roofs of the city above us, exposes a brilliancy in the distance, which is at once pleasing and painful to behold. Our ship rides in the midst of the stream, which is widened below the city into a spacious bay of twenty miles circuit, and terminated on its lowest, or eastern boundary, by Orleans Island, the head of which lies directly at our stern, and which occupies a space in the middle of the St. Lawrence of two or three miles wide by eighteen or twenty in length. This Island contains three Parishes, is thickly settled, has fine farms upon it, and is a place of considerable business. The head of it, by the way, is the exact spot on which Gen. Wolfe landed his Army of Old and New England troops in 1759. Wharves, ship-yards, warehouses, white cottages, and a few elegant dwellings line its shores ; and in the rear are the green fields and shady groves whereon the Army that decided the contest between England and France for supremacy in America, was encamped. From this point look upward to Quebec ; and thence, at your right, on the northern curve of our Bay, — constituting a most beautiful amphitheatre below the city ; — let the eye trace the verdant and thickly settled Plains of Montmorenci, extending nine miles from the city downwards to the world-famous Falls of the same name, which lie directly opposite to us on the starboard shore a couple of miles distant, in full view. The Falls, though not so large in volume, are greater in height than Niagara, — the entire waters of the Montmorenci river descending in one sheet from the high Plains, suddenly and almost perpendicularly, two hundred and forty feet upon the rocky beach of the

St. Lawrence below. They are amongst the greatest natural wonders of the world ; and no one would think of visiting Quebec, without witnessing the Falls of Montmorenci. The roar of their waters, like thunder, is continually sounding in our ears. The Plains seem to us the very place where, in Homer's time, Jupiter Tonans might have had his seat when he descended from Olympus, and where he directed Agamemnon, the king of men, to moor his fleets and land his armies in the proud siege against Ilion — Troy — which is still a walled city just above the Plains. On these Plains the myriad hosts of Helen bent their spears like waving corn before the breath of Æolus. I never, before, found just *the* place in which to read the Iliads of that greatest of all great Poets, Homer. It requires here, no stretch of fancy, beyond what poetry itself allows, to see the impregnable Troy where proud Hector counselled, the Plains where Agamemnon and Achilles strove, and the Wooden Horse, in whose capacious belly the Greeks entered the city's gate and conquered Priam's outwitted hosts.

Directly at the Falls, and in full view, is a large old mansion house, once the residence of the Duke of Kent — father of Queen Victoria. More recently it has been owned and occupied by a Mr. Patterson, who died last week, leaving a vast estate to an illegitimate daughter. This estate consists of the entire territory from the Falls to the city, the main road of which is dotted all the way (nine miles) with white houses, as thickly set, nearly, as in a village ; contiguous to which are wharves and lumber-yards on the shore, and fine looking farms in the rear. At his death, he is said to have been the richest man in Quebec.

Such is the foreground on our right, as we look up towards the city. In the background, distant some twenty miles still farther northward, a range of hills whose summits are regular, and whose sides are verdant with the foliage of the season, constitutes the boundary of civilization. Beyond those hills are the "king's hunting grounds," inhabited only by wild beasts or roving savages. So I am certainly within sight of the very "jumping off place;" would that I could stand one hour on those mountain barriers that separate now, and must separate ever, between a progressing civilization and an everlasting—desolation.

At the upper terminus of the Plains of Montmorenci, and just at the eastern point of the "lower town" of the city, you see the River St. Charles as it unites with the St. Lawrence. A bridge near its mouth connects the Plains with the Parish of St. Roch, which is one of the suburbs, (outside the wall,) of Quebec; and a mile or two above the bridge is the village of Charlebourg. Yet above this, on a tributary of the St. Charles, is to be seen the Indian village of Lorette, descendants of the Hurons, now nearly civilized, and whose whitewashed houses give their village a neat and lively appearance in the distance. I have seen, and purchased, some of the handicraft of these Indians, which evinces an amount of skill and ingenuity that would do credit to a Chinese workman. Below the bridge, on the Montmorenci road, is the village of Beaufort, from which, as also from Charlebourg, the domes of large Catholic churches, and the massive stone walls of Catholic convents, are seen.

Now turn an eye to the left, and survey the southern shore. Directly abreast of us is a large Basin, called

Indian Cove, bare at low water, and the bottom of which is a smooth slaty ledge. Its upper boundary is Point Levi, which there makes out into the St. Lawrence; and its lower line is formed by a long wharf, extending out to the channel of the river. From the end of this wharf to Point Levi above — perhaps a mile distant — is a floating bridge of hewn timbers, which are held in their places by iron bands across and thick plank ribbons at the sides. Occasionally there are joints and passage-ways in this flotilla, through which the lumber finds ingress and egress. Within is an immense boom, embracing, perhaps, seventy-five acres. Without the boom, at the river's channel, are, promiscuously arranged, several, large solitary Piers, wholly unconnected with the main, at which ships are confined, and where they receive their cargoes floated out to them from the great boom. Generally there are a dozen or eighteen large ships loading at these piers at a time. At one of them we received our load; after which, we drew off into the stream or bay, where we now are at anchor, waiting for a wind. From this position we obtain a more extensive and accurate panorama than elsewhere, — more perfect than could be commanded when I wrote my Fifth letter at the Pier. Whilst we laid there, of the fourteen ships around us, eleven were English, and three American, the first, or about the first, *Yankee* ships, I believe, that under the present free trade system ever have ventured to do English business in English ports. The *promise* is a favorable one. I heard the proprietor of the boom say, that if this system of free trade is to continue, such are the superior shrewdness and enterprise of the Yankees, that it would be useless for Canada to think of competing with us, and he should be for hauling down

the English flag, and running up the American. The house that owns this boom possesses another like it above the city. They also own a navy of full rigged ships which they keep constantly employed, besides chartering some American vessels.

Point Levi — by which all the territory on the river, opposite Quebec from the great boom at Indian Cove, two and a half miles below, to perhaps as great a distance above, is known — is a fertile, at this season of the year a handsome, and a well settled plain, inhabited mostly by Canadian French, who live in white houses of wood, or gray ones of stone, evidently of French style. Two steam-ferry boats constantly running, connect Quebec with the mercantile part of Point Levi. The river here is about one mile wide. On the road from the Cove to the Ferry is a large French Church. Some distance below and above it are two chapels, or miniature churches, with crucifixes, steeples and bells, which are used for the funeral services of the dead. They are not much larger than a country-shoemaker's shop; but they are as perfect churches in form, as if they were as large as St. Peter's at Rome.

From our point of observation — Orleans Island in the rear, Montmorenci Falls and Plains on our right, and the great boom and Point Levi on the left, — as we look up stream, the real *point* Levi, just above us, at the upper end of the Cove, makes out like a low cape into the river or bay, just far enough to cut off our view of the wharves of the city, and of the river opposite and above it. The masts of the shipping, however, are seen surrounding the city, and filling the river in front of it like a forest of bare cedar trees that might seem to be planted on the low lands

of the intersecting Point, rather than in the decks of noble ships. Between us and the city, too, the broad expanse of placid waters is peopled with vessels sluggishly flapping their sails in the calm, or sitting majestically at anchor, like proud swans upon the wave.

I have said that from our ship's deck we cannot see the wharves of the city, or the ships' hulls lying thereat and in the waters between it and Point Levi; but we can see the warehouses which are higher than the wharves, and the stores and other edifices, of the lower town. These are on the narrow beach of the St. Lawrence on the south, and the wider one of the St. Charles on the east and north. On the St. Lawrence the bank of the river is of slate-rock in horizontal strata, three hundred feet high, nearly perpendicular, pressing so near the river's brink as to allow of but a single narrow street, except in some few artificial instances. The walls of the city are nearly overhead. This remark does not apply so severely to the St. Charles side of the city, though the ascent is severe anywhere. Most of the shipping is on the St. Lawrence, or southerly side of the city, because the water here is very deep, and the shores bold. Here, therefore, most of the business is done.

In the city, upon the highest heights is a higher still, a prominence on Nature's everlasting wall, called Cape Diamond. This overlooks *all* the city, the surrounding country, the river above, and commands the broad bay down to Orleans Island, below where our ship is moored. The famous *Citadel* is on this eminence. I have heard the remark made every day by intelligent Canadians, that if a few enterprising Yankees would come in here, business would fly under their hands and money would rapidly

accumulate in their pockets. The St. Lawrence is navigable for more miles than any other river in the world, and Quebec is the great entrepot of that river. But—but what?—the whole story is told in a few words—it is *not in republican hands*. John Bull has an interest in the Canadas; it may be like the exorbitant interest of a Shylock, which annually drains the poor victim of more than his earnings, and draws hard upon the principal itself. When the government of a people is maintained for the benefit of a foreign sovereign, it is hardly to be expected, in the nature of things, that the people should prosper as well as if they governed themselves *for themselves*.

And now suffer me to revive your recollections of some of the interesting historical facts, the scenes of which lie before me in the waters and upon the shores on every side. The French held and settled all of what are now the British Provinces in America, a part of Maine embraced in Acadia, and the States formed out of the Louisiana purchase. It was proudly called *New France*. The government of France colonized America, and for its own benefit. Could there be a *New England* in America? A sterile soil, on a bleak shore, was the refuge of a small company of religious Pilgrims,—outcasts, for conscience sake, from their fatherland,—who came, not to colonize, but to settle a country;—to settle it, not for a government, but for themselves. Oppression drove them hither, and that oppression taught them the very hatred of tyranny. They came as the rational disciples of liberty, resolved to die or be free. The Anglo Saxon blood was in their veins. They began and went forth in the strength of God. They planted churches—*Protestant churches*; they established

schools — *free* schools. They taught obedience to law as the condition of liberty. Silent, like leaven in meal, their principles wrought out a glorious triumph. They came, not as the agents of a foreign government, but to escape its power, and in due time to defy it. They settled *New England*, not for the benefit of *Old England*, but for their own and their posterity's comfort and happiness. They had something to contend for; and the contest fitted them for the highest exigencies. In them our republican institutions were conceived, and in due time brought forth to a comely and glorious birth. God prepared them to govern the New World, and ultimately to bless the Old World with a freedom of which it has not yet been able to conceive. Thus a vast plan in the divine counsels has been developed, and thus He works out the most glorious results, through human agencies.

The incursions made by the French and Indians upon the New England, especially the Maine, settlements, during the war one hundred years ago between England and France, determined the British government to wrest, if possible, the French control from Canada. Its stronghold was Quebec. Its fortress was regarded as impregnable. Wolfe was sent to subdue it. He was a young man of but thirty three; but as shrewd and brave an officer as the British throne could boast. With a united English and American army of about 5000 men, — amongst whom was the brave Montgomery, who afterwards, in time of the Revolution, attempted, with Arnold, to take Quebec, — he arrived with his fleet, and came to anchor, just where our ship is now moored, in the summer of 1759, and landed his troops on Orleans Island, the same that now lies at our stern. The French commander, the estimable Marquis de

Montcalm, witnessing his designs, marched his army of 7000 men out of the city, down to the Plains of Montmorenci, and there, parading his forces in battle array, waited the landing and assault of Wolfe from the Island. The battle took place on the beautiful fields just abreast of our ship, a little above the Falls of Montmorenci. Wolfe was repulsed and retreated to the Island, discouraged. He resolved, however, on one more effort for a better position, and a more successful engagement. As if abandoning the enterprise, he transferred his troops to the ships, and proceeded, with a strong and favorable wind, by the city, up the river, apparently to join the British forces that had possession of Montreal, and to make a new descent with the combined army at some future day upon Quebec. The *ruse* was successful. It deceived Montcalm. On the very next night, Wolfe's fleet dropped down, by a favorable tide, quietly to the place now called "Wolfe's Cove," where he landed his army, and, up the craggy precipices of a ravine already mentioned, led his men exulting upon the Plains of Abraham west of the city, and from which point it was most vulnerable. Daylight revealed an unexpected sight to Montcalm! Supposing, however, that the force upon the Plains could be but a detachment of the adverse army, he moved his troops from the Plains of Montmorenci to those of Abraham, and there took position for an engagement, which, as the event proved, was to decide the long contest between France and England for supremacy in America. But Wolfe was there himself, with all his army, burning with revenge for previous discomfiture, and resolved to conquer this time or perish. Indeed, he could make no retreat. The great day of decision had come; and then and there, within sight of where I now write,

and on a field of blood which I paced last Saturday with sad interest, was the battle fought which gave forever to the Anglo Saxon race the control of this vast Continent. It was the 13th of September, 1759.

Oh! it was a bloody day. Wolfe's army, not being able to take more than a single piece of artillery up the steep ravine, resolved to make the assault with bayonets — a mode of warfare which the French could not so readily *stomach*. The battle began before noon; and ere the setting sun, the great controversy was decided. Thousands laid dead, or fatally wounded, on the field, amongst whom were both the brave commanders, Montcalm and Wolfe.

I have said, elsewhere, that Montcalm, when dying, uttered the prediction, that the success of the British arms that day would cost the English throne all its other colonies. It was a true prediction. To pay the expense of that war, New England and the other colonies were taxed. Against this tax, imposed without representation in Parliament, the colonies rebelled; and having learned the arts of war, and tested their own courage, and ascertained by their experience under Wolfe, what Yankee soldiers could do, they resolved to take the field against Great Britain herself, and trust God for the issue. The battle on Abraham's Plains, therefore, may have connexions as legitimate as Montcalm foretold, with the causes which, in the hand of Providence, led to the severance of the old Thirteen from the crown of England.


But, during this contest — the war of the Revolution — another event in history transpired, the scenes of which are all in plain view before me at the interesting point of my present observations. I allude to the attempt to take Quebec from the English, for the benefit of the American

cause, by the conjoined armies under Arnold and Montgomery. Your readers are familiar with the expedition of Arnold the traitor, with Aaron Burr, up the Kennebec, in the autumn of 1775 through the unbroken forests to Quebec. We have the house now in Augusta, where Arnold and Burr quartered, when on their way up our river. It was a perilous adventure. The sufferings from cold, fatigue and starvation, an account of which, I recollect, Gen. Dearborn, who was a Captain in Arnold's army, related to me some years ago, and which made my very heart bleed for the miseries endured, were great. He told me that he killed his own favorite dog, then almost too poor to bark, and feasted with greediness on its flesh, and his soldiers ate even its entrails! The army, greatly reduced in numbers, reached the St. Lawrence river and encamped on Point Levi, just now at my left as I cast my eye to the shore. A grove still stands in rear of the field where he pitched his tents. The people of Point Levi received him kindly, and readily supplied the wants of his famished army, now reduced to less than eight hundred men.

Without more force it would have been imprudent for Arnold to cross the river and attack the fortification, or lay siege to the city. Gen. Montgomery was above, having subdued Montreal and all the other places of importance up river, and was on his way down to join Arnold for a grand onset upon Quebec. Meanwhile, Arnold advanced to a higher position on Point Levi, a little above the city, and sent long shots across the river, which did some considerable execution. The old French Cathedral, in which I attended the service last Sabbath, suffered materially from his guns, and bears the marks of them to this day. But it was in the dead of winter — a Canada win-

ter — a most unpropitious season for an army fatigued, exhausted, and almost discouraged, to attempt the siege of such a city as Quebec. When Montgomery arrived, Arnold crossed over below the city, and, by agreement, was to advance up on the shore road, enter the lower town on St. Peter's, while Montgomery, marching from his position, down to the city upon the shore road, was to meet Arnold's forces at Prescott Gate, and there make a grand attempt to force an entrance. The time agreed upon for the march, was the night of the 31st of December. The snow had fallen heavily in the evening, and it was difficult to force a march through the deep and unbroken drifts. The forces, however, of Arnold and Montgomery advanced upon the lower town from below and above. Arnold silenced several temporary batteries thrown up against him, and reached Prescott Gate with little loss. Montgomery, coming down, encountered the first obstacle successfully; but just as he was entering the town, he met a serious, though temporary, fortification thrown across the street. In attempting to storm it, a discharge of grape shot from two or three cannon planted against him, instantly cut down thirteen men, and with them their great leader and much loved General himself—Montgomery! This threw the remaining troops into confusion, and they retreated in disorder. They could hardly be rallied to a second attempt, and the command devolving upon Arnold, he took a position with all the forces upon Abraham's Plains, and attempted to besiege the city. At such an inclement season, and with so few troops, ere spring arrived a council of war determined on raising the siege, and thus the expedition failed. It would have been a blessed thing for Canada had it succeeded. In this event, she would not now

be what she is — a dependent colony, with all her energies depressed, but a free State, with the spirit of freedom prompting every sort of improvement, and laying the foundations of enterprise and prosperity.

It has been generally supposed in the States, that Gen. Montgomery fell in attempting to ascend the precipitous wall of rocks that rise from the river to Abraham's Plains. I thought so myself, the other day, when, passing along River or Champlain street, I saw, high above me on the rocks, near a slight ravine, a large wooden slab of black, with white letters, pointing by a  down to a shelf projecting from the ravine, inscribed — "HERE MONTGOMERY FELL, Dec. 31, 1775." Accordingly I continued to climb the precipice up to the rocky shelf, and seated myself on the spot to which the index pointed, in the sun, for very grave reflections. I selected a fragment of the slate stone where he must have stood and fallen, not knowing but it might have been baptized in the blood of Montgomery. I learned, however, afterwards, that he fell in the street below. A few years ago his remains were removed to New York, and deposited in a tomb under St. Paul's Church. This sign-board that tells the place of his untimely death was procured and erected not long since by a company of New Englanders visiting Quebec.

I can think of no other military event, interesting to us now as Americans, to revive in your recollections, unless, indeed, the vicinity of the date of my writing to the glorious Fourth of July, might remind me of an anecdote relating to one of our worthy and highly respectable neighbors who, though a military man, was once not so fortunate as he, and we all could have wished him to be. He was a Brigadier General, in the last war with England, under General

Hull upon the Canada lines. Just previous to the battle, in which the cowardice, to call it nothing worse, of Hull was betrayed, the general officers dined together; and wine being passed after the cloth was removed, our patriotic Brigadier gave as a toast — “The approaching Fourth of July — may we on that day drink wine within the walls of Quebec.” His prayer was granted; he did drink wine in Quebec on the Fourth of July; but it was as a prisoner under the British flag, not as a victorious General bearing the stars and the stripes upon the conquered walls of the American Gibraltar. He has gone to his rest now, and the anecdote is not related to detract aught from his well-earned fame, either as a General in the Army, or a Senator in the Congress of the United States. He was our fellow-citizen, and died amongst us. His body reposes in the Augusta grave-yard, and we all know that he left a good military and civil reputation behind him.

In concluding this long, and, perhaps, tedious letter, written under an awning kindly spread over my table by the Captain on the beautiful poop deck of the *New England* — a Maine ship, proudly riding upon Her Majesty’s waters, I can but take this occasion to say, that amongst the Industrial interests given me by our worthy Governor in charge to represent in the World’s Convention and Exhibition at the Great Metropolis, I shall take very much pleasure in calling the attention of the naval architects of Europe to the elegant, swan-like form, and the super-excellent workmanship, that are to be exhibited in the ship *New England*. Maine, it is already known, builds the greatest number of ships of any State in the Union; it should also be known that she builds the *best*. In Quebec,

where so many proud English ships lie—proud, because their sailors mix with the “yo-heave-o,” the song “Britannia rules the main,” — our ship has arrested the attention of British subjects ; and it is a circumstance creditable to American architecture and American captains, that in our enlisting a new crew, the other day, so anxious were the sailors to serve in a Yankee ship, that they were readily engaged at fifteen dollars per month, whilst English ships have to pay forty dollars for the same class of help ! Nay more — the venerable Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Queen’s Bench for the whole of Canada — really the highest office in the Province — SIR JAMES STUART, *Bart.*, wishing to take passage for himself and family in the best vessel for London, has passed by all Her Majesty’s ships in port, and engaged accommodations with us in the *New England*. He, with his daughter and son, and a servant in livery, has now been on board two days, waiting for a wind, and expresses himself delighted with the accommodations of the ship, and the intelligence of the officers. No man thinks more highly of New England and New England intelligence than he. Such a people, he is sure, must be competent for self-government ; — he wishes it were so everywhere — (I thought his inuendo applied to the French of Canada.) Sir James was educated in the United States, in Schenectady College, and is familiar with American history, and especially the judicial characters of our country. He is evidently a learned old gentleman, and, I should judge, a very candid, honest, and patriarchal man. The dignity of his deportment is in him — not an external, assumed thing, — and is entitled to respect because it is well sustained by extensive learning,

good sense, and a noble heart. He is reputed to be the most profound lawyer in British America, and I make no doubt his reputation is deserved. I confess he gains hourly upon my veneration, and, I doubt not, we shall find him a most instructive, communicative, and companionable fellow-passenger.

LETTER IX.

LOWER VALLEY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE..

Tardy progress, not without its Advantages—The St. Lawrence, the longest Navigable River in the World—Grandest Scenery in America—Cultivation of the Valley—Equality of the Population—Religious wants provided for—Revenue of the Catholic Church—Seniorages—Sailing from Quebec—White Porpoises—Width of the River, and Mountain Scenery in the distance—Few American Travellers ever see the Mouth and Gulf of St. Lawrence—Sir James Stuart and Family—Reflections on the Glorious Fourth.

MOUTH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, JULY 4, 1851.

WHEN I wrote my last letter from Quebec, I presumed that another would not be necessary for me till I should reach London; but here I am yet in the St. Lawrence river, and though at last our noble ship is on her way, yet contrary tides, adverse winds and adverser calms have so impeded her progress that we do not yet see the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Atlantic Ocean. When at this rate we shall reach Europe, is known only to Him “who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storm.” But I long since learned not to complain of the ways of divine Providence, or to murmur against that which I cannot alter. God’s wisdom is infinitely greater than mine, and I hope reverently and cheerfully to submit to all his will, however dark and mysterious that will may appear to my own weak and erring mind. He can never do otherwise than right; and

does it not become us *always* to rejoice in *the right*? I have never known yet any darkness in the ways of Providence which was not found, at last, to have been necessary to the clearer light of a more glorious day following it. I believe this doctrine is true of all his ways, towards all his creatures, now and forever; and therefore I would "lay my reason at his Throne," trusting that He who governs the universe is competent to manage all its affairs for the promotion of his own glory and the best final good of each and all the subjects of his infinite grace and goodness. Here may my faith and hope ever rest.

The delay has not been without its present pleasures and benefits. It has given me an opportunity to see more of Canada and the St. Lawrence river, than I ever otherwise could have enjoyed; and has introduced me, in season, to some specimens of nautical life that may better prepare me for the voyage when I enter upon the Atlantic. The St. Lawrence is the longest river for ocean navigation in the world. From Montreal to its mouth the distance is three hundred miles, occupied with ships of all dimensions from various quarters of the world. I have, or soon shall have, traversed the whole of this distance, and seen the river in its widest and narrowest parts, its intervalles, its higher hills, and its distant mountain-barriers; with all the commerce floating on its deep bosom, and the cities, villages, rural districts, and unbroken forests by the way. And I must say, I have never witnessed scenery so grand and interesting. The shores of the Mississippi are low and unvarying in their aspects; the marks of civilization are rare upon the way; the channel is crowded, indeed, with steam-boats and other fresh-water crafts; but the proud ships of Tarshish do not go thereon; the water is al-

ways muddy. But the shores of the St. Lawrence present a great diversity of appearance, — new forms perpetually appearing, and each new one being a fresh object of interest to the traveller. The water is clear and transparent as that which gushes from our own New England springs ; and as it moves, sometimes through narrow passes of not more than half a mile in width between mountain gorges, and at others spreads out into lakes or bays of a dozen or more miles in breadth, it affords on its own bosom a variety as recurring as the ever changing panorama of the immense valley through which it runs. I am quite sure, and the remark is often made in my presence, that if the curious traveller would select the grandest scenery witnessed in America, he could find nothing equal, in magnificence and beauty, to a voyage from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, or *vice versa*. At least I am satisfied with what I have seen, and have had so much leisure to behold, and am prepared to endorse the encomiums that may be bestowed upon the river and valley of the mighty St. Lawrence.

There is another thing with which I am disappointed in the St. Lawrence valley. I allude to the thick settlements and the evidences of comfort and taste all along its shores. In this northern, and therefore cold, region, I expected to find sterility and neglect. But the lands are rich, the farms are well fenced and cultivated, the buildings upon the great roads are near enough together for neighborhood purposes, and are invariably white. Many of them are of stone, some of hewn logs, and others framed and boarded ; but whatever is the material, they are all white, made so either by paint or composition wash. Even the barns and out-buildings are thus covered ; and from

the river, the whole has a very neat appearance. Judging, too, from the sizes of the dwellings, there is great equality of condition amongst the people. Each farmer seems to have about the same quantity of land; the dwelling houses are of uniform size, and the only test of aristocracy amongst them, — as an observing lady passenger on board protests — is in the length of the barns. Those who, evidently, have most of this world's goods, have the longest barns to store them in. From Montreal to Quebec, 180 miles, and from the latter city to that point in the river on which our ship is now sailing towards the Gulf, there is hardly a mile of shore on which a carriage road does not run, and that road is all the way dotted with neat white farm houses, occasionally clustering into villages wherever some stream, emptying into the river, furnishes a water-power for saw-mills and other machinery, or wherever a favoring cove provides a good harbor for the lading and unlading of vessels.

I am surprised, too, to observe the number and elegance of the churches that are to be seen amongst the settlements. There may not be so many, because there is not so great a number of sects, as there are in New England. Here, except in the cities, where the Episcopal denomination and some dissenting churches exist, there is but a single sect, and this the Catholic. This church has provided well for the religious wants of her people; for wherever we see settlements, compact or scattered, there we are sure to see the spire or dome of an elegant church, in charge of its resident priest, and sacredly kept in good repair. And Catholics we all know, are obliged to attend upon their services, and contribute regularly and sometimes severely, for the support of the Establishment. But the taxes imposed

upon the people would hardly be sufficient to maintain so many churches and in such ample style, as we witness in passing the whole length of the St. Lawrence. These revenues, I apprehend, only meet the incidental expenses, which, however, can hardly be less to the Catholic church of Canada, than the entire expenditures for all the Protestant churches, of an equal number, in the United States.

Canada was originally colonized by France ; and the first care was faithfully and perpetually to establish the Catholic religion. When the colony was new, it was divided into parishes, the territory of which, before it could be sold, and forever afterwards, must become subject to a church seniorage. This, except in cases which have been compounded, still exists ; and every purchaser and holder of land, acquires and retains it only on condition of its paying a certain tax for the support of the Catholic church. In most cases, now, this is collected indirectly ; yet, in reality, the Seniorage rights are like a teat which the church has hold of, on every man's estate, and from which it derives the means of growing "fat and sleek." Every district, therefore, is able to erect its church and maintain its ministry. In Montreal, the Seniorage of the church is immense ; — there is no telling what is its value. In one sense, the Catholic Church owns the whole city and island of Montreal. Not a foot of land is there in Montreal, or the large and rich island on which it is situated, but what is obliged to swell the vast resources of that church. In some cases, indeed, private individuals have compounded for their freedom ; but this can be acquired, we are told, only at the cost of eleven per cent on the value of the land. If this is the interest which the bishop and priests in Montreal have in all the landed estates of that island, it is no

longer a mystery how it is, that the Catholic church there has been able to erect such colleges, monasteries, palaces, and churches, one of which, described in a former letter, is the most splendid and costly cathedral in North America. The Catholic church of Montreal is so rich, that Trinity church in New York, is poor compared with it. We all know the power of money — in religion, alas! as well as politics. The power, then, of the Catholic church of Montreal, and indeed, of Canada in general, is great, too great for the British Government to control. The French, which is entirely a Catholic, power, we are assured by Sir James Stuart, who is on board our ship, is on the increase in Canada, and forbids much hope of its being Anglicised at present.

I have spoken of the St. Lawrence being navigable by ships from the ocean three hundred miles to Montreal. This, however, is but a small part of the distance, through which its waters that empty into the St. Lawrence, carry the commerce of the world. A vessel launched at Chicago, Ill., following the natural course of the water in which she floats, would pass the whole length of that vast inland sea, Lake Michigan, to the Straits of Michilimackinac, thence round the Peninsula State of Michigan, through Lakes Huron and St. Clair, to Lake Erie and Niagara; thence through the Welland Canal, to avoid the Falls, and enter the other miniature ocean, Lake Ontario, leaving it, as its waters go forth to constitute the stream of the St. Lawrence, and so down six hundred miles farther, going by Montreal and Quebec to the Atlantic Ocean. We have passed beautiful vessels on the river, since our ship got under way, that hailed from Wisconsin! How many thousands of miles they have come, following the natural outlet

of the waters on which they were launched, we leave the reader to calculate, for the gratification of his own curiosity ; and when he has done this, let him decide which of the twins is smallest,—the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence.

The New England weighed anchor, hoisted sails and left the bay of Quebec about 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 2d. A favoring breeze, until noon, carried her nearly fifty miles, after which we drifted down, becalmed in the ebb tide, which runs at the rate of six or seven knots per hour, and came at anchor before night at the Traverse — a place where the river is about ten miles wide, but where the channel, indicated by a light-house ship on one side, and by great buoys on the other, is not over a fourth of a mile in width, and through which the tide rushes with such velocity, that it is not safe to pass in the current without a strong breeze to steer by. There we laid all night. About forty other loaded ships were in our company — all bound to England. Next morning, a light breeze enabled us to resume the voyage, and thus we have continued ever since, but with slow progress, as much of the time it has been nearly calm. The river, ahead, looks like a boundless ocean ; — vessels in the distance are seen like motes hanging upon the horizon. The surface of the water is smooth, broken only occasionally by lines of white porpoises rolling one after another within hailing distance, and exposing their lily white backs to our view. I never saw a *white* porpoise before. They are common in the St. Lawrence, and a new discovery in relation to them gives promise of benefit to the Arts and advantage to the Public. Besides the oil which they furnish, the Canadians have lately discovered that their skins afford the best of hides for tanning. They make a thin, soft and durable leather, impervious to wa-

ter, and bid fair to supersede the exclusive use of animal hides for leather. They abound in the river and gulf of St. Lawrence. All around us they are to be seen in great numbers. Specimens of the leather made of white porpoise skins have been sent to the World's Fair in London, and have arrested great attention there.

The shores for the last day or two, have been two or three miles distant, on either side. From the margin of the river, back a mile or more, the land appears to be alluvial, and nearly level; as it ascends, however, from the river, it rises gradually into green hills, which are spotted with farms and white houses. These fertile hills in the distance attain the dignity of mountains — especially on the North. From Orleans Island, near Quebec, to the mouth of the river, there is, at varying distances north, a pretty regular back of a chain of mountains, that appear blue afar off, but at points where they approach us, are beautiful, as standing forth in primeval glory, never having been touched by the axe of man. The forests on them are hardwood, and are now in full foliage. The shadows of passing clouds as they are cast upon the unbroken forests of the sides of the mountains, give those spots a darker hue, and look like stains of ink upon a green carpet. Sometimes the spurs of the hills are abrupt and rocky, and afford, to a speculative eye, an opportunity to behold in them any of the gods or goddesses of Olympus, or other fantastic forms, according to one's fancy. I can hardly realize I am upon a river. In some directions land is not to be seen, and in others, the appearance is more like an estuary of the sea than the current of a river. I have seen, and am seeing, what I suppose few of my New England friends have seen, the lower parts and mouth of the St. Lawrence, and

the Gulf of the same name into which the restless waters of the Great Western Lakes finally gain their resting-place in the Ocean.

On board our ship, besides Mr. Preston, my son William and myself, we have, as passengers, Sir James Stuart, Bart., Chief Justice of Canada, his daughter Mary and son Edward. A servant accompanies the family to minister to their wants and comforts on ship-board. Sir James is a first rate specimen of "a fine old English gentleman." In person he is over six feet high, erect and portly. His age is about sixty-five, his head is bald, excepting gray hairs upon the sides and back. His eyes are black and intellectual. Though dignified in his manners, he is perfectly accessible, and his conversation is always instructive and pleasant. He is reported to be the profoundest lawyer in the Province. His office is for life — even the Queen cannot remove him, except by impeachment, and his salary is between six and seven thousand dollars per annum. I thought he appeared pleased with his independence of the Crown; Victoria cannot do, what our Presidents and Governors can do — turn people out of office at her own will and pleasure. He is going "home," that is to England — for everybody's *home* in Canada, is England — for his health. He is honorable towards our institutions, and an admirer of our great statesmen. We like the old patriarch very much. He may be an aristocrat, but his aristocracy is high and noble, not scrubby, like the aristocracy of the cities and villages of the States.

My letter, to-day, as you will perceive, is dated on the Fourth of July — a day that never *will* be forgotten by a Yankee, and that never *can* be, by John Bull. I will conclude this Letter by a familiar extract from my Diary :

“The birth-day of Liberty — a goddess, born seventy-five years ago for the government of thirteen out of the then fifteen Anglo-American Colonies, the first number of which have flourished under her fostering power, as States never prospered before, and the last two of which yet *are* as they *were*, British Colonies still, with all the unimproved, unadvanced sameness, that they would not consent to emerge from, when the rest of the sisterhood set up for Independence. In one of them (Canada) I am this day — and here is no rejoicing, as, indeed, there is nothing to rejoice in. All is dull — cheerless: the weather itself, properly enough, is cold; — I have to take my bed this forenoon to get warm; cloudy — the “heavens do lower”; wind ahead — we must work against the elements. There are forty ships in our fleet, all bound to Europe — three of them only are Yankees; and if the “stars and stripes” do not stream from the mizen peaks of the patriotic trio, it is because our Captains dare not look John Bull nor Molly Cow in the face! Evidently the British ships do not like the boastful looks of the Republican flags in their midst; for in beating down, some of them have willingly thrown themselves across our track, but as willingly have been glad to “get out of the way” by the time our ships have reached the point of intersection.

In conversation with Sir James to-day he remarked, with an air of much confidence, that it would be preposterous to suppose the United States would continue *united* States very long — the multiplication of new States in the confederacy would cause the Union to break of its own mammoth weight. I differed from him. I believed the larger the co-partnership, the stronger the firm, as it would be less possible for one or a few to break up the

Union when so many were against them, and resolved on its inviolability. He thought South Carolina was correct in her doctrine of any State having the right to secede at pleasure. I replied that I was no lawyer; but it seemed to me that as no State could come into the Union without the consent of the family of States in Congress represented, so neither could a State withdraw from the Union, and thereby hazard the prosperity of the co-partnership, without consent as legitimately granted. He replied that this might avail as an *administrative* doctrine, but could not be set up as a *constitutional* one. He appeared, however, to respect our institutions and the great and good men of the Republic. He is a literary man, and a "fine old English gentleman."

Of course we had no formal celebration of the "Glorious Fourth" on board; but ———, moved by a little patriotic fire, hobbled upon the binnacle, in presence of the passengers and officers on the poop deck, and, in a manner not discreditable to him, pronounced from memory the thrilling part of Patrick Henry's speech, made in the Virginia House of Delegates before the Revolution, which concluded in the following emphatic words, emphatically pronounced: — "Cæsar had his Brutus — Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third" — [here Sir J. began to look grave, his son and daughter frightened, and his liveried servant enraged] — "may profit by his example. There! — make treason of that, *here in Canada*, if you can."

LETTER X.

"LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

No longer on the Earth—Old Neptune's Crystal Palace—The Ocean free at Home—Horace Greeley's abhorrence of Sea-Life—Steam-Ship unnatural on the Ocean—Sailing ships preferable—Table Fare—Description of Cabin—Employment of Passengers—Sailor's Life—Ships' Bells and Watches—Parting with the Pilot—Anticosta Island—Snow on Southern Highlands—Newfoundland—Grand Banks—Pleasures of a Sailing Excursion in a Gale.

"Type of the Infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting place, or make
A shore beyond my vision, where they break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it 's pain
To think; then rests, and then puts forth again."

AT SEA, Lat. 47 N., Lon. 37 W., July 18, 1851.

ACCORDING to our ships reckoning, we are this day just "half seas over;" that is, we are half way across the Atlantic;—neither in America nor Europe;—not on earth, but on water only. Whether there is, or is not, at this present writing, any other than the world of waters, does not now *appear*. The evidence of sense, which is the only evidence that certain *common-sense* philosophers can defer to, is here against the affirmative proposition. I look around, and the round world I survey, is, on the great scale, just like the infinitesimal globules of which water is composed. The arching heavens, that never yet uttered falsehood to man, by the limits they

bring down, like an impenetrable curtain, on every side, declare that there is nothing but *air* above and *water* around me. Surely, indeed, there *was earth* once, — I know it; as surely I am *beyond* it now; I feel it. My communion here is with nearer and truer heavens than ever encircled me before. Can we go where God is not? and where he is, we may always have a communion that never leaves us alone.

This, really, is the first voyage I ever made in which I was out of sight of land. On our own coast, from Maine to Maryland, I never happened to be so far from shore. But here I find Old Ocean in her boundlessness and majesty. Here I explore the central domains of the “Monarch of the watery main” — old Neptune.

“Deep in the liquid regions lies his cave.”

There he has his crystal chambers, as much surpassing in extent and magnificence, the Crystal Palace of St. Albert in London, as the gods of Ida’s misty tops surpass all things human. I thought I saw him the other morning, just after passing the dense and towering foggy mountains of the Grand Banks. I see him now, as plainly as I saw him then, emerging from his glassy cave :

“——His brass-hoof’d steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck’d with golden manes,
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs enfold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.

He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies;
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th’ enormous monsters, rolling o’er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat’ry way,
And heavy whales in awkward measures play;
The sea, subsiding, spreads a level plain,
Exults and owns the monarch of the Main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wondering waters leave his axle dry.”

ILLIAD, Book, xiii.

Amongst the estuaries and bays of our own New England coast, the blue waters that have strayed thither from their parent ocean's home, seem to be checked and humbled and tamed by the promontories and capes and islands that defy them, and hold up everlasting barriers against their proud waves ; and so densely has man peopled their heaving bosom with ships and steamers and boats, that, by an obtrusive familiarity, he has bound the beating heart beneath to keep the peace ; but here, the mighty ocean is at home, and free in all her unhampered powers. She swells, and heaves her wavy pyramids to the skies, and roars the deep thunders of her praise to Heaven. Who would not feel his littleness ? Our noble ship which, seen in port, one might think even the ocean would hardly dare to trifle with, the sea god here takes up "as a very little thing," and tosses it like an empty egg-shell from wave to wave — a mere bubble loaded with shadows.

I feel, indeed, to be far, far away from earth and home ; yet I do not feel solitary or desolate. "I love the sea, the deep blue sea" — it is so much the emblem of eternity to which we are all bound. There are a grandeur and a sublimity here which lift the soul to Him who is "God of the ocean and the land." The heaving billows, lofty and proud as they are, produce a motion of the ship, which I may literally say, is *thrillingly* agreeable to me ; for both as I sink and as I rise, a thrill passes through my frame, that is almost ecstatic. I am not sea-sick. Neptune, more merciful to me than to most men, never extorted tribute from my humble stomach. And to a person who is free from sea-sickness, who enjoys the graceful motions of a first class ship, who has a state-room — with berth and closets — a study with writing table and books

— a sanctuary for thought and meditation, — with confidence in the skill and care of the ship’s Captain, and a grateful trust in the world’s Father above, at the helm of the Universe, my readers will hardly need be told that a voyage, even of weeks, across the Atlantic is only a sailing excursion of just as many weeks of pleasure and delight. Herein do I differ from Horace Greeley, who, arriving in England about the time of my departure from the United States, sent back to his paper such a nauseate and lachrymose protest against an ocean passage, and who prayed some Yankee genius to be instant in inventing a new contrivance for getting him home in a single week. We often take our impression of things as much from a foul stomach, as from a pure mind.

But brother Greeley went in a steam-packet, — he knew not the quiet dignity of a sailing ship. If God ever meant fire, and water, and oil, to go together, then, perhaps, may He have designed steam-boats for ocean navigation; but there always seemed to me something unnatural and forced in such a mode of crossing seas; forced? Yes, every step is *forced*; the wheels unnatural, except on Neptune’s car to the watery plain, are ever fomenting strife and trouble on the bosom of the deep as they strike the face of the ocean, and push the craft along, no longer “a thing of life.” And then there are the thumping sound, and the tiresome jar of the heavy piston, and the stench of burning grease and seething oils, infusing their unsealike fumes through all the floating palace. These, added to the dangers of mighty fires raging in the very bowels of the ship, have always made it seem to me, that steam navigation, on long voyages, could never be so natural, so agreeable and so safe a mode of conveyance, as actual sailing. A

ship, without sails, is a sea-bird without wings—her beauty and her natural glory are departed. It is as if man would improve the graceful swan with a pair of seal's flappers. But give her sails! spread the broad canvas from bowsprit to mizen, and from deck to top-gallant mast;—there let her sit in all her living dignity upon old ocean's bosom, ready to greet the free winds of heaven; get you on board; see the sails fill; behold her move,—yes, *she* moves, herself “a thing of life;” witness the grace with which she salutes the rolling waves; mark the stillness on decks, the quietness and sweetness of the cabins, and comforts all around; and say, if Greeley had not reason to complain, whilst we triumph and are glad! But for the saving of time, were I to cross the Atlantic over and over again, we would as often prefer a good, staunch sailing ship, to a jarring steam-packet. Time, to me, indeed, is an object, and so is comfort.

Our ship is one of the best that was ever launched upon our own Kennebec. Her model is beautiful. She rides the sea with great ease and elegance. When poised upon a mountain wave, she plunges into the watery vale and meets the coming billow, that seems ready to bury her proud form in the dreadful caverns of the deep. She does not, like some vessels we have seen, strike the opposing sea, as if encountering a rock, and tremble at every timber, under a death-blow; but with graceful prow, she kisses the adverse wave, and rising triumphantly as the rolling sea lifts her to heaven, she passes on to make new friendship with, and acquire new victories over, long-coming seas. Her name is the “New England,” just the name I would like to bear to Old England, as a sample of the Naval architecture of our own ship-building State. I am

a Yankee, and glory in Yankee specimens for any World's Fair. She is commanded by Capt. R. P. Manson, of Bath, who has been in almost every part of the world as a ship-master, and whom I find a skilful officer, and an intelligent gentleman. With the captain at the head, and the mate (Mr. Hatch, of Dresden), at the foot, we just fill the well-supplied table three times a day — two servants, the white one of Sir James, and the black one of Capt. Manson, waiting, one on each side. The only complaint I have to make of the table, is its superabundance. Instead of one dinner at a sitting, we generally have to take half a dozen; — first, soup; then, roast beef; then, cold ham; next, broiled chicken, and these followed by puddings, pastry and fruits — Sir James, as a true Englishman, always having his bottles of wine and porter at his side. Business must be done with expedition to get through in a full hour. Mahogany ribs pass upon the surface of the table for holding the dishes on amidst the lurchings of the ship, and the mahogany settees at the sides, and the arm-chairs at the ends, are fixed immovably to the cabin floor. Over the table, a large glass window in the deck lets down the light. This window is roof-shaped, and covered with iron netting that is painted green. From it, a large and ornamented barometer and thermometer in one frame, and a lantern of stained glass, are suspended. The poop deck overhead, is eighty-one feet long by thirty-five wide, made of solid Norway pine plank, sawed in narrow strips, varnished, and washed down every day. It affords a fine promenade. Two life-boats rest upon it, ready in case of an emergency.

I have spoken of the dining cabin. Let me give the reader a further description of our interior “life on the

ocean wave." This cabin is the common sitting-room for passengers from the gentlemen's state-rooms and the ladies' saloon, or main parlor, which is in rear of it at the stern of the ship. It is eighteen feet long by fifteen wide; is carpeted with oil-cloth; the sides are finished in panel-work, with pilasters resembling white marble, set in rose-wood, and the capitals and cornices ornamented with gold-leaf. The doors are black walnut. From a large entry in front, stairs ascend the companion-way to the poop deck; and in the rear, two doors open into the beautiful ladies', and ladies' beautiful, parlor, which is richly furnished with velvet sofas, Turkey carpets, mahogany tables and chairs, hanging lamps, mirrors, paintings, case of books, &c. The state-rooms are between these central halls and the sides of the ship. A door, for instance, opens out of either side of the sitting cabin into an entry, which, as you enter, communicates at the right, and also at the left, with opposite state-rooms, by doors leading therein. These state-rooms are ten feet by six, with an ample recess for washing apparatus and closet. Our sanctum is the third room from the stern, on the left hand side of the ship. The berths, two in number, are on the wall next to the sitting-room, not on the ship's side; thus bringing our sleeping places near the centre of the ship, where the motion is less; and opposite to them, through the ship's side, is a round glass light, six inches in circumference, which can be opened or shut at pleasure. On one side of the room, the ship's carpenter, by the direction of the captain, has made a writing-table for me, and inserted a dead-light in the poop deck directly over it, so set as to send its little stream of light directly upon the portable desk on which my paper lies. The room is painted and

carpeted, the berths are made up with soft mattresses and linen sheets, and curtained with dimity. A looking-glass over the writing-table, a trunk under it, with two cane stools, and garments suspended from hooks upon the walls, complete the *tout ensemble* of our interior life. Here we are happy as a king, and more independent. Friends far away, indeed, we have and love ; and here we remember and pray for them.

The passengers generally while away their time by day, playing chess, pacing the decks, watching the whales, porpoises, petrels, kews, and other sea birds ; noting the progress of the ship, viewing the waterscape, speculating about the winds and weather, a subject of vast interest here, since our all depends upon it ;—for myself, four out of five daylight hours are spent in our little sanctum, reading and writing ; the nocturnal ones in sleep, when sleep is to be had. It is a blessed opportunity, and a happy place to me ; and when I leave it, as I shall with regret, it will ever dwell in my memory as a place of very fond recollections.

Our ship spreads a vast amount of canvas ; and when required to be changed with the varying breezes so as to catch the gales of heaven to the best advantage, gives ready employment to her eighteen or twenty seamen before the mast. Blow and slat as it may, some must climb the tall masts, and go out upon the highest yards, standing there upon swinging ropes, and hanging over the foaming billows. We had rather be saved from such perils. Others remain upon the decks to ply the braces, and as they hasten over the sounding decks, or loudly sing their nautical songs, with the merry chorus of “Yo, heave O !” it is impossible to sleep or converse in the cabins below. It

is well there are persons who prefer to lead the life of common sailors, for such are needed in their places ; but what a place ! To be jammed into a stifled fore-castle in the very ship's nose, clad in tar and resting on grease, never allowed to come aft, or look into the cabin, or speak to an officer, except when ordered to perform some of his hard service ;—ashore to be the deceived inmate of a sailor boarding-house, subject to the vilest temptations and cruelest frauds, robbed, or worse than that, of their little money, and held in debt to their landlord, so as to be shipped and sold by them to any vessel of any nation in port which their controllers please ; we can hardly conceive of a condition of dependence and servitude more pitiable and degraded. Our crew consists mostly of young men, of whom, I believe, but two are Americans, and these are friends of the officers of the ship, who are cared for, and who are looking to the quarter-deck, not to the fore-castle, for life. The rest are Irish, Portuguese, English, and Dutch. The line of demarkation is so plain between their end of the ship and ours, that I seldom see them, except as they are in the rigging aloft, or working the ropes beneath. The cook's kitchen, the carpenter's shop, and the stable for the cow, the sheep, the pigs, and the hens, and turkies, are in a building on the central part of the main deck. A latticed bridge leads from the poop-deck to the roof of this building, thence to the forward deck, beneath which are the anchors, chains, windlass, and sailors' quarters. A bell is hung upon this deck, to give the stern an alarm in case of danger. Another answering, but smaller bell, is in the wheel-house at the stern of the ship, in which two sailors ever stand by turns to steer, guided by two mariner's compasses before them, well

lighted by night. These bells also keep the three watches of the twelve hours by eight bells each. The watches commence at twelve, four, and eight o'clock ; and at the first half hour, the bell strikes one ; at the second, two ; and so on to eight, which is the maximum, comprehending four hours. These bells, commencing in the stern, are responded to at the hours whenever they strike. All the time, a man stands at the bows, watching whatever may be ahead, and in addition, at night, a large lantern is suspended in the fore-rigging. In case of fog, torches made of spirits of turpentine and other combustibles, are ignited and elevated every few minutes. This is to give other vessels notice of our approach, should any be near, so, if possible, as to prevent collision.

Our progress from Quebec, thus far, has been tardy, having been over a fortnight in coming eighteen hundred miles. This is the season of calms, and calms are worse than adverse winds, both of which we have had much of. The River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thence the Newfoundland Banks, are the very breeding places of fogs. We have got beyond them, I trust, now ; and the next eighteen hundred miles, I hope we shall compass in less time. I do not wonder the people of Montreal and Upper Canada should wish for an iron river to Portland, the nearest Atlantic port for all the Western world. Seven months of the year, the St. Lawrence is frozen up, and the other five, its gulf is full of fogs. But a railroad to Portland will be a river always open. We hope it will be the grand artery for all the business of the Great West with the Atlantic ocean.

The “New England” weighed anchor, and sailed from Quebec, Wednesday, July 2. Our pilot did not leave us

till Sunday, when he had taken the ship down to the head of Anticosti Island, three hundred miles from the city. We parted with kind regards, and I sent letters by him to be mailed for the office, and for home. I was interested in the river from Montreal down; but the lower St. Lawrence can hardly be called a part of the river; it is more of an estuary, or wide arm of the Gulf, being as salt as the ocean, and some thirty or forty miles wide. The scenery on both sides, and upon the bosom of the waters, was very grand and beautiful. On the mountain *south* of us—between the St. Lawrence and Bay Chaleur, we could see *snow*, and this in July! North, the range of mountains far back from the river was the boundary of civilization in that direction. The near highlands were covered with unbroken forests, and the lower lands between them and the river appeared to be well cultivated, having pretty farms, with white cottages all the way, and occasionally a village, with its Catholic Church steeple. On the eastern shore is Saguenay River, entering the St. Lawrence amidst mountain rocks, tall and perpendicular on both sides. It is navigable, and abounds in salmon. We purchased several in Quebec for 10 cents per pound, and have had them on our passage—nothing is better.

Anticosti Island, below the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is 180 miles long, but has no inhabitants except such as the British Government maintains on it to take care of light-houses, and assist shipwrecked mariners who are cast away upon it. The Island has no harbor upon it, and its ledges extend out from one to three miles into the Gulf, and there terminate so abruptly that there is no anchorage outside of them. It is a most dangerous coast. The first night after we reached the gulf opposite the Island,

the fog set in very thick and the wind began to blow from the south east directly upon the shore. A good Providence preserved us. The ship was able to keep off till the wind changed, and the next day we had made offing enough to be out of the way of the creature.

On the 9th we passed out of the gulf between Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island, into the broad Atlantic. Newfoundland is 350 miles long by 250 wide and has 90,000 inhabitants. It is under the English. The business is principally fishing. The Great Banks are off its southern coast. Here all nations come for fish. The French yet retain one or two small Islands near Newfoundland on which the fishermen cure their fish. The Banks are almost always buried in fogs. I never saw fogs so dense. It seemed as if our ship was in danger of running her nose into them and getting stuck there. The fact, that this is the great road travelled by steamers and vessels from Europe to America, and that the Banks are covered by thousands of fishing vessels, and floating icebergs from the Northern Ocean, make it exceedingly dangerous to navigate these waters in the night or in a fog. Every precaution however is taken to avoid danger. Vessels ring bells, hang out lanterns, light torches &c., all the way across the Banks. We got over them on the night of the 15th, driven by a gale of wind from the South West, and having escaped them, we considered our voyage more than half accomplished.

I call it a gale — perhaps an old salt would not ; — but it made the ocean feather white, and blew so violently as to take one of our ship's sails off like a piece of rent paper. It was as much as the ship could carry, and being directly abeam, it caused her to careen so

that the little round window of my state-room, which was on the leeward side, was almost on a level with the blue ocean. She went like a thing of life, leaping from sea to sea, deep laden as she is, at the rate of ten or a dozen knots per hour. We enjoyed this sail one whole day and night, and it was the most glorious sail I ever took, decidedly exceeding a boat excursion around Seguin or in Winthrop pond! To take *such* a sail, in *such* a ship, in *such* a gale — was it not worth the price of a passage? And then when night came, and our berth was turned up at an angle of 45 degrees, whilst the noble ship rose up one mountain and plunged into the next; was it not the very way for *us* to “ride and sleep?” We like the excitement — we greet the motion — nothing like it have we enjoyed since we were rocked by a mother’s foot in the Pilgrim’s cradle.

LETTER XI.

JOTTINGS ON THE OCEAN.

A Sabbath at Sea—Peculiar color of the Sea-Water—Thick Fog—Torches Burning—A Gale, most sublime Sail—The Stormy Petrel—An Unsleepable Calm—Another Ocean Sabbath—A Wreck fallen in with—Drove of Sea-Cows—First Glimpses of Europe—The New World oldest—A realising sense of distance from America—Iceland—Parallels of Climate—The Chimneys of Neptune's Palace—Impromptu of a Fellow-Passenger on Taffrail—A View, with Ladies, from the Bowsprit—Sunset at Sea—Land ho!—The English Plymouth and Eddystone Light-House—Cornwall and Devonshire Counties—France on the right—Queen's Sea-side residence, Isle of Wight—Delightful Scenery—Pilot on board—Dover and Calais—Julius Cæsar's Castle—Duke of Wellington's Castle on the Downs—Watering Places—Estuary of the Thames—Scenery on the River—Sheerness—Gravesend—Woolwich—Greenwich—Arrival in London.

SUNDAY, *July 13.*—The worship of God on the sea has some suggestive elements of devotion that are not to be found on the land. Who does not feel here that heaven *is* heaven? and that the earth is *not*? at least it has disappeared, and the sea only is beheld, fittest emblem of inconstancy and doubt, calculated to make one feel nearer to his Creator and more dependent upon His power and mercy. “An undevout philosopher is mad”; and yet we have a great many philosophers who sneer at the humble Christian's faith and devotions.

I have worshipped God “in my closet” this day—that is, in my state-room, alone; and Oh! how sweet and full, and free is secret devotion! There is in that no motive

for insincerity or hypocrisy, and this is why our Saviour so specially enjoined it on us all.

Though there are no public religious observances on board the ship, I am glad to notice that the Sabbath is never profaned by plays or unnecessary work. Even the roughest and profanest sailors feel that there is a respect due to the holy Sabbath, which they must not altogether disregard.

At noon, 150 miles east of Newfoundland, in the *midst* of the *misty* Banks. This P. M. one of Cunard's steam-packets for Liverpool passed us. With the exception of steamers, our ship has outsailed every vessel of the forty that left the St. Lawrence in our company.

July 14. — Waters on the Banks have a peculiar shade of green, like indigo blue that would be green — very beautiful, — wish some painter or dyer could imitate the color. It is unusual to see them so clear in this region — generally they appear muddy. Fog so thick that it condenses upon the canvas and ropes and makes the sails and rigging rain smartly on deck.

July 15. — Fog so thick that the look-out is of no use ; there is no seeing the vessel's length. By night, ship always has a lantern in her fore rigging ; and on such nights as these, torches are burned every few minutes. The wind is high, and ship bends down to it as if she would go over. We go ten knots, i. e. ten miles, per hour.

July 16. — A young gale from the south — nearly abeam ; carried away jib stay, and sail and ropes streamed to leeward like ribbons before the wind. Ship leaps over the huge seas like a sea-bird, and flies ten miles per hour. I have sailed in pleasure-boats on ponds ; I have

sailed in packets on the American coast ; but never did I enjoy so sublime and glorious a sail as to-day — in a magnificent ship, under full canvas, upon the broad and boundless ocean whose seas run mountains high ; this is an ecstasy of pleasurable excitement in the sailing line worth a whole voyage hither to enjoy. Horace Greeley would condemn it. He has a reason for his reasoning — in his stomach, viz. : he is *sea-sick*. Old Neptune extorts no tribute from me ; he treats me as a friend, and I am bound to speak well of his dominions. We are now nearly 1500 miles from Boston.

July 17. — Numerous sea mews — large handsome birds — about the ship. They seem to challenge our acquaintance. The stormy petrel is seen every day, but mostly in storms. This bird is not seen on land or rocks, and was never known to alight and close its wings except in death. There is a mystery about this bird. Sailors dare not kill one, for fear of “bad luck.” It is black and white, with some yellow-brown, and is handsome to look at, but offensive to the smell when taken. It skims over the surface of the water perpetually, like swallows over fresh rivers and ponds. I know not where they make their nests.

July 18. — Half-way to-day across the Atlantic. Favorable winds and splendid sailing. A steamer *paws* her way through the waters like some enraged animal on the land, insulting the face of old ocean with every dash of her unnatural wheels : *our ship sails* — she goes of her own accord like “a thing of life.” Where am I ? Neither in American nor Europe.

July 19. — A new verse last night in our nautical chapter — perfectly calm, with a heavy sea rolling. Oh !

how the tall masts did slat the rigging like whips ; and what an unsleepable noise the flapping sails did make ! Well, we like to see life in all its aspects. In the P. M. heavy rain. It has rained, more or less, every day since we left Quebec ; yes, every day, without an exception.

SUNDAY, *July 20.* — This is an Ocean Sabbath. The watery shrines of Nature's Temple are filled with what the Psalmist calls "things creeping, innumerable," and all in their appointed ways bear testimony to the goodness of God, for "*all Thy works praise Thee.*" In the profound silence and awful solitude of this place, *man* can no longer be called the High Priest of Nature. He directs not the worship of the monsters of the deep ; that worship here was never influenced nor corrupted by pride or hypocrisy. The devotion of ocean caves is not unaccompanied by music — it is the unwritten music of the spheres, heard in the roar of mighty winds and the responsive thunder of the breaking waves. The floor of this Temple is like the Apocalyptic sea of glass, emblem of purity itself, and the arching heavens, from the horizon to the zenith, constitute its holy dome. In course of the service to-day, the incumbent clouds have shed tears from compassionate skies, as if in grief over the sins, and the thousand nameless ills that sin has brought into our world. At other times, the glorious sun has looked out from azure fields, as if preaching a sermon to teach us that there are light and rest *above* all the clouds and storms of earth, and to call our thoughts up to higher heights, and fix our hopes, where infinite goodness reigns over all.

A ship was seen to-day in the distant horizon, like a mere speck upon the ocean. And what are we — any of us — but mere specks upon the great ocean of life, depend-

ing upon such unseen causes — such winds — as God puts in motion — making the awful voyage from time to eternity, — from a wicked world as it is, to a holy heaven, as we hope it may be. “There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.” May God teach us so to worship him on our passage thither, that we may be prepared, when reaching our journey’s end, to join with ready and glad zeal the heavenly hosts in everlasting praise to Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb that was slain for human redemption.

July 21. — At 4 A. M. fell in with a wreck — lat. 47°. , 55m. N., lon. 26°. W.; both masts carried away — one yet lying on the deck; bowsprit standing; appeared to be filled with water; sea breaking over her; was about 200 tons, and a brig; painted with ports; run ship under her stern, but could not make out her name; there were three stars on her stern, — perhaps, therefore, an American; — looked like the hull of a good vessel; no person on board; may have been wrecked some time. Alas! there were anxious hours in that brig; whether crew were saved or not, have no means of telling. Could old ocean speak, what a tale of terrors would she relate!

Passed a drove of sea-cows, quietly grazing in the green pastures of the deep. At our approach they started in a body for a race with us. They scud just under the surface, occasionally breaking water in their haste. They appeared about as large as Christmas hogs — black, with white bellies.

July 22. — Have got my first glimpses of Europe to-day; but they were, as Milton would say, “aery” ones. Going on deck shortly after sunrise, I found the whole canopy of the heavens covered with clouds, all but a low

arch in the east, where the curtain was raised to expose a strip of blue sky, which was brilliantly illumined by the risen sun, that shot his rays of light upon an undulating range of low clouds which rested upon the horizon beneath the arch. It seemed as if I could look through that opening to bright lands beyond. From those lands, indeed, the light of science has been sent through opening heavens, the full rays of which have irradiated our own Western World. By the way, since we have been on our passage, I have heard the remark often made that we were bound from the *New* to the *Old* World. Is it so? Rather, am I inclined to think, they who go from America to Europe, go *from* the *Old* to the *New*. Where, in Europe, are there Ruin-evidences of an older civilization than was once in America? From Azatlan, the region of our great Western lakes, down the Mississippi valley and its tributaries, to Florida, and across to Mexico, and thence on both sides of South America, almost to Cape Horn, are the huge ruins of immense cities that bear evidence of deeper antiquity than England or France, or even Rome or Greece can boast. The largest city which earth ever saw, excepting, perhaps, Egyptian Thebes, was Otolum, in Guatemala. This was a stone city, full of palaces, monuments, statues and fountains, the dense ruins of which now cover a space thirty-two miles in length by twelve in breadth. Is there such a city *now* in the world? I do not agree, therefore, that it is certainly *true* we are going from the *New* to the *Old* World.

When I saw that light in the east this morning, and the radiant mountains — mountains of cloud, although they were — revealed through the arched heavens before us, it seemed as if I was coming out of the darkness and solitude

that have so long surrounded us, into new regions where Europe is ; and for the first time I felt as if I had indeed left my native coast, and was no longer in America. And is it so ? With emphasis must I record the answer — *it is even so !* Farewell my native land ; farewell thou glorious Republic ; farewell to that vast continent that is destined yet to be filled by a race, the original seed-bed of which I am approaching ; — a race made to govern the world, and, in due time, diffuse the blessings of religion and liberty to a whole world disenthralled, redeemed. England ! as I approach thy proud Isle, I do remember that, unkind as thou wast to my forefathers, yet from thee did our life-blood spring ; and though thou mightest have meant thy persecutions of the Pilgrim Fathers for evil, God, counter-acting thy designs, meant them for good, — an immeasurable “good,” that will yet bless the nations, and with them, thyself. Thy strong Lion did devour, and his devouring was an offence that smelt to heaven ; but, as in a former case, so in the present, the riddle is solved — “Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.”

July 23. — The wind hauled aft last evening, blew fresh, and we had a fine run all night. I fear we shall reach London too soon ! I think I enjoy the sail on board this ship, and my sanctuary in it, better than I can enjoy the millions of new sights, and the confusion of the World's Metropolis — London, *i. e.*, King Lud Hudibras' town — Lud-town, — by corruption, *Lon* (for Lud,) and *don*, (for ton,) London. The voyage, thus far, has been a benefit to my health, and if it could continue three months, who knows but I should return home safe and *sound* ? My appetite is good, and we have better fare than ships

in general. Sir James' cow on board, affords us cream for the coffee, and milk for other purposes, and we all agree that our cook makes the *best* bread we ever saw — or rather, ate. The only thing I complain of is, we have too many courses of dishes, and it takes too long to sit rolling and pitching at the table. Shipped several seas to-day — some, even over the poop-deck.

July 24. — Iceland is the nearest land to us. The wind that has come down from that frozen region for some days past, has been cold, so that it has been disagreeable standing long on deck. Fires in the cabin, however, are not so necessary as they were before we reached and passed the Banks. The parallels of *climate* are, strangely, not north and south. We hope some scientific man may yet study the laws of those parallels so as to tell us why the cold is so much less in the same latitudes in Europe and the Pacific Ocean, than it is on the Atlantic side of the American continent. We want the Geography and a Map of Climates.

Day before yesterday we passed "The Chimneys," which Capt. Marryatt searched for three months and could not find. They are laid down on the chart as being in lat. 48°. N., lon. 29 W., directly on the route to England, and are represented as three huge, rocky columns, protruding to a fearful height above the water, like three tall chimneys, in the midst of the ocean. Those chimneys ascend from Neptune's Palace, and let off the smoke and steam from the Nereids' kitchen. We saw the black and rolling volumes of pitchy smoke, as they belched up the submarine flues, as plainly as Marryatt saw the chimneys themselves; and can now account for all the fogs which are bred in the neighborhood of the Grand Banks, and

which are driven upon our New England coast, in every north-eastern storm. The sportive mermaids, resting upon the green waters of the palace yard, combed their lank hair as we passed the consecrated spot; and even Thetis, herself, the goddess mother of Achilles, arose in her silvery veil, to salute a *Yankee* ship as she passed. We saw all this as plainly as Chartist ever saw the Chimneys, which was never at all.

The sail to-day has been magnificently grand; ay, more than that — frightful. The ocean has been in a rage, and the ship herself seemed mad with the ocean. Br. M. M. Preston, a fellow-passenger, standing at the taffrail, has felt inspired to compose the following

IMPROMPTU.

The sea doth roll its awful waves;
 Old Neptune in his fury raves;
 The god of wind seems angry grown,
 And from his mighty lungs hath blown
 A raging gale. But can it be,
 His wrath in mountains piles the sea,
 To do *us* harm? Nay, — 'tis not so,
 For safely on our course we go.

Alluding to some ship we have met laboring against this gale, he has added:

Those who on other courses steer,
 Provoke his awful wrath, I fear;
 They brave his might, excite his ire,
 And reel beneath his vengeance dire;
 Some friendly god! withstand his power,
 And save them in this fearful hour!
 Forbid, great Jove, that one be lost,
 Of those on raging billows tost.

I have been out several times to-day to the end of the bowsprit, (taking opportunity when its root and the ship's bows were not plunged under water,) and holding on to the jib stays, have stood over the fathomless depths of the raging ocean, to see the ship in her proud fury *come* towards me, now lifting herself upon a huge sea till almost

her keel was exposed ; then plunging her eyes and nose into the raging deep. I have even led our lady passengers out to witness the sublime exhibition. Could a pleasure-party of my home friends procure tickets for one day's *such* a sail in *such* a ship as this — in the midst of the boundless ocean — and return home again at night, to recount the awful excitements of the excursion, they would think the expenditure of a V, for such a scene, a price small enough for the pleasure.

July 25. — “ A glorious sunset at sea ! ” — it is worth a long day's sail from land to witness. We have not seen the sun set since we left Quebec, nor rise but once, and that was this morning, when we beheld it whilst our Augusta friends were slumbering in the dead hours of midnight, viz., half-past one o'clock, A. M. In this longitude, (12° west from Greenwich,) the sun rises three and a half hours before it rises in Boston.

July 26. — Have been abreast the southern coast of Ireland all day, but too far distant to see the green Isle ; passed many vessels bound up the Irish channel. Most vessels from America for England, pass up the channel to Liverpool, that being a near port ; few go direct to London. This gives me sights which few of my own countrymen see.

July 27. — I now write in the English channel, between France and the island of Great Britain. We entered the channel yesterday afternoon. I happened to be the first to descry land — and with a glad voice proclaimed “ land ho ! ” to the joy of the whole ship. The cry brought “ all hands on deck ” *instantly*. It was the Scilly Islands, that lie several miles west of Land's End, the westernmost point

of England. From July 18th to this date we have been wonderfully favored. A wind, as regular as a trade wind, north-west by day, and west by night, has followed us regularly — sometimes approaching almost to a gale. It is now just three weeks since the pilot left us in the gulf of St. Lawrence — a pretty good run on the whole. This morning we were charmed with a sight of the cultivated farms, the yellow, ripened grain fields and the green forests along shore. Pent up so long in the seven by nine cabin, snuffing nothing but sea breezes, I should have liked to be amongst them a little while to witness the *modus operandi* of English culture, and to listen to the music of English larks. Nay — more and rather — I should like to enjoy the quietness of some of the villages which we see, and join my fellow-men, in almost any Christian denomination, in worshipping God in a temple of praise. Before noon we were off Plymouth, near the harbor of which we could see the famous Eddystone Light House. With a glad heart could I have leaped on shore and visited that ancient town ; it is the one our Pilgrim Fathers embarked from, and the last spot in England or Europe they ever saw. I fancied I could see their frail bark — bearing little comparison to the “New England” ship I am here in — making her dubious way to cross the trackless deep for a New World, where they could escape the tyranny of the English Throne and the English Church. When they found a refuge (it is within four miles of where myself was born,) they called the place after their English point of departure — Plymouth.

Near Plymouth is Dartmoor — a place where American seamen, captured in the last war, were imprisoned, and

where they were treated with great inhumanity. We remembered, as we passed it, the excitement which was created by the suffering of our countrymen during the war.

I have now crossed the broad Atlantic — and a great pond, indeed, it is. Though we have had no imminent perils, I have seen enough of the dangers and deprivations of the ocean, to advise all who can stay on land, to remain at home. I am now, absolutely in Europe. On my left is that most powerful of all the nations of the earth — England; and on my right is France — the field of Napoleon's dreadful glory.

We pass Cornwall and Devonshire counties to-day, as far as Portland Race, hoping to make the Isle of Wight to-night, where the Royal Family has a summer residence, and to reach the mouth of the Thames to-morrow. But at this time a severe wind rages from the south-west, accompanied by a dense fog, and there are vessels innumerable, and rocks and shoals and counter-currents none too few, on all the path-way before us, with a lee shore that affords no safe harbor in a gale. Such is life, and life as it has been ordained by the Creator; it becomes us to live with a becoming submission to all his will.

The English Channel is probably one of the most dangerous places for navigation in the world, liable to heavy gales, thick fogs, strong tides, counter currents, sunken ledges, shoals, and protectless shores. The ship lies down to it, and runs as if in a hurry to arrive somewhere.

Several Channel pilots have come alongside to-day; but their route, not being as ours is, to London, have obtained no job. In each case of disappointment however,

they have begged our Captain to throw overboard a piece of beef and a bottle of whiskey for them, lashed to a cord-wood stick. He has sent them the beef—the whiskey they must go without.

If nothing happens we hope to reach the Thames to-morrow, and London the day after. Of course I shall write from that city immediately; but to make sure of this beforehand, I shall, if I have opportunity, send the present paper on shore to be mailed from the nearest accessible point, not doubting you and our readers will desire to hear from me across the water at the earliest moment.

July 28. — Passed Isle of Wight three o'clock, A. M. — the garden of England; Osborn Castle is here, the seaside residence of Her Majesty and Royal Family. It was gray morning, and the outlines of the Island, with its lofty towers, castellated walls, and the Royal Navy moored within, near Portsmouth, appeared at once sombre and pleasing, gloomy and hopeful. The chalky cliffs of the shores appear like high perpendicular walls, white in the glistening sun like alabaster. The lands back from the coast appear handsome — fenced with green hedges and chalk walls, occasionally an unpainted cottage upon them for the poor laborers' quarters, whilst they work for the support of the idle lords that own the whole region. There do not appear to be any orchards. We see here no public roads, lined with neat farm cottages, as in New England. Delightful as much of the scenery is here, it does not impress me so agreeably as the lands upon Long Island Sound. Took a pilot in this P. M., off Dungeness Light House, eighteen miles west of Dover — distance

hence to the mouth of the Thames about fifty miles. All this afternoon we have had a fair view of the coast of France bordering upon the channel—so that at least I have seen France. A site for Dover appears to be cut from the channel into the chalky cliff, upon which stands boldly forth the castle first built by Julius Cæsar. It is a huge, venerable structure.

July 29. — Ship came to anchor last night in the Downs. Before that, in the afternoon, we passed Dover, and saw also the chalk cliff of Shakspeare, the castle upon it, built by Julius Cæsar; Calais and the French coast in plain sight—so that we see the two most powerful European kingdoms at once. On the Cliff is Queen Anne's Pocket Piece, a huge cannon, with this inscription:—

“Swab me out, and keep me clean,
I'll send a ball to Calais Green.”

It is eighteen miles to Calais, on the French side. The Downs Bay is beautiful. The morning sun disclosed to us its red gravel beach, and the lordly estates overlooking it. The Duke of Wellington's mansion and castle are on the Downs, very near our ship. The castle looks warlike enough to defend the Iron Duke, and the mansion is an octagonal edifice, built in terraces, surrounded by forest trees. His farms appear well tilled;—I notice that all his wheat and other grain are sown in drills—the fields look beautifully indeed, and his farm-houses appear as if he was willing his workmen should live in comfort and pleasure. He is popular in England, and is at the head of the Army. He is also Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, an obsolete office, but that, with its great salary, is continued to him to reward him for his services. He is a

Peer of the Realm, and a created Duke. The Victor of Waterloo lives where he can at all times look over to that nation whose great Captain he conquered. The handsome towns of Deal, Sandwich, and Ramsgate, a fashionable watering-place for London gentry, are all on this Bay.

Soon after weighing anchor this morning, an ocean tow-boat, the "Secret" of London, came alongside, and took us in tow. The day proved pleasant, and the sail from the Downs, through the Thames estuary, exposing such magnificent seats on the rich shores, and so vast an amount of shipping of all nations on the water, has been what few people in America are privileged to see. It has been the most enchanting day I ever beheld. Say what we will about England, she has things in greater perfection than any other nation.

July 30. — A warm, pleasant day — a rarity hereabouts. The scenery on the river, and both sides is beautiful indeed, consisting of relics of feudal times — towers, ruined castles, and castles not in ruins, — cultivated grounds, parks, forests, — and no orchards. The elm trees are pruned to all shapes — crucifixes, towers, horses, ships, &c. For a long time I could not satisfy myself what they were, till the pilot explained them to me. The lands are not spotted as in New England, with white cottages of independent farmers; but here and there is a castle or mansion, half hid by trees. Passing Woolwich Navy Yard, the gloomy prison-ships — a dozen — lie moored in the stream, with ports iron-grated. One huge hulk, the "Dreadnought," is a hospital ship, where sick sailors of any nation are taken care of gratuitously.

Passing Greenwich, which is the centre of the earth, east and west, according to English longitude, and noticing

the celebrated Hospital and Observatory on the hill, we proceeded up river, surrounded by the beautiful things of earth, and amidst a world of water-craft, and arrived in London at 12 M., (8 o'clock in Maine,) and rounded to between two Spanish Men-of-War. Shortly after, ship hauled into the West India Dock, and I stepped on land once more; but it was English land in Europe. The laws of Nature are the same on all Continents, and the earth here looks as it does at home. The interminable city is before me. Of that I must write hereafter.

LETTER XII.

LONDON AS SEEN FROM THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

Immense size of London—Extent of its Parks—Ludgate Hill—Temple Bar—Closed against the Sovereign—St. Paul's Cathedral—The Choir—Monuments—Whispering Gallery—Structure of the Dome—The Ball—View of London—Shape of the Thames—Beauty of the Parks—The Docks—Vaults—Blackwall Railway—Tower of London—Parliament House—Hyde, and contiguous Parks—Queen's Palace—Regent's Park,—Zoological Gardens—Victoria Park—Greenwich Park—Smithfield,—Various public Edifices—Windsor Castle—Visitors to the Great Exhibition

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1851.

At length I AM IN LONDON, the World's Metropolis, the seat of that woman's power on whose dominions the sun in heaven never sets. I left home on the 12th of June, and reached this great city on the 30th July. Large as my ideas were of its extent and magnificence, "the half had not been told me." Take every incorporated city of the United States, with its population as I have it before me in the census of 1840 (that of the last year has not yet been published,) and run them *all* into *one*, and the *whole* would make a city but a little more than *half* the size of London! Or, let the reader, in imagination, if he will, mark out before him a territory spacious enough to contain every man, woman and child, with every building, large and small, public and private, in Maine, New

Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, all of New England being thus brought together, with sufficient compactness to constitute one continuous "settlement," and then he would have before him a city about as large, but by no means as splendid, as the one I am now in. He might feel impelled, also, to swell this area, if we required him to provide rural openings in this immense city, in the shape of squares, commons and parks, amounting to twenty farms of one hundred acres each — the sweet breathing, and bathing and sporting places of all the inhabitants, ornamented with trees, shrubbery and flowers and jets and cascades and statuary and monuments, and lakes with graceful swans sitting upon them, and glistening gold-fish, and others of the piscatory tribes swimming beneath the surface, and herds of deer and goats and sheep and cattle grazing upon the closely shaven and ever verdant greensward, whose borders are exactly lined by smoothest carriage roads and foot-paths in all directions. These are the blessed health laboratories for the rich and poor, and the old and young of the greatest city in the world. There are more commons in the heart of London than Uncle Sam has afforded to all the cities of the Republic put together. London has a *resident* population of more than 2,500,000.* It has increased very rapidly within the last ten years, and at the present time (1851) it contains probably more than three millions of souls. It covers an area of 14 miles long

*The population of London, including the whole metropolis, according to the census of 1841, was 2,560,281, viz:—Within the walls, 54,626; without the walls, 70,382; London and suburbs, 1,873,676; London and Westminster, 347,061; Southwark, 98,648; Lambeth, 115,836."—*Disturnell's American and European Railway Guide, New York, London, and Paris; published 1851.*

by 13 miles wide, and has more than 10,000 streets. London, therefore, is quite a *village*, and is worth seeing. But where shall we command a view of it? At St. Paul's, of course — hardly any where else. That is on Ludgate Hill, near the centre of the city, and is itself three hundred and fifty feet high, from the ground floor to the top of the dome. Let us go thither, and take bird's eye view of the giant city — London. The Author wants his readers should see all that he has crossed the broad Atlantic to behold.

But first, let us notice the building itself, from whose high lantern we propose to behold the city. It is a *counterfeit* Roman Catholic Temple — a *real* Protestant one, never was, and never can be, built. Even Wren, himself, who designed this, after the Reformation, was mortified with the Protestant fact, that he could do no more than to have a *place* for worship in one small end of it — a choir, as it is called, in the Temple. This is all which the sacred purpose of the Church requires or can possibly make use of for purposes of *worship*; — the rest is ordinarily, a show shop for the collecting of shilling fees. It is called St. Paul's for the sake of imitating, and yet differing from, the head quarters of the Catholics at Rome, called St. Peter's. *That* however, which is even larger than St. Paul's in London, can be and is *wholly* used for *worship* and nothing else, the Catholic service being universal enough to comprehend the largest building, even the universe itself. St. Paul's is commonly classed as the *second* of Christian Temples in the world, — in completeness, unity of design and solidity of structure, it is undoubtedly the *first*.

It is situated in the heart of the old Roman city, which is now but a small part of the whole city, as it has extended on all sides from the parent hive. Old London is only like a single Ward, in the centre of New York; and is itself about as large as New York. The other Wards extend in all directions, and are, in fact, different municipalities, though the whole is considered London. Some of the walls of the old city are yet standing, the entrance through which is at Temple Bar, in Fleet Street, just below Ludgate Hill, which leads up to the Temple from the west. This gate is always open, except when the King or Queen is about to enter the city in state; then it is closed, to let Her or His Majesty know that the Sovereign of the Realm cannot approach old London without the consent of the Lord Mayor. Such is the Constitution inherited from feudal times, that the corporation of London, within the walls, is above the government of the kingdom. When the Sovereign, with her officers of State, proposes to enter London, — and she cannot enter by any other avenue than Temple Bar, — the huge gates are closed against her, and a Royal Herald from without, with a trumpet proclaims the presence of the Sovereign and asks permission to enter. The Lord Mayor and his suite within the walls, respond to the call and cause the gate to be opened, when he makes a speech permitting the King or Queen and suite to enter, and in token of his subjection, places his sword of office in the Sovereign's hand. On either side of the Gate are colossal statues of the two Charleses. Let us wend our way along the Strand, pass through the Gate and ascend towards the great Cathedral at the upper end of Ludgate Street.

The stores and shops on both sides are surpassingly rich. Broadway in New York is indeed cheap to it.

What mighty edifice is that up at the end of this street, so wide that the street itself can expose but half its front, and so high that it makes all the proudest buildings around it shrink into insignificance? It is St. Paul's Cathedral. It affects us with an impression of grandeur and beauty. The facade before us consists of a pediment sustained by a double colonnade, and is flanked by two massive towers that give effect to the grandeur of the vast dome, which rises from the centre of the cross. The building on the ground is in the form of a crucifix. The conversion of St. Paul is sculptured in relief upon the pediment; statues of the Evangelists look down from the angles, on the lofty dome a lantern rests, and this is surmounted by the simple but expressive emblem of the Christian faith — the cross of the Redeemer.

Let us enter. A fat porter meets us with a face plump and soft, perforated at the eyes and mouth and having a slight projection where a Yankee generally has a nose. London porter or beer is evidently half his living. His attendance, at present, during the Great Exhibition, is paid for by the Government, and therefore, visitors are not now taxed; but at other times, this and all other porters must have their sixpences and their shillings for showing the various parts of the edifice, the whole of which amount to five English shillings, or \$1,20 Yankee.

Advancing to the centre of the building, we find it, as I have said, in the form of a cross, having, in its greater length, a principal nave, divided from two side aisles by splendid rows of massive pillars. Over the intersection of the nave and transept, swells the noble dome three

hundred and fifty feet towards the mid heavens! It is painted in fresco, with appropriate subjects from St. Paul's life. Around the base of the dome is a rich gallery, from which are hung out various trophies acquired in blood and war — particularly the banners taken by Nelson in battle. Whether St. Paul, or his master Christ, would consider such glory appropriate to the glory of the *Christian* church, I need not say here.

The only *Church* there is in St. Paul's, is the portion of the ground floor that constitutes the head of the cross, — the eastern end of the nave. This is divided from the main floor by a heavy screen, surmounted by a monster organ. Here religious service is performed every day, and is the only part of this Temple of worship devoted to, or that can be occupied for, the purpose for which the whole building professes to have been built. Let us enter and see — such a place as the Lord of glory was *not* born in. It is rich, magnificent and gaudy beyond compare. Every thing conspires to impress one with the proud distinction amongst our *fellow men*, and the *grandeur of worms*, — nothing to remind us of HIM in whose *name* this haughty edifice is erected. At the east end, under an immense window of intersecting rays of many-colored lights, reflected upon golden images and silver statues and purple canopies, is the altar before which nobility adopts the *form* of humility. In front is the rostrum or pulpit. On its right and left, high upon the embossed walls, are the thrones of the Lord Bishop and the Lord Mayor of London, adjacent to which are the richest stalls for the city Aldermen. *Perhaps* God is worshipped in St. Paul's — we hope he is. Divine service is held here every day

—meanwhile all must be seated in the Choir, or remain in the grand vestibule quietly.

Now let us look amongst the aisles and angles for the monuments erected to the memory of the illustrious dead. That of Dr. Johnson is a fine one ; but I can never forget his malice towards the fame of Milton, because he was a Republican Secretary of Oliver Cromwell and opposed to the Episcopal Church. In his *Life of Milton* he has assailed his character at every point, public and private. It was mean, indeed. We bow before the monument of Howard the Philanthropist, with different emotions than those which we feel at the shrine of Johnson. Nelson's is a splendid one. Its sculpture is perfect. Pakenham who fell in the battle of New Orleans ; Ross who was killed at Baltimore, and other human butchers are here. The inscriptions are all appropriate. But the prettiest monument is just no monument at all — Sir Christopher Wren's. He was England's greatest Architect. He built this Temple, and indeed all the rest of London, after its destruction by fire in 1666. All that is said of him is a plain inscription over the entrance to the choir — “Here, beneath, lies Christopher Wren, builder of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for his own but the public good. Reader ! if you seek *his* monument — *look around you !*” This edifice though 35 years in being erected, was built under one Lord Bishop, by one Architect and one master Carpenter. But we must not loiter here.

Let us go up to the Whispering Gallery, which encircles the Dome. A secure promenade is formed by a circular railing of iron, round the cornice. Here look aloft to the Dome, and admire its storied frescoes ; now look down

with dizzy wonder upon the pavement you left below, and see the diminished forms of the visitors who loiter about the aisles and angles. When the orphan children, supported by city *charity*, are all there in uniform, as they are on great festival days, the spectacle from this gallery is beautiful indeed. A porter invites us to sit down and put an ear to the wall of the Dome. Immediately we hear a very audible whisper — “Are you Americans?” Yes. “Then the dignity of your republicanism doubtless is gratified in noticing that in Sir Christopher Wren’s inscription, he has the *title* of his *own name simply*; and that his monument is reared only *in his work*. He was thirty-five years in building this Cathedral. It cost seven million five hundred thousand dollars — American money.” To show us the effect of shutting a small door in the ceiling, he brought it suddenly to, and the noise was like the heaviest clap of thunder.

Having visited the great bell, the library &c., let us ascend the dome to the lantern and look out upon the boundless city. As we go, we will notice the structure of the dome, by which it is made a whispering gallery. It consists of three separate shells, springing from a common base, but separating and becoming distinct at the top. The inner one, seen from within, is of brick. A short distance from its base a second dome, also of brick, springs from the first, and ascending with a curve of much greater circle, terminates in the key stone and lantern which support the bells. Encompassing the second shell, a third one constitutes the dome as seen from without, and whose curve is singularly beautiful. It is ribbed, and sub-divided like an orange after the rind is removed. We pass up — a long and fatiguing journey, between the first and

second shells, till we reach the huge ball into which we enter by perpendicular steps. The ball is of copper and is very ingeniously constructed. We hardly feel safe here—the wind sways the ball so fearfully. Let us descend upon a light gallery which encircles the top of the Dome at the base of the lantern. Here we can see London. It is well we came so early in the morning, and we are very fortunate in finding the atmosphere tolerably clear. Later in the day, and almost every day, the combined smokes and fogs of London and the Thames hang like a black pall upon the whole city, and little is to be seen from any position. Now we are ready for the business on account of which we gained this high ascent.

What do you see? A wilderness of roofs, and steeples, and masts, and forest trees in parks, *as far as the eye can distinguish city from country*. But now for a little local geography. We are on the north side of the river. Let us look southward. The Thames, averaging 1,024 feet wide, winds its way through the centre of this world of buildings, like a great artery, crossed *over* by eight most splendid bridges, which cost \$6,000,000 each; and *under* by the Thames Tunnel, all, but the last, above the upper half of the city, and studded from the lowest, or old *London* Bridge, as far as we can see down river, with ships from all nations, crowded together, whose masts look like an interminable cedar swamp; and above said bridge, with steamers, yachts, sail-boats, and all shapes of substantial or fanciful navigation, with oars glistening in the sun. These are so constructed as to pass under the high arches of the several bridges. The main course of the river is from east to west, but through the principal part of the

city, before us, and at our right and left, is of an ox-bow shape, swelling northward, and in due time regaining its straight course eastward below, and westward above us, in shape much like a joiner's bitt-stock. We are near the bottom of the bow, but three or four streets from the river, in front.

The density of this world of buildings is hardly relieved by the apparent threadings of the streets in any direction ; for the height of the edifices is so great as to hide from our view the travelled pathway upon the earth beneath. There *is* a relief however, and it is a *grateful* one, on every side ; occasioned by the green openings of shady commons and squares and parks, like ornamented farms and gardens in the midst of the city, with their glistening lakes, and running streams, and falling cascades ; and there is another thing which looks absolutely astonishing ; — it is the fields of ships floating in the heart of the town, their tall masts peering up amongst the battlements and steeples of surrounding buildings. These ships are in the *Docks*, where money without stint, has been expended in constructing basins, in from the river, whose walls and quays are of handsomest marble, fringed with magnificent warehouses. Into these the ships are taken through gates and canals, from the river into the centres of business. There are fourteen of these Docks, besides several basins, having apparently no connexion with the river. They lie at our left, or eastern portion of the city, on both sides of the Thames. That nearest to us is St. Katharine's Dock, built in 1824. To obtain the space it occupies, 1,250 houses were taken down. It covers twenty-four acres, and the cost of the structure, saying nothing of the expense for damages, was over eleven millions of dollars.

All the Docks, with their warehouses, cover 295 acres. Cellars are under the bordering warehouses, deep as the Docks themselves. In these are the London wine and porter vaults. Our ship finds her position in the South West India Dock, nearly four miles from where we now are. From that part of the city, the Blackwall Railroad runs up to the city proper, within the old walls, over the tops of the buildings.

Near the termination of this Railway, a mile south of us, stands the *Tower of London*. It consists of a nondescript mass of buildings, surrounded by a moat, which was once a sheet of water, fenced by a high exterior granite wall. The Tower buildings are within this enclosure. There is a subterranean passage to them from the river, covered by a bridge, called the Traitor's Bridge. This Tower was the Royal Palace in the reign of King William the Conqueror; but subsequently it became the prison for kings and queens, and here Anne Boleyn's (wife of Henry VIII.) head was chopped off; the axe which executed her is yet exhibited in it; and here the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered by their uncle, who desired to inherit the throne himself. It is a place of bloody history.

About two miles above us, on this side the river's bank, just below Westminster Bridge, is the Parliament House; a structure not yet quite completed, but now occupied by the House of Lords and Commons. It is worthy, in splendor, the seat of that Government whose power is greatest on earth. That large, gloomy pile of buildings, just west of the Parliament House, is the celebrated Westminster Abbey, which we must visit ere long, in whose cavernous vaults repose the bones of England's kings and queens, and dukes and nobles, and what are better, her

literary and benevolent men, that distinguished themselves in the kingdom. About a mile above, on the same side is the Metropolitan Penitentiary, covering several acres of ground, and one of the wonders of the world. This we must visit.

Looking west from the Parliament House, directly at our right, are St. James' Park, (87 acres,) Green Park, (56 acres,) Hyde Park, (360 acres,) and Kensington Gardens, (300 acres,) running into each other, all ranging westerly. These contain more than 800 acres of ground. Buckingham Palace, the Queen's residence, is at the head of St. James' Park, which overlooks the grounds and a lake in front, and has a splendid garden in the rear. Nearly opposite her palace, at the foot of Hyde Park, is Apsley House, where Lord Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, has his court residence. His *home* is on the Downs. He is now over eighty years of age, and has a controlling influence in the House of Lords. A statue of Achilles stands before his house, cast from the brass cannon, taken by him in several of his battles. Hyde Park, the third on this range, is larger than either of the two just named. It contains 660 acres, including the famous Kensington Gardens. The Crystal Palace is on the south side of this park, just in front of the Gardens. A serpentine sheet of water, called Serpentine River, occupies a central portion of the Park, from the banks of which the pictures we generally see of the Palace, are taken.

A mile or two at the north of Hyde Park, is, if possible, a more splendid one than ever, — the *Regent's Park*; leading from which to the old city, is Regent Street, the fashionable street of London. This park is nearly circular, and contains 450 acres, besides a beautiful lake. On the

north side are the Zoological Gardens, which are of triangular form, large, and filled with all wild animals, made safe to behold. They are worth a month's journey to visit. In the centre are the Botanic Gardens, of circular form, where the science of universal botany is practically demonstrated. North of this is Primrose Hill, surrounding which are spacious public grounds. Victoria Park is a new and beautiful one at the north-east of us, about three miles distant. This embraces 300 acres. All these Parks are fenced with iron of fantastic castings, shaded by trees, divided by carriage-ways, side-walks, foot-paths, &c.; and the grass is neatly shaven and bordered with curb-stones or box-wood; the water abounds in fish and aquatic fowl, and the trees with sweet birds — amongst which the nightingale is heard in its season, all night. Carriages of all shapes, and with the most costly decorations, — ladies and gentlemen on horseback and on donkeys — children drawn by dogs or goats harnessed in beautiful little coaches, and thousands and tens of thousands of pedestrians, from grave to gay, continually make a moving tide of life and animation in all parts of these inimitably beautiful, refreshing and healthy Parks. They are called the lungs of London. Opposite us, on the south side of the Thames, are also open squares, commons and parks, such as Greenwich Park, (200 acres,) Vauxhall Gardens, the Oval Park, Surrey Square, and Surrey Zoological Gardens, Lambeth Palace Gardens, &c., — all for the comfort of the people, in every direction. We wish our American cities whilst they were young, and when lands were cheap, had done one-half as much as old London has done to bring the country into town, and mingle verdure with pavements, and rural sweetness with dust and confusion. I have

before seen *cities in the country*, but never before have seen the *country in a city*.

A little in rear of us, amongst a dense mass of buildings, is an open space called Smithfield, where John Rogers was burned at the stake. In the same direction, a little farther off, is a square, on which is the Charter House, where the sacred Magna Charta of England is deposited, which was wrested from an ancient sovereign. West of these are the House of Correction, Foundling Hospital, British Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with twelve beautiful acres attached,—all splendid edifices. And then in the same part of the town are Euston Square, Russell Square, Bedford Square, and Mecklenberg Square. Further south, not far above the Parliament House, is Bridewell Prison, Chelsea Hospital, and the Royal Military Asylum, the Horse Guards, &c. Indeed, there is no end to the magnificent structures, and the beautiful green spots all over this vast city. The Bank of England is a dozen streets at our left, occupying a whole square which is *not* "square," bounded by Thread-needle Street, Prince's Street, and Lothbury Street. Beneath us, the rich streets of Ludgate, Paternoster Row, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Newgate, Cornhill, Holburn, and multitudes of others, leading into and out of them. Look down, down from this lofty dome, upon the most busy and populous part of this most populous city in the world! See the vehicles of all sorts, whether luxurious or useful. Hear the voices, unbounded and deafening. The bells ring, the wheels clatter, the hoofs of the struggling horses resound on the pavements! what a chaos of wild, everlasting tumult! To look and listen here long will overpower us; we must away.

On all sides, as far as the eye can reach — it is London — London — and nothing but London — where it ends, who can tell? The mass of habitations is everywhere interspersed with steeples and chimneys of enormous height, belching forth smoke that buries the city before noon in a perpetual cloud, and gives to everything the fashionable color of *London smoke*. Up the river, eighteen miles, just beyond the last boundaries of the city, in what might be yet called the city, if continuous buildings make it such, is Windsor Castle, the Royal Palace, the principal residence of Her Majesty, where the heirs to the throne first open their eyes on this beautiful world. In Eton College, opposite, they are educated. The Park which surrounds the castle, embraces 1000 acres, most highly ornamented and richly cultivated. Her Majesty's kitchen garden covers thirty-two acres. The whole, with most of the queen's palace itself, is open for the public to visit two days in a week. Visitors, however, must be able to command a recommendation from some high responsibility, to the Lord Chamberlain, and obtain his ticket of permission. We must go up and see the queen. There is a railroad all the way, and the ride is accomplished in half an hour.

Let us descend now from this lofty height and mix with the world of beings and things below us — directing our steps first to Hyde Park, to visit the Crystal Palace, and witness the great exhibition there, which gathers its 75,000 visitors daily.

LETTER XIII.

MR. LAWRENCE—ST. JAMES' PARK AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Mr. Lawrence's Residence on Piccadilly—Introduction to him—His kind attentions—St. James' Park—Buckingham Palace—The Queen's Public Promenade—Her Majesty's Character—Prince Albert—The Royal Garden.

LONDON, AUGUST 2, 1851.

I CALLED yesterday on Hon. Abbot Lawrence, our Minister, (as a Yankee, I am proud to say *our* minister) at the Court of St. James. He resides in the most fashionable part of London, at the West End, on Piccadilly, which is to London what Beacon street is to Boston. It looks out, across the way, directly upon St. James' Park, a most lovely field of green-sward, shade-trees, flowering shrubs, arbors, statues, fountains, gravel-walks with innumerable people walking thereon; carriage roads, with coaches of the nobility and gentry; and miniature vehicles drawn, some by goats and some by dogs, carrying children out to ride; race courses with fleetest horses practicing against the stake days, and donkeys saddled and bridled to be let for riding by the hour to boys and girls; and beautiful small lakes or ponds on whose placid bosom graceful swans—some purest white, others jet black,—and other aquatic birds are sailing near the shores, watching for some generous boys to feed them with grain or

fragments of bread, cake, &c. In full view, at the head of this Park, are seen the stately edifices of Buckingham Palace, the town residence of England's prolific mother, Queen Victoria, and her Royal family. Mr. Lawrence lives in a style comporting with the elegance of his residence and the splendor of his location, though I saw nothing inconsistent with that true dignity and beauty which should ever characterize an honest Republicanism. He is very wealthy, and is able to sustain by his own private means the honors of his country at the Imperial Court, which, indeed, are very important here. The expense of maintaining such an establishment must be very great — I dare say he is none the richer for his salary. Most freely does he give his money, his time and his service to his country; and I am exceedingly pleased with his zealous devotion to American interests, and to the ready, frank and generous manner in which he endeavors to serve his countrymen whose business or pleasure have brought them to England. They are sure to find a friend in him. It is a blessed arrangement of our Government that appoints one Minister and the requisite number of Consuls abroad, not only to conduct the intercourse of Nations, but to befriend American citizens in strange countries. So much comes of *Christian* civilization.

Ringling the bell at the vestibule, a neatly clad page opened the door, which introduced me to a ready porter in the ante-room, who passed me on to a gentlemanly waiter at the foot of the stairs, the rich carpets of which were covered by white linen. Ascending a circuitous flight, we noticed the paintings upon the walls by the way. Arrived at the head, our outer garment, hat, &c. were received, and we conducted into an adjacent room, richly furnished,

to rest till our card could be sent in to Mr. Lawrence. In a few minutes the doors were opened, and we were ushered into a large front parlor, fronting upon the Park. The walls were hung with splendid pictures, some of national and others of family designs. Several American gentlemen were in the room, in the centre of which, at a round marble table, sat Mr. Lawrence. He is of good size, somewhat portly in person, of a very gentlemanly deportment, and with a grey eye expressive of much vivacity and kindness. He arose and saluted us. I presented him my letter of introduction from Hon. D. Bronson, also my commission from Gov. Hubbard. He was very happy to hear from his old friend Bronson, and was glad our State had thought of being represented on an occasion so important to the industrial interests of the world as the present. He would do every thing for me in his power—but the season for conventions, meetings, committees, &c., had transpired at an earlier date, and much could not be done now but by observation and personal intercourse. He commended me to Mr. Dodge, the American Agent at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Lawrence was so kind as to furnish us with passports to France, and his Secretary, Mr. Davis, who made them out, was *very sorry* there was nothing to pay for them. Mr. L. receives no fees for any such services, though all the other officers of Foreign Governments tax liberally for such papers. He also gave me tickets to attend the sessions of the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and to visit Windsor Castle, the Queen's residence out of the city. I shall call on Mr. Lawrence frequently, and feel that I have a friend in the American

minister, who so ably and so devotedly represents his glorious country before the highest court in the world.

From Piccadilly I entered the Park,—the day was beautiful—and delighted myself in witnessing the attractions which art and nature combined can give to some of the chosen spots of this green earth. All around me was one wide, roaring, interminable city; here was a sweetly fragrant air and the richest rural beauties, reposing in quietness beneath the shade of venerable English Oaks and Yews and Chesnuts and Elms and Lindens. In due time we had sauntered to the Queen's Palace. Painted sentry boxes were occasionally outside the beautiful wire fence that surrounded it, and British soldiers, clad in red coats, white pants, and high fur caps, with bright guns, were marching guard from post to post, to protect Her Majesty from intrusion. The gate was opened and we entered the yard, whence the royal carriages pass out and in; we advanced through the central arch in the main part of the Palace, and viewed the open court of the quadrangle. No one can enter the Palace but by an order from the Lord Chamberlain. The Palace front has three tiers of windows, twenty three in a tier (including the central colonnade) and is of Romanesque architecture—of hewn stone, cut and carved according to scientific rules. A stone balustrade rises above the eaves, and in the centre three towers arise, on the highest of which is the British Crown, and on the other two the Lion and the Unicorn rearing towards it. On the ends are also elevations with huge statues of some of the old sovereigns. The building itself is quadrangular, and in describing the front, I have but described one of the four sides of it. The open space in the centre is where the young kings

and queens play and ride their ponies. This Palace was rebuilt in 1703 by the Duke of Buckingham — hence its name, Buckingham Palace. Before that the Royal residence was in Somerset Palace, which now stands on the bank of the Thames near the Waterloo Bridge. This, I think, is the handsomest building of the two. Old King George III., whose crown lost the thirteen American jewels, resided in Buckingham Palace, and in it I believe most of his numerous family of children were born — (Victoria's are born at Windsor Castle.) It was also the residence of George IV. and the late sailor King William.

Victoria thinks that English law, rather than English bayonets, ought to protect her, and she is not very shy of going out and being seen by her subjects, the people. I must see her before I leave England. In front of the palace is a wide road arched by trees, extending across the park. This is the Queen's Way, and she often rides out upon it, and is sometimes even seen with Albert and the children walking in it. Whenever so great a wonder takes place, it makes all the Londoners stare and look profoundly wise! — to think that the head of a government should not be so dreaded and hated, as to be shot if he or she dares appear amongst the people! The truth is, Victoria is a pretty likely, smart woman. She is well educated, and accomplished in court manners. In her character she is irreproachable, and sets the best examples, morally, to her subjects. This is much in her praise, and is worth a great deal to England, where the highest ambition is to follow the fashions of the Sovereign. I am told she is charitable and kind-hearted, and is a great patron of humane institutions. It is said, indeed, that she

is high-tempered, and can box the ears of her servants if they do not move aright; but such gossip is too low to be spoken of with safety. Doubtless she married for real love, and not, as most kings and queens do, for reasons of State, and she has got a likely, good fellow for a husband. Prince Albert is a favorite in London, and everywhere. He is intelligent and virtuous. He is something of a genius, and devotes much of his time to scientific investigations. We should not wonder if he became an author yet. In the vicinity of the Crystal Palace is a model of cottage terraces, made of hollow bricks, the rooms of which are large enough to enter, that he has constructed for exhibition. The design is to furnish a system of cheap fire-proof buildings for poor and common people. Indeed, he is the real father of this great World's Exhibition, and of the Crystal Palace. Not being allowed by the English Constitution to have any part in politics, he seems desirous to use what power and influence his position gives him for the good of the nation. It may be doubted whether England ever had better *characters* on and by the side of the throne, than at the present time. We may laugh at the idea of a *woman* being at the head of a great government; but some of England's best days have been under petticoat government, and as all which a king or queen can now do is chiefly to give *character* to the government, (not to exercise power arbitrarily,) I do not know but the purity of female character giving tone to society, is as safe for England as the sad examples of that most talented but licentious George IV. We know some families governed very well by women — better even than by men; nations are but larger families. A virtuous female being

on the throne has awakened a chivalrous spirit amongst the English people, and I verily believe that the throne is now better supported by the affections of her subjects, than it would be if a man were upon it. Victoria's reign has been a pacific one, at home and abroad ; we hear of few riots, and little resistance to government authority since she was crowned. I find the people love her, and the ladies, particularly, are proud that one of their own sex is upon the throne. " Women rule the world," now — at least they rule in England.

I may say what I please against monarchy, and in favor of republican institutions, and no one is offended ; on the contrary, many will join with me and say they think the world is getting too old to be taxed with thrones, and hope the time will come when they will be as free as we are ; but if I say anything against their Queen, it gives offence. Indeed, seriously, I see no one disposed to say anything against Victoria. She is not to blame for being on the throne — she was born to the misfortune, and wishes to rule her people in the fear of God. She will impress her own character upon her reign, which will stand out in history more honorable to her than was the fame of good Queen Bess, or any other English lady monarch.

In the rear of Buckingham Palace is the Queen's Garden. It embraces forty acres, and has a fresh pond and fish in it. I could not enter it, but over the fence could see the trees and fruits — nay, I gathered one or two souvenirs therefrom to carry home. The fence is a high brick wall, the entire length of the top of which is protected by iron forks inserted in a stone cap, pointing every way. Beneath the fence outside, is a row of holly trees or bushes, full of thorns, neatly puned as a hedge,

and still outside of this is a painted rail fence to protect that.

The Queen is not in the Palace at present, but is at the Royal Watering Place — Osborne Palace — on the Isle of Wight. We passed it in coming to London. She will return next week to prorogue Parliament in State, when I shall endeavor to see her and witness the pageant. She will do this to gratify the strangers who are now in the city. As she and Prince Albert, or rather as the Prince and Her Majesty have got up the Fair that has attracted people here, they feel bound to gratify the public curiosity as far as possible. So they go into the Crystal Palace every day in the morning, when at home, and are coming up from the Isle of Wight to show themselves in a grand procession from Buckingham Palace to the Parliament.

LETTER XIV.

FIRST SABBATH IN LONDON—FORENOON.

Find the Text—Invitation to a Professional Visit—London Female Penitentiary—Victoria's efforts to save the Fallen of her Sex—Reception at the Asylum—The Congregation—Their Uniform Dresses—The Services—Moral Reflections—The Graduates—Charities of London.

LONDON, AUGUST 4, 1851.

IF the reader would know the Preface to this Letter, let him, or her, before going any farther, take the New Testament, turn to the Gospel by St. John, Chapter viii, and read from the 3d to the 11th verses inclusive. No one ought to go where our little party went upon our first Sabbath in London, or read this description of it, till he or she has read *that* text, as the appropriate "MORNING LESSON FOR THE DAY."

* * * * *

Yesterday was the holy Sabbath of the Lord. Br. Preston and ourself were at our lodgings in the respectable house of Mr. and Mrs. Melladew, on Swinton Street. It is a wide, clean, sweet street, with ranges of tall private residences on both sides of the avenue, and directly opposite our parlor window, which is in the second story, is the boarding-house of Br. C. Spear and daughter. Breakfast being disposed of—it is never served even in

the longest mid-summer days before nine o'clock — Br. Spear comes across the street in his professional morning toga given him in Boston, and rings the bell at our front door. The servant girl obeys the summons, and, ushering Br. Spear up stairs to our parlour, so graciously courtesies us for a shilling as the reward of her service, that we cannot refuse to comply with the universal London custom of liberality to servants.

Brother Spear has called to say, that, being in London as a *Prisoner's Friend*, he has been invited to repair this forenoon to the London Female Penitentiary — not far from our lodgings — for the purpose of conducting the religious services there ; and he desires us to attend with and assist him in the novel duties of the place. Of course we both wish to see the miseries of the Metropolis, and the Christian charities that minister to their removal or mitigation ; and so we prepare to accompany him and his daughter to the Penitentiary. In our sense of the word it is not a “ penitentiary ” — that is, it is not a *prison* ; it is rather an Asylum where the Mary Magdalenes of the city are gathered for the purposes of reformation.

Queen Victoria is THE PATRON of the Institution. By her influence there are several such Refuges for the fallen of her own sex in various parts of London, and she has female committees constantly employed all over the city to search out all hopeful cases of cure and induce them, if possible, to commit themselves to the healthful discipline of these humane asylums, where they will be kindly cared for and put in the way of reformation, and of restoration to virtuous and respectable society. It is well to have a female Sovereign, occasionally, in England, especially if she is disposed, as Victoria is, to exert the power of her

throne in behalf of the moral virtue of that sex on which, after all, more than upon any other human causes, depends the moral health of the community and the hopes of posterity. The Queen seems resolved to do all the good she can in her day and generation, and thus make her reign felt more in its beneficence than in its power.

The London Female Penitentiary, or Magdalene Asylum, is a large brick edifice, as beautiful in form and style as the Maine State House, situated on a clean, quiet street in the upper part of the city, quite away from the marts of business and the haunts of vice. The edifice is three stories in height, well warmed, watered and ventilated, and occupies a position in a beautiful square of some three or four acres, with ornamented yards of shrubbery and flower-beds in front, and fine gardens, gravel-walks, and play grounds in the rear. The square is entirely enclosed by a high, tight brick fence, admission through which is had through a gate on the line of the street. Here is a bell, which we rung. A servant from within unlocked the gate and we entered the front yard, examining the flowers and fruits as we passed up the wide pathway to the Asylum building. The head matron, Mrs. Cooper, a good hearty old English lady, received us in the parlor. On one side of the room was a white marble human figure — designed to represent the Mary Magdalene out of whom the seven evil spirits had been cast by our Saviour. Other appropriate Scripture designs in statuary and paintings decorated the parlor. Shortly a servant entered with decanters of brandy and wine, which were set upon the table, and we were invited by the matron to refresh ourselves. This, indeed, is the English fashion of hospitality, as it was ours twenty years

ago; but it struck us Americans disagreeably; and the good lady seemed surprised when each and all of our Yankee party declined her proffered hospitality. We entered into conversation with the matron and some other ladies who had charge of the wards. There are eight of them; but there is no man belonging to the establishment. It is entirely under the care of the Queen's Committee. We gathered from these lady officers a history of the Institution, with its operations and designs, which we will speak of by and by.

At the ringing of a bell, we were conducted up stairs to a wing of the building in which was the Chapel, or room for public religious services. It was cruciform, having a pulpit at the head, and arranged with seats, but in the simplest and plainest style. The floors were not painted, but kept scoured, and sprinkled with the whitest sand. The seats were clean, unpainted benches, with rests in front on which books could be laid. It is designed to give employment to the inmates; and we suppose the Chapel, and probably the other rooms, are thus left so as to make work for the females whose duty it is to keep every thing perfectly neat and clean. The Chapel was like a Quaker-meeting house.

Brother Spear took the desk, and Brother Preston and myself sat one on each side. Before us was our congregation — and such a congregation as we never saw before! — a congregation of prostitutes, amounting in number to nearly one hundred. Their ages varied, apparently, from fifteen to thirty-five years old, and all had such a haggard look as characters like them can alone betray. They were dressed in uniform. Each was clad with a checked calico dress and white apron, covered by a chocolate

colored merino cloak, and on the head was a Quaker cap with plaited lace in front. Bibles and hymn-books were in their hands, or on the board before them, and they all appeared mute and orderly; but their countenances indicated a hopeless look, as if all self-respect or ambition was lost. In her virtue, nothing is more beautiful than a female; in her degradation, nothing is so far from beauty — nothing is so ugly to look upon. The services soon commenced. The singing was conducted by the females themselves; all that sang, singing in unison. When the Scriptures were read, they all looked over the lesson. In prayer, which was extempore, they bent their heads forward upon the table. Br. Spear occupied an hour in his discourse; he preached well; but though his congregation were quiet and orderly, I could hardly see one that seemed to pay attention, or to care for what he was saying. In no case did I witness any emotion, except amongst a few when he alluded to the days of their childhood innocency, and spoke of the counsels and cares of their mothers — then, indeed, I noticed the tear gather in a few eyes. But I fear the good seed of the kingdom fell on hopeless ground.

As I sat and surveyed this strange congregation, I could but feel emotions of grief and pity and wonder, such as I certainly never experienced before, to see human nature — and that in the delicate sex — so fallen; — to witness the struggles of light with darkness, only to sink back into deeper darkness still; — to look out upon human faces, pale, emaciate, wan, broken by disease, bearing expressions of faintest hope and darkest infamy and pollution — oh! — what a sight! how cheerless — how loathsome! Can God's mercy reach them? Yes, it can; for that is Omnipotent. Our only hope is in that.

The services being over, the musical portion of the Magdalenes sang once more, the benediction was pronounced, and the congregation retired, in the exact order of a military company, to their wards, each section being under the devoted and faithful woman in charge of the several divisions.

This Institution is supported partly by the munificence of the Queen and other voluntary contributions, and partly by the work of the females themselves. None are received whose cases are not supposed to be hopeful. They are kept in the Asylum two years, are taught to work and to read, and every pains is taken to encourage them into the exercise of self-respect and a virtuous ambition. At the end of the two years, places are provided for them as domestics in good families; they are fitted out with good clothes, some money, and the present of a beautiful Bible; and if the matron, at the end of a year, hears that the graduate has behaved well and maintained her virtue, she sends her a guinea (\$5,) as an encouragement for her well-doing. She informed us, however, with grief, that very many of them return to their old habits of sin. None once discharged can be received a second time.

The matron, Mrs. Cooper, informed us that there were then about one hundred in the Penitentiary, and that within the year the sales of their work had amounted to £1,049,—or about \$5,200. This sum, with receipts from the crown, the nobility, &c., amounted to £2,453, or about \$12,000. This sustains the establishment.

It is much to the credit of England that the rich nobility do so much as they do in charity. It is a positive truth—however the world has not generally known it,—that there is not a single want in London that is not provided for,

either by the laws, or by the institutions of charity. Why, soon after leaving this Penitentiary, we passed a very long and high building, that I should think would accommodate a thousand patients, on the walls of which were inscribed — I do not recollect the words, but am sure of the idea, — it was, “If any stranger in the city falls sick, or is in distress, and has no friend to call upon who is competent to relieve him, let him pull at this bell, (a bell pointed at upon the entrance gate,) and he will be taken care of without cost to himself.” There are many such institutions all over London. The charity of London is all organized, and in this way is the safest administered. Mendicity is unnecessary and is forbidden. A policeman’s hand would be upon a beggar in a moment, to lead him or her off to some place where he or she could be provided for or set at work. I have hardly seen a beggar in London. I have not seen a drunken man in London. Is not this strange? It is even so. Drunkenness there may be, but it has to keep out of sight of decent people. You are in no danger of being insulted or injured by a drunkard in the streets, by night or day. I wish as much could be said of all our republican cities and villages.

As yet I have given the reader but our forenoon’s experience, on the first Sabbath in London. The afternoon was spent in *Field Lane Ragged School*. I must give an account of that in the next letter.

LETTER XV.

FIRST SABBATH IN LONDON — EVENING.

Field Lane Ragged School—Lord Ashley—Gehenna of London—A Rich Church in a poor locality—Den of Thieves, the Ruins—Arches—School Room—Mottoes—Visitors from the United States—Conversation with the Pupils—A hideous Female—Disposition for the night—Miss Portal, the Benefactress—Conclusion.

LONDON, AUGUST 4, 1851.

In the last Letter some account was given of the manner and place in which the forenoon of our first Sabbath in London was passed. In this, the scenes of the evening will be related. Generally, in London the churches are not open for worship in the afternoon, but the second service for the day takes place in the evening.

Towards the close of the day, near nightfall, I started from my lodgings in Swinton street, in company with Br. Spear and daughter and Br. Preston, to go in the direction of Smithfield, in pursuit of the first Ragged School ever established in the city. It is called "*The Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge for the Destitute*," and was projected by the philanthropic Lord Ashley, M. P., nine years ago, who, passing that part of the city and witnessing the great number of haggard wretches that had no other homes than the subterranean burrows or arches that were left after the ruins of Jack Sheppard's Den of Thieves, was moved to rent a building in the neighborhood, and get as many of the miserable

children and others as possible into a school where they might receive some education and moral discipline. The world has heard the story of his Christian philanthropy. There are now 16,000 thieves and beggars collected into these Ragged Schools in London. I saw Lord Ashley in the House of Peers one day when Parliament was in session; he sat by the side of the Duke of Wellington who was the conqueror of Napoleon; but really I preferred the looks of Lord Ashley, and felt to do a readier homage to his character. He has led no armies to victory — his hands are stained with no brother's blood; but he lives to fulfil the spirit of that great Captain whose mission it was to bring "Peace on earth to men of good will."

As I have said, it was near night-fall when we set out for Field Lane Ragged School. We proceeded in an easterly direction some distance, towards a valley that lies between Holborn Hill and an eminence on the other side, on which are Smithfield, Newgate Prison and the Old Bailey. This valley is the lowest part of the city; and the great sewer under it conducts all the waste water and filth of London that are brought into it by lateral under-drains, into the Thames. This is the valley of Hinnom — the Gehenna of London, as I shall show, by and by. On our way thither, as we approached this miserable locality, signs of poverty, vice and crime became rife, and we began to feel unpleasantly. It was the close of the Sabbath, working people were at leisure, the weather was clear and warm, and the inmates of the filthy dens that lined the streets, were poured out upon the sidewalks and pavements, embracing reckless men, abandoned women, and dirty, naked children of all sizes and both sexes. In the midst of this population, a splendid church arose;

and as it was in time of service, we halted and entered. It was an Episcopal establishment. Three pulpits arose, one above the other, from the broad aisle to the great window, in the lowest of which sat the Clerk to say "Amen;" in the next was the Priest in his robes, to read the prayers, and in the highest sat the Bishop with his mitre, perhaps to preach — perhaps to show his dignity. Gilded canopies covered the pews of the gentry, and all around gave evidence of pride and extravagance. — Publicans and sinners were not there. These were in all the streets around the rich edifice, hardly knowing whether there is a God or not. The religion of "the Church" could not reach them; it would be too condescending, humiliating and disreputable to go into the highways and hedges and compel *such* people to come in and desecrate the rich carpetings, the splendid drapery, the stained glass and the gilded stalls of this *Christian* temple. We stopped long enough to satisfy ourselves that if the Son of Man were now on earth, and should enter that place, he would "take a scourge of small cords and drive them all out of the temple." I do believe that pride and fashion in the church, have done more to make Infidels than all which was ever done by sceptics out of it.

We were now within a short distance of the Ruins — the Gehenna of London. We passed on through a most miserable and dangerous mass of beings that filled the narrow streets, till we came out to the open space, which is made by the demolition of all the buildings on what were once two parallel streets that run the whole length of the Valley. This constitutes an area of several acres. Here is where Jack Sheppard had his head quarters — it

was the real Den of Thieves. All the buildings in this valley came, in some way, under his control, and were occupied by an army of thieves and robbers subject to his orders. The sidewalks had trap doors set in them ; and whenever a man, supposed to have money, passed, suddenly the trap sprung and he fell into a cellar where he was instantly seized and strangled to death, and his body with a stone attached, was conveyed through the great sewer into the Thames beyond discovery. So many were robbed and murdered in this way, and so difficult was it by law to break up the Den, that finally a righteous mob assembled in great numbers and tore every house down : — and there the “the Ruins” are now, with perhaps a hundred arches beneath them just high enough for a person to crawl into on all fours. These now are the only homes of hundred of wretches of both sexes and of all ages. They sleep in these filthy holes by night, and saunter forth from them by day to steal and commit other villanies.

The sun was just setting as we entered upon this open space — these Ruins. The blocks of brick buildings in the distance that surround this terrible sink of wretchedness, appear to be abandoned by their owners, the windows are broken in and they are evidently occupied by the infamous of both sexes. Near the centre of one of the dilapidated blocks is a portion that appears to be glazed and kept in repair. This furnishes the Rooms for the Field Lane Ragged School. On its exterior walls, some pot-house politician, opposed to the Free Trade doctrines of the present Government, has written, in chalk, “Free Trade and Starvation!” In crossing the valley from the west to the eastern side where this School is, we pass-

ed amongst the ruins, and looked into the arches which are the only homes of great numbers of men, women and children in rags, herding promiscuously together. The Ragged School is collected from these arches and the surrounding buildings, and consists of parents and old people, as well as haggard boys and girls. It was this very place that excited the philanthropy of Lord Ashley, and here the first Ragged School in London was established. There are now nearly one hundred such schools in the city, giving instruction, on the average, to sixteen thousand ignorant, debased and wretched beings.

We were cautioned to keep our clothes tight about us and our pockets guarded whilst amongst the scholars of the school; for most of them were professed pick-pockets and thieves. A sentinel guarded the outside door, through which we entered on a *ground* floor — literally, on the *ground* floor. On the left, a door opened to the dormitory and Night Refuge on the basement, and in front was a flight of rough stairs, up which we ascended to the great hall — like a barn — in which the Ragged School was in full operation. There were about five hundred pupils, and fifty teachers present. And such a sight my eyes never beheld before — never desire to see again. The room was filled with little rough stalls, like square pews, on three sides of which were seats occupied by a class, with the teacher in the midst. Samaritan women had charge of the females, and devoted men, of the males. Most of the pupils were children from six to fifteen years of age; but some, I noticed, were gray headed men and women — objects almost too frightful to approach as if they were human beings. The rafters of the roof appeared over head, and the room was about seventy-five feet long by

sixty wide, as we paced it. The stairs came up at one end and at the other were closets, a library case, and a desk, for a chaplain. Over these was a gallery which was filled with women — probably all harlots. The building was lighted with gas, and was comfortable ; but the pupils were literally in rags, blotches and half covered with vermin. The discipline of the School was strict ; but we noticed that those not immediately engaged by the teacher in his work of instruction, were watching the pockets of visitors, grinning ghastly smiles at each other, or doubling fists in other's faces. Such a scene of ignorance, degradation and wretchedness I never had begun to dream of before.

On the walls were hung plain pictures, and handbills with Scripture texts in large letters staring the scholars in the face at every point. I took my pencil and copied off the following, which I thought appropriate to the place : “ He shall gather the lambs in his arms ;” “ I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;” “ Be sure your sin will find you out ;” “ Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord ;” “ Swear not at all ;” “ If sinners entice thee, consent thou not ;” “ Speak not evil one of another ;” “ Search the Scriptures ;” “ Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy ;” “ Every word of God is pure ;” “ Thou, God, seest me ;” “ The eyes of the Lord are in every place ;” “ Thou shalt not steal ;” “ Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ;” “ The wages of sin is death ;” “ I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me ;” “ Love one another.” If the pupils never get any more of the Bible than they find on the walls,

they will find enough to redeem their characters and to make them wise unto salvation.

Besides our party who went in together, we found, as visitors there before us, a Mr. King of Providence, R. I.; also a doctor from Ohio, formerly of New Hampshire, and two Boston gentlemen. Besides these there were several lady visitors. The name of the Superintendent is Mounstephen; that of his principal Assistant, to whom we were indebted for attentions in the School, and who called on us at our lodgings afterwards with pamphlets relating to the establishment, was Rev. Mr. Ray—a dissenting clergyman of an excellent spirit.

I interrogated children as to their conditions, hopes, prospects, &c. One, I recollect, I asked, "Where do you live?" "In the arches." "Do you get enough to eat?" "Not more than once a day." "How do you get that?" "I earn it." "How do you earn it?" He hesitated—I renewed the question;—he finally answered by saying, "*By finding things that are not lost*"—meaning, by stealing. I talked with the old men, but they seemed to have few ideas above brutes; all they came to school for was to get lodgings in board pens for the night, and the six ounces of bread allowed them in the morning. This, indeed, I fear is the principal motive that brings any to the school. I noticed one woman, the most hideous looking creature I ever saw, looking over the gallery upon the school below—herself a scholar in the women's class above. On being shocked at her appearance, and asking Mr. Ray who and what she was, he took his pen and wrote down the following in answer to my inquiry—"Sarah Thompson, a prostitute; aged twenty-six years; mother been dead fourteen years;

father ten months; has been twenty-four times in the County Prison; ten times in City Bridewell; twice in Brixton Prison; once in Horsemonger's Lane Jail; once in Maidstone Prison; has been a prostitute about six years; was run over by an omnibus, squeezed out one eye; broke the bridge of her nose; broke both shoulder blades, and otherwise internally injured her — she is yet a prostitute."

The school exercises closed at 9 o'clock, by an address from a City Missionary, a prayer by the Superintendent, and singing by the teachers and others. The Superintendent then told all that *had* homes, to go home. Some left, but many remained. These were marched in companies down stairs to the dormitory in the basement, of which we spoke at the entrance. We went down with them to see them disposed of for the night. The floor of the room was laid in double tiers of narrow rough board stalls, like uncovered coffins, the feet of both tiers coming together, and the heads slightly raised. There was no bed or straw in these boxes; the lodgers had to lie on the bare plank bottom, with a coarse blanket rolled up at the foot, to be drawn over the body in repose. As each entered, he presented his ticket awarded him in the school, and drew his berth accordingly. Each took his station there, and awaited orders. There was no undressing — the rags on the body were as good to lie in, as to wear about town.

An adjacent room is for the female scholars. Another room is for daily ablutions, a warm and cold water bath, and another is for washing clothes; but when this is done, the wearer has to stand in another room naked, till his or her clothes are washed, dried and ironed, ready for use.

It is regarded as a great privilege to the tenants of Field Lane, to have such comfortable lodgings in the Night Refuge, so much better than they can obtain in the streets and arches. To each, in the morning, is given six ounces of bread.

The principal benefactress of this school is a Miss Portal, who gives \$1250 per year to defray the expense of the Night Refuge, and to provide the bread in the morning. Several of the pupils told me that that bread was often all they get to eat during the day.

Mr. Ray remains in the male dormitory all night to preserve order. It seemed to me as dangerous, as it was an undesirable duty. But he trusts in God for protection in good doing. After all the homeless ones were ordered to take their positions standing in their hard berths, he offered up the Lord's Prayer in which the whole school were required to join, and then led in singing Old Hundred.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c.

in which I joined with full heart and soul. I felt to praise God that there were such faithful and devoted men and women in the world, who would go into these terrible sinks of iniquity, and suffer as they must for the sake of elevating if possible a fallen humanity.

He then ordered the lodgers to lie down, draw the blankets over them, be still, and go to sleep. All the lights but one were extinguished, and at nearly ten o'clock we bade him and Field Lane Ragged School and Night Refuge adieu, he admonishing us that it would not be safe at that hour of the night to return the way we came by "*the Church*," but that we had better take High Holborn for Gray's Inn Road, where we should be in the presence of a more respectable population, and under the protection

of a readier police. We did so. The walk was about two miles home through some of the gayest parts of the city. The streets were all lighted with gas, full — literally full — of people, and the Gin Palaces at every corner in full blast. This was Sabbath evening; we reached our quarters on Swinton street before 11 o'clock; and thus ended our FIRST SABBATH IN LONDON.

LETTER XVI.

TOWER OF LONDON AND BRITISH MUSEUM.

Roads and Streets of London—Visit to the Tower—Its Antiquity—Horse Armory—Anne Boleyn—Sir Walter Raleigh—Crown Jewels—Companies under Warders—Visit to the British Museum—Elgin Marbles—Ruins of Nineveh—Egyptian Mummies—Rosetta Stone—Grecian and Roman Antiquities—Zoological Collections—Minerals—Fossils—Library—Admission Free.

LONDON, AUGUST 5, 1851.

Yesterday I went through the Tower of London, and to-day I have visited Somerset Palace, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, and the House of Lords, in Parliament assembled. Of course I cannot, in a single communication, — if I had time to examine for book facts — give, in the present letter, a historical or architectural account of those edifices, or a description of their contents. A month might be spent with book in hand, to advantage, in the Tower, — many, many months might be devoted to thrilling investigations amongst the ruins of antiquity brought to the British Museum from Nineveh and Thebes and ancient Greece and Rome. And if one would know all that is meant by the statuary and paintings and architectural designs of the Abbey, he would have his hands full for a long time. Parliament may be more easily disposed of. Indeed, whoever thinks of coming to see

London in a week, by means of guide books, might as well think of walking across the continent in a day. London is a great place ; its streets lead you *out* nowhere ; go in them as far as you will, and as long as you may, and yet you are travelling amongst continuous blocks of buildings, amidst the roar of carriages and the crowd of people, and cannot see land. Its *Roads*—for it has roads in distinction from Streets—*do* lead out of town somewhere ; but where I know not. There are great avenues which radiate from the territory on which the metropolis is built, and run through the city to other parts of the kingdom. My own residence is on Swinton Street, which is across from Gray's Inn Road to the New City Road. Where these roads begin, or where they end, I do not know. All I know is, that omnibuses are roaring always in opposite directions, close on the heels of each other, filled inside and outside with passengers, and that the spaces in the roads and streets, not filled by omnibuses, are occupied by hacks, cabs, coaches, chaises, carts, double wheeled donkey barrows, and people *trying* to cross the road at some point where there is a chance to dodge the heads of the horses or the wheels of the vehicles. And then there are so many objects of curiosity and beauty to be seen in all directions, that a sight-seer in London should prepare himself for long walks and a large expenditure of time. Six months would be little time enough in which to form a tolerable acquaintance even with the exterior of London—its roads and streets, its parks and squares, its streams and fountains, its public institutions, and its exhibitions of private wealth and taste.

The Tower of London is a large mass of stone edifices, enclosed in a high granite fence, the central one rising

higher than the rest. According to Shakspeare, it was originally built by Julius Cæsar.

PRINCE ED. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

BUCK. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE ED. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

BUCK. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Richard III., Act III., Scene I.

It was completed, however, by William the Conqueror, by whom it was made the castle of the Norman kings. It covers upwards of twelve acres of ground. The principal buildings are the Church, the White Tower, the Governor's House, the Bloody Tower, the Bell Tower, the Jewel office, the Horse Armory, Queen Elizabeth's Armory, and the Waterloo Barracks. Since Elizabeth's time, the establishment has been occupied as a State Prison—that is, — a prison for sovereigns and State offenders. We arrived at the gate soon after breakfast, but the crowd was so great before we could procure a ticket thereat, that it was half an hour ere we could gain admission to the yard. Then we had to go to a large room, and wait till the number of our tickets, 28681 and 28682 were called. This took another half-hour. Twenty numbers are called, when the holders are collected together and put under the lead of a Warder, dressed in the antique suit of the time of Henry VIII. Thus each Warder, successively takes off twenty persons at a time, and conducts them through the Tower. Other like companies are following after, all the time. Hurried through, it takes an hour to visit the several apartments, and the fee is two English shillings each.

Our first introduction was through the Horse Armory, a long hall, lined with a row of kings and knights, mounted

on noble chargers. The identical armor worn by some of the sovereigns, &c., are upon the life-like images — particularly that of Henry VIII., of John the Gaunt, and a Saracen knight's suit.

These equestrian figures are arranged chronologically, from 1272 to 1688 — from the reign of Edward I. to James II. You pass on a line of the horses' heads, and at your right, on the wall opposite, each rider has his Coat of Arms, displayed in swords, bayonets, cutlasses, muskets, ramrods, &c., so interwoven as to constitute the armorial bearings of the kings and crusaders.

Ascending a flight of stairs, we visited the various prison rooms — that in which the young prince Edward V. and his little brother were murdered by their uncle Richard III; the gloomy dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was so long confined, and where he wrote his History; the block on which the beautiful queen of that wicked monarch, the father of the Church of England, Henry VIII.—Anne Boleyn—was executed, and the long, broad, thin axe which cut off her head. As I ran my fingers across its bloody edge, I could but shudder at the sacrifice of innocence and virtue to gratify the lust of a wicked monarch. We saw, also, various other instruments of death and torture, employed to extort confessions or to inflict terrible punishments; particularly in Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which contains the spoils of the great Spanish Armada — such as "the iron collar of torment," and the thumbscrew, and the cravat, or "scavenger's daughter." Here, too, are the curiously combined and elaborately adorned arms of the time of Henry VIII., and other antiquities.

In one room we were shown the crown jewels, which are always used at the coronation of a new sovereign and other State ceremonies. They are enclosed in a glass globe, on a large table, some ten feet in diameter. There are the Royal Crown, the Sceptre, the Robe, the Keys, the Baptismal Font, &c.; all in massive gold. The value is estimated at more than three million pounds sterling. The queen's crown alone is valued at one million pounds. A new crown was made for her. This is a purple cap, enclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a great quantity of diamonds. The upper part is composed of an orb, adorned with precious stones, and surmounted by a cross. Amongst these diamonds is a magnificent ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and a sapphire of matchless beauty. The value of this crown, which is put on Victoria's head, is calculated at £111,900, or about \$559,500.

The interest and pleasure of our visit to the Tower exceeded our expectations. It is certainly one of the most interesting places to visit in England.

The British Museum has been established about one hundred years, and contains collections more vast and interesting than any other in the world. It was founded by Sir Hans Sloane. I felt more particularly interested in the antiquities here preserved. Here are the Elgin marbles, a collection of exquisite specimens of Grecian art, which have been the wonder and admiration of sculptors, and of all who have taste to appreciate their beauty, since the Earl of Elgin brought them to England in 1801. These marbles adorned the Parthenon at Athens. There is an exact model of this building in the Marble Hall, which assists the visitor to understand the positions once occupied by

statues and bas-reliefs, now arranged in their mutilated state around the walls and on raised stages in the Elgin Saloon. There is also the Phigalian Saloon, in which we behold the marble statuary found in the ruins of the temple of Apollo Epicurus, near the ancient city of Phigalia. This temple was built in the time of Pericles. A series of very ancient and interesting marbles, resembling carved figures and designs embossed on grey stone globes, brought from the ruins of Nineveh, on the left bank of the Tigris, have recently been added to the Museum through the zeal and laborious researches of Dr. Layard. There is one great central saloon devoted to the remains of Greek and Roman art. Amongst these are forms of exquisite beauty, grace and truth. I saw sculptors and painters at their tables before many of these specimens, copying them for use.

But what I was more interested in than any thing else, were the rooms that contain the colossal sculptures of Egypt and the Egyptian mummies. There the swarthy heroes of the Nile look down upon us with a calm sense of superiority, and we can hardly forbear believing there were, as the Scriptures say, "giants in those days." Specimens of the insect world of Egypt are here which give us beetles too large for a man to stride upon their backs.

Here, too, is the Rosetta stone, which first suggested to Dr. Thomas Young a mode of decyphering the mysterious inscriptions on Egyptian monuments. This stone bears the same inscription in three different characters, one in hieroglyphics, one written in a character called *euchorial*, and the third in Greek. Thus, by means of the Greek

inscription, the hieroglyphics were for the first time rendered intelligible.

In another room, called the Egyptian Room, is another collection of Egyptian antiquities. These consist of figures of various deities in silver, bronze, porcelain, wax, wood, &c., a great number of vases, lamps and miscellaneous objects. But above all, in real interest, a large collection of human mummies, male and female, enclosed in the fibrous substances of the leaves which are wrapped around them. In some instances we could see the naked face, in others, the toes sticking out of their everlasting winding sheets. To look thus upon the bodies of kings and queens and heroes that made the world tremble thousands of years ago, was enough to fill the mind with solemnity and awe!

Here, too, are specimens of all the coins of the ancient world.

The Zoological collections in the Museum occupy five rooms and are very extensive. Here are skulls of the large mammalia, the bodies of reptiles, a display of monkeys, apes, porcupines, &c., fish and moluscous animals.

The collection of minerals is on the same scale with the vastness of the rest of the Museum. It fills four rooms and is arranged in sixty cases. These are rooms for students, not for mere spectators.

Another department contains organic remains, beginning with fossil vegetables. Then come remains of large reptiles, with some of the gigantic species extinct. A complete skeleton of the large extinct elk of the Irish bogs, of the American Mastadon and other fossil wonders, occupy five or six rooms in this department; and at one

end of one of them is the fossil human skeleton, embedded in limestone, brought from Guadaloupe by Admiral Cochran.

The Libraries of the British Museum contains about 500,000 volumes, and is visited by about 700,000 readers during the year. This library was begun by the donation by George IV., of the library of his father, George III. The building is on Russell street, and is immensely large. It is of marble. No fees of admission are required, or even allowed. It is a long work to go over the whole of it. I could spend but half a day in it. It is the largest Museum in the world.

A sensation came over me as I stood amongst the veritable ruins of Nineveh, Thebes, Greece and Rome — such as I never realized before. They were to my mind the demonstration of history, sacred and profane. Let deriders of the Bible visit the British Museum. I felt as if I saw what Jonah saw — very possibly I did ; for he saw Nineveh before its ruin, and its ruins before me were the veritable ones of old.

During the present season, when London is full of foreigners come to the Great Exhibition, every pains is taken by the Government and People to gratify the curiosity of strangers. Hence all such Institutions are thrown freely open, and attendants are appointed, without fee, to explain things as they go. This day when myself and son were in the Museum, I should judge there were *thousands* there. No one would think of visiting London and not going into the British Museum.

I must defer the other matters alluded to in the commencement of this letter, for another communication.

LETTER XVII.

SOMERSET PALACE AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Somerset Palace, Residence of Old Kings — View of the Ruin from its Terrace — Westminster Abbey — Thorny Island — Vow of Edward the Confessor — Enlarged by Henry III. — Daily Service in the Abbey — Chanting the Service on Entering the Chapels and Cloisters — Henry VII.'s Chapel — Westminster Assembly of Divines — Shrine of Edward I. — Old Coronation Chair — Burying-grounds Outside the Abbey — Names of American Ancestors.

LONDON, AUG. 6, 1851.

In my last I spoke of having just visited Somerset Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the Parliament House, where I witnessed the Lords in session. Somerset Palace is one of the grandest buildings in London. It is on the south bank of the Thames, near Waterloo Bridge, and was formerly the Royal Residence. It was originally built by the Protector Somerset, brother-in-law of Henry VIII., and was enlarged by James I. and Charles I. By the last it was given to his queen, and it remained in the possession of the queens of England till 1775, when our Revolution broke out, at which time it was given up as a place for public offices by George III., who removed to Buckingham Palace, which is yet the Metropolitan Residence of the Sovereign. There are some of the most massive sculptures in stone, upon the walls, window caps, cornices and battlements of this edifice, that I ever saw, or could wish

to see. It is of quadrangular shape, having, of course, an open court in the centre, *under* which, through gratings, we look down into hideous dungeons used in olden and more barbarous times than the present. The Royal Society, of which Sir Isaac Newton was President, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Astronomical and Geological Societies, have their rooms in this Palace. There are also many Government Offices in it for stamps, taxes, excise, registrar general of births, &c., all of which employ about 900 clerks constantly.

The east wing of the ruined part forms an extremity of *King's College*. The view from the terrace in front, over the river, is very fine. There we see all the bridges that span the Thames, the endless crowds which are ever moving upon them, and the navigation of all sorts that cover every rood of surface upon the river. It is astonishing to see the immense travel there is by steam-boats upon the Thames. They go, as omnibuses do, from one part of the city, upon the river, to another, and to Hampden Court above, and Gravesend below — and carry passengers for four-pence each. They are large and beautiful boats — not gaudy like ours — and are filled with masses of people. Like innumerable flies skipping upon the water, they make the very river black with their presence. It is astonishing to me how so many ships, vessels, steamers, boats, galliots, coal-barges, &c., &c., ever pass each other without coming in contact. But I suppose the pilots understand driving boats as well as omnibus drivers do their great vehicles through crowded streets. Of all the views in the great thoroughfares within the city, nothing is so strangely picturesque and grand, as the view of the Great

Artery of the Thames River, from Somerset Terrace, embracing the eight bridges, the piers, the shores and city on the other side, and the world of moving commerce upon the peopled stream.

But Westminster — what shall I say of that? So many thousands of letters from London have been written about this great temple, that nothing is left for me, which is not tame and common-place. Besides, I do not feel prepared now for a description. I visited it yesterday. It is near the Parliament House, which is on the bank of the river. The edifice is doubtless the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in England, or perhaps the world. The site it occupies was originally surrounded by the Thames and some of its little tributaries. It was called "Thorny Island," being a little island above, or west of the then city, covered with hawthorn bushes. A *minster* — as the *church* of a monastery, or place of worship, was then called, — was thus built in the *West* part of the town, and was of course *West minster*. It is so called yet, though it is no longer in the extreme west of London. The first little minster built on Thorny Island was in 610, by Segbert, King of Essex, — (his body lies in it now, and I felt to hold communion with the deep past as I stood over his shrine,) — a district now including Middlesex, two counties of England. This was the nucleus of the present edifice. Whilst thus small and poor, King Edward I., commonly called Edward the Confessor — a pious Catholic monarch — took a vow to perform a pilgrimage in one of the crusades to the Holy Land. Circumstances, however, prevented his fulfilment of this vow, and he applied to the Pope (Leo. IX.) for a dispensation, who granted it on

condition, that he would devote a tenth part of his entire substance, "as well in gold, silver and cattle, as in all his other possessions," to enlarge the minster at the West, to make it such as should become the Prince of the Apostles. Some therefore *now* say this is the true *St. Peter's Church*. Hence, another, and the true official name for it is *St. Peter's Collegiate Church*, rather than *Westminster Abbey*. The devout King commenced this building in 1050, and it was dedicated on Innocent's Day, 1065. Edward died in a week after. Two hundred years subsequently, his adorer and successor, Henry III., who had him canonized, or sainted, caused a splendid chapel to be built in the Abbey, and he and his brother Richard, King of the Romans, had his dead body exhumed, and bore it on their own shoulders to this sanctuary, where it now rests. It is covered by a grey marble structure, a fragment of which, having fallen near the base, I thought it no desecration to take up and preserve as a remembrance of Edward the Confessor — one of the earliest and most venerable monarchs of England.

This is the mausoleum of Kings. Edward's shrine is in the centre ; but surrounding it, within the pillars that support the walls, are the tombs of Henry III., Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Edward I., also the last named monarch himself, Queen Philippe, consort of Edward III., King Richard I., and the gorgeous monument of Henry V. This prince was brought hither by a funeral procession of three miles in length from Paris, to Calais, by a long route through Normandy, illuminated by 1000 torch bearers in white.

In this shrine are kept the coronation chairs, in which all the sovereigns of England, from Edward to Victoria,

have been anointed. The seat of the first is the famous Sconce Stone, the palladium of Scotch Royalty.

“Kyng Edwarde with the lang-shankes fra Scotland hit fette
Buyde the shrine of Seynte Edwarde at Westminstre het hitte sette.”

Westminster Abbey, however, was not completed by Edward. For centuries it has been growing. Successive monarchs have added to the original structure, not, however, for the sake of incorporating into it any of the new styles of Europe, for everything has proceeded in the Gothic order — all tending upwards in points to heaven. A hundred and fifty years after Edward, Henry III. greatly enlarged the minster. Thus it underwent alterations and improvements for many generations.

We entered the Abbey at the Poet's Corner, in the south-east corner of the transept. This Corner is an enormous hollow cross, remote from the common light of day, — every thing in it flowing upwards like the spirits of the Poets, whose monuments surround the space, fill the niches in the walls, or stand forth from the galleries. Here are the memorials of Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and Ben Johnson, with the inscription “O, rare Ben Johnson”! Shakspeare, Milton, Butler, (author of *Hudibras*,) Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Southey, &c. Shakspeare's body is not here, but still reposes in his own Stratford-upon-Avon, agreeably to the request which he had inscribed on his grave :

“Kinde friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the duste enclosed here !”

The most splendid part of the Abbey is St. Mary's, or “Our Lady's” Chapel, built by Henry VII., and hence called “Henry the Seventh's Chapel.” It is built out from the eastern part of the main building, and is the most per-

fect thing we ever saw. Every thing in it, like the works of Nature, admits closer and closer inspection — all is *more* than it assumes to be — *more* than it first appears.

“ In elder days of art,
Builders wrought with nicest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere.”

The fretted vault-work over head, the close array of saints beneath the upper windows, partially concealed by the banners of the Knights of the Bath, whose emblazoned stalls occupy full lines of both sides of the room — every thing is most noble and real !

In the centre of the terminating sweep, stands the chantry inclosure of brass, still more richly wrought ; and again, within that, yet richer than anything else, the tomb of King Henry VII. and his Queen. Nothing can exceed this in rich splendor. In his will he ordered that prayers should be offered at this shrine as long as the world stands, for the salvation of his soul ; but it has fallen into Protestant hands, and this item in his will is not now regarded.

This splendid room is where the Westminster Assembly of Divines sat and framed the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, when Cromwell had kicked over the throne, beheaded the King, and set up for Republicanism and Congregationalism.

When we entered the edifice and advanced to the principal nave, religious service was being conducted in one of the transepts. No other part of the building can be visited till this service is over ; and so, making a virtue of necessity, we took a seat and *witnessed* the ceremony. The Congregation was large, but it consisted of people who came to visit the Abbey, and were caught like our-

self. The interior of the principal nave which is first entered, is of cruciform shape. The service was in the right arm of the crucifix, which is a splendid room, entered by arches and itself a combination of arches all contributing to a still larger arch. It is finished in the proudest style. The *real* congregation who came for the use of the service, appeared to be two hired priests and a dozen or two of hired chanters. The rest were all spectators, waiting for the other doors to be opened, so they could go about the building. The priest was a young man who read, or rather sang, tolerably well — for *all* the service was chanted. He kept his key note, and when his voice should fall at the close of a period, the choir sung “Amen,” as a harmonious terminal. This was about all the singers had to do. Those who, at any time repeated the service with him, chanted as he did. I suppose it would be unlawful for any worshipper to *pray*, who could not pray in accordance with the musical notes before him. It would be decidedly vulgar to pray in the style of an address. Oh! Lord — what has pride done to corrupt and deaden the lively spirit of Christianity. We verily believe such proud and ceremonious mummary as we witnessed in Westminster Abbey has done more to make infidels than all the cavils of Hume and Voltaire. No religion but a humble one ever did any good; and none but such a religion will ever silence the objections of infidels. But how much humility is there in the English Church? It is the very highest point of fashion and of pride, that sets example for the proud and fashion-loving people of England — and of *some* in America.

It seems to me there is something revolting in converting a place erected for the living worship of God into a

gloomy and offensive sepulchre for the putrefying bodies of the dead. Is there any reason — any suitableness in such a strange arrangement? If we are to have tombs and sepulchres, let us have them; but if we are to have houses and churches, let us have *them*, and each in its proper place. But to combine both in one is revolting — to my mind at least. More than all, it seems to me decidedly in bad taste, that in a national mausoleum, monuments of family vanity, even in royal blood, should be allowed. Monuments are *records* to be examined, not *advertisements* for fame.

Returning from the Abbey I strolled into the burying grounds outside of the building next the street, where the common dead repose in the sweet bosom of the earth. This is made accessible by gates; all the grave-stones are slabs lying on the ground and are so worn by human feet walking over them that in many cases the inscriptions are actually worn out, and to preserve others, surviving friends have resorted to the expedient of drilling holes in the slabs, a few inches apart, all over the surface, and inserting short iron pins that project an inch or two so as to prevent people stepping upon them. I was curious to look amongst the stones and read the inscriptions with a view to see the names of our New England ancestry, and notice how far they differed from an American church yard. I felt quite at home here; more at home in holy communion with the humble, silent dead, than amongst the noisy things of the equally unknown living that crowd the gay streets around me. The names were as familiar as in a Yankee burying ground. With my pencil I took down some of them, which I insert here that my readers of the same names may conjecture where their

own families sprang from. The grave yard is on the north side of the Abbey, and consists perhaps of one or two acres. It is full of bodies. Such names as the following are in it: — Munroe, Miller, Barrett, Cross, Hawkins, Marsh, Harris, Andrews, Edwards, Cox, Thompson, Briggs, Hatch, Henderson, King, Moody, Johnson, Randall, Smith, Page, Bancroft, Cook, Weston, Golding, Baker, Wilson, Townsend, Field, Maddock, Chamberlain, Hamilton, Rice, Rust, Walker, Moore, Evans, Chapman, Sparks, Taylor, Harding, Mitchell, Simpson, Hawes, Badger, Allen, Burr, Pratt, Clark, Ball, Nash, Wright, Robinson, Crocker, Webb, Morris, Brown, Cooper, Stone, Lee, Wood, Jones, Scott, Gray, Burton. These are all familiar names in Maine and other parts of New England, and it is very likely the original ancestors of those who now bear them amongst us lie in the Church Yard of Westminster Abbey, whose graves I stood over. Oh! that the departed spirits of the dead, by all the solemn realities of what they know, might ever be around and amongst their earthly posterity to influence their hearts to all holy affections, and their lives to every deed of duty.

LETTER XVIII.

APPROACHING THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

London itself a Grand Fair—Army of Police—Politeness—Systematic Charities—Begging forbidden—Brief description of the Crystal Palace—The American Department—Gathering Stock to work up at Home—Hyde Park—Tardy progress of Republican ideas in England.

LONDON, August 7, 1851.

THE world is here to see the Crystal Palace and its contents ; but spacious as is the edifice, and magnificent as is the Exhibition in it, there are whole streets in London, which, if possible, are equally gorgeous and beautiful. Indeed, this vast city is at the present season, almost itself one grand Fair. So numerous are the objects of interest on all sides, that strangers, during the first stages of their visit here, are hardly able to get as far as Hyde Park, on which the Crystal Palace is situated, for some time. I have been in London a week, and yet, must confess, I have spent but one day in the Great Exhibition ; first, I desired to get the lay of the land, take an outside look, and avail myself of opportunities that might not later occur, of seeing certain matters and things interesting in the past and present history of the city and kingdom. A person might spend six months here as a constant observer, and find enough to do without reaching the Crystal alace.

London this summer, like a Queenly Capital, is clad in her beautiful garments, and is dressed up for the Fair. The Royal Government, the Benevolent and Literary Institutions, the places of Amusement, the Palaces and Club Houses, and stores and shops have all combined to see what could be done to make the World's Metropolis appear to best advantage to the world *attracted* hither, — and I repeat, it is all put in order like one vast Fair — so that the Crystal Palace loses in a measure its pre-eminence of attraction.

The citizens seem aware that their streets are full of strangers here on pleasant and friendly offices, and wherever we go we meet with nothing but polite attentions. Indeed, politeness is one of the virtues universally cultivated from childhood in London. A well clad army of Police is stationed all over the city within sight of each other, constantly perambulating the streets, to keep all things in order and to give strangers every species of information they may desire. You cannot go ten rods without finding a Policeman, and when you ask for information on any subject in relation to streets, residences, places of business, public offices, conveyances, or indeed almost any matter of history, you will find him instantly serving you with a zeal that shows how deep an interest he takes in accommodating you. He will even watch the omnibus drivers, hack-men and porters, to see that they are not attempting to take advantage of you. No violations of law can well take place in their presence ; and as they are present every where, everything is most orderly. I have not seen a drunken man, nor heard a profane or vulgar word in one of the streets of London — nor have I seen a beggar ! This may surprise you. I myself ex-

pected at every turn to be accosted by pitiable objects of distress soliciting alms ; but with the exception of a very *reasonable* request made of me by one of the boys in Field Lane Ragged School last Sabbath evening — a request, of course, I was glad to gratify, I have not, since I have been in London, met with an individual soliciting charity. The truth is — and for the credit of London, the world ought to know it — there is and can be no real suffering known in London, which is not provided for by legal and benevolent institutions which do a glorious work of charity on the surest and most efficient systems. Begging is forbidden. No one dare beg in presence of a police officer. He knows that a man will be at his elbow in a moment who will ascertain whether the applicant is *really* needy or not ; and if he is, will refer him at once to the proper source of relief ; and if *not*, will see that he is properly punished for his attempting to impose upon strangers. Police officers tell us, if you would not be imposed upon, and would do good, just call at No. — on — Street, and purchase tickets according to your own liberality, varying from one farthing to one pound ; and if a beggar accosts you, give him one of those tickets. He will go to the office, and if he is in need, the cost of the ticket he brings will be paid him in money or food, or clothing, or anything else he or she may need. This is the late Sir Robert Peel's system, and saves the city from all nuisances of beggary. It is entitled to the consideration of Boston, New York and other cities of America where begging is made a profitable business of. I suspect the fact is not generally known, at it should be, that the wealth of London has provided for all the pressing wants of the really unfortunate and meritorious poor. Why, we cannot go

any where without reading upon the walls of buildings the arrangements which are made by heaven-born charity for the relief of the distressed. Just at the corner of the street where I have my lodgings, is a long building, larger than the Maine Insane Hospital, on the walls of which are painted in great letters running almost the whole length of the front — “Strangers or citizens, unprovided with homes, who are sick, are received here on their own application, and taken care of gratuitously.” And on the main door, over the knocker — “Ask and ye shall receive — knock and it shall be opened unto you.” Another Hospital, not far off, is established for the reception of abandoned females whom the police officers take up by night. There they are provided for, and measures taken if possible, to better their condition and induce them to abandon their course. If they appear at all desirous to reform, they are, in due time, after receiving proper medical attention, sent to another establishment, wholly managed by matronly females, where they are set at work, and moral and religious discipline is established calculated to encourage and reform them. By invitation of Rev. C. Spear, who was invited to preach in one of those Hospitals last Sabbath morning, I went into the “London Female Penitentiary” with him, and there saw a chapel full of females just raised from the gutter, clad in neatest quaker suits, with brown dresses, white caps and aprons — all in exact uniform. A proportion of such Magdalenes become permanently cured and reformed. In no country of the world is charity so well and philosophically systematized as in England. I do not say there is not poverty here; there is indeed. Did I not see it at the Jack Sheppard Ruins and the Ragged School last Sunday night? Oh!

my God! be merciful—be merciful to thy creatures; and make *us* the instruments of answering this prayer! Never, never did I see, or dream of seeing, such vice and misery, and so much of it, before! But I must forbear now, and make this the subject of another communication.

I have said that I have yet been to the Glass Palace but once. I shall go many times more, at my convenience. The object of my first day's visit was to see its exterior, and the Park on which it is situated, and to take a running view of the contents. No one can do this in less than a day. It fully equals my expectations. Conceive of a glass building covering 18 acres of land, so high as to embrace elm trees 108 feet in height beneath its roof; and besides the main floor, two stories of galleries rising above each other to the top—the stained glass throwing their rays of light in the most advantageous directions upon the infinite variety of goods, wares, specimens of fine arts, skill, taste, &c., which cover the thirty-two miles of tables which run through the edifice! Was there ever anything like it? Never.

Flags of all nations are displayed from the roof in every direction. Those of my own country, the “Stars and Stripes,” I was proud to notice, were the *first*, under which everybody enters the Palace, who approaches it from the east, to the main entrance. There is an entire line of them across this whole end of the building, mingled occasionally with English Flags, showing the friendship of nations having a common origin. The first department inside is devoted to the United States; and though it is now well filled, yet it was not so extensively occupied at first, as we could wish. The English knowing the Yankee tricks of brother Jonathan, were expecting that the daughter

would outdo the mother, and of course were stimulated to make the greater exertions themselves. But the truth is, America is a great distance hence — much farther than the continental nations of Europe. Our people were not prepared to go or send their things, so far, to the Exhibition ; moreover, our government could do little or nothing towards defraying the expense, as other nations did for their citizens. True, the Secretary fitted out one ship, and allowed articles to come into it free ; but the expense of getting them to the ship in New York, and then from Southampton to London, with perhaps no one to take care of them whilst here, or return them to the States again, were very formidable obstacles to a *general* sending of things to the Exhibition from America. And besides, we do not yet profess to excel in all the Fine Arts, and are not driven to the necessity of showing how much labor can be expended on small things. Other nations less favored, have been obliged to do this, and they are here with all their handy-work. If America would show *herself* to the world, she must bring on here what the Crystal Palace cannot hold, — her Mississippis, her Ohios, her Eries, her Superiors, her vast Prairies, her interminable Lumber Forests, her Water Power, her Railroads, her Merchant Ships, &c. In needle and brush work we do not profess to compete with Germany or Italy. The American part, however, of the Exhibition is highly respectable, and creditable to us. Since the Exhibition opened, Mr. Lawrence has sent home to America for the right sort of things ; and John Bull will, yet see where the premiums go.

The list begins with “Maine,” — so that on entering the Palace, under the American flag, the world is first

introduced to our own State. I have taken some pains, and shall take more, to call the attention of the world to the National Resources and Industrial Interests of Maine ; but unless I spend some time and watch for the moving of waters, which move slow in this conservative land, I fear I shall not have so many opportunities as I could desire for this service. I cannot afford to stay a great while. Six weeks consumed on my passage, was a loss of three weeks time here. And then the expenses of living or staying in London are enormous. You cannot go or stay or turn around without putting your hand in your pocket, pretty deeply too, to the tune of some sort of expense. Every thing is taxed in England — even the light we see and the air we breathe. I shall observe what I may, and do all I can, and gather up materials on which to work after I get home. Like a man who goes out in the forests for his stock and brings it into his shop for manufacture, so I have come out to England for materials, and shall take them home to my own laboratory to put in shape in a more quiet and convenient place — even the sanctuary of my own home.

The Park on which the Glass Palace is erected, connected with two other Parks and Kensington Gardens all running together, embraces as I have said, more than eight hundred acres, and has on it carriage ways, race courses, foot paths, fountains and a long pond or lake called Serpentine River. This is near the Palace, and is a beautiful sheet. Swans in graceful motion, ducks, geese, &c., rest upon its bosom ; a bridge crosses it, from which you may see row boats, long, narrow and light built for racers, sail boats, and one ship, full rigged, a young man-of-war belonging to Victoria's oldest boy. On the

green swards of the Park are sheep, deer, ponies and donkeys feeding. On the carriage ways the richest vehicles and stateliest coaches are moving, drawn by elegant spans of horses, driven by one man in gold lace mounted on the near horse, and another as gaudily dressed on the box, whilst another sits on a little cushioned seat, fringed with gold lace, in the rear of the body of the main carriage — and all this to carry perhaps one Lord and his Lady, or it may be one child only. The liveried servants are numerous and the way they “dance attendance on the great,” is an illustration *not* of republicanism. *Could* England be free, she would be glorious. But I fear republicanism stands a sorrier chance for triumph — since Cromwell’s efforts were killed off two hundred years ago, than in any civilized nation. The truth is, England is a “*fast anchored* Isle,” fast anchored in old notions. She is the most conservative nation I know of, and this trait in her character will prevent all essential reforms in the constitution of her government.

To-morrow I visit Windsor Castle, the House of English Sovereigns for several centuries past.

LETTER XIX.

VISIT TO PARLIAMENT.

Constitution of the English Government—Power of the Chief Magistrate—The Legislative Houses—Rights of Suffrage—Independence of the Crown—Parliament House—The First ever Built—Its locality, size, style—Victoria Tower—Quantity of Materials in the Edifice—Westminster Abbey—Introduction to the Government Palace—Position in the Gallery of the House of Lords—Different approaches to it—The Octagonal Hall in the House of Lords—Description of the chamber, seats, tables, woolsack, tribune, galleries, stalls, windows, paintings—The Lord Chancellor—No Written Rules and Orders—Significance of the Woolsack—The Throne—Paintings in rear of the Throne—Ceiling—Peeresses Seat—Baronial Statues—Appearance of the Members—Subjects under discussion—Speakers—The Duke of Wellington—Bag of Maintenance from the Commons—Young Prince of Wales and two Turks near the Throne—American Senate superior to House of Lords.

LONDON, AUG. 6, 1851.

The British Parliament consists of an hereditary Chief Magistrate, under the title of King or Queen, a House of Lords, and a House of Commons. No female can ascend the throne if she has a brother or any other male relation of the same rank as herself, living; hence it is a rare thing for England to have a QUEEN—and this rarity creates a new interest in the Government; kings are much more common. The Executive Government, in fact, is in the hands of a Ministerial Cabinet appointed by the Crown, who exercise their functions on their own responsibility. They are removable, or must resign, when their own personal influence, or that of their party, falls

into the minority. So that the changes in the Executive Government of England, follow the changes in public sentiment. In the United States, the Executive cannot be changed, however unpopular or odious, in less time than four years; in England it may be changed at every vote of the popular branch of Parliament. The Queen has no control over the National Legislature, having given up the power, though not the right, of putting a veto on any measure.

The House of Lords consists of hereditary Peers, twenty-eight Peers elected by the Irish Peers for life, sixteen by the Scotch Peers for each Parliament, and thirty Archbishops and Bishops of the Established Church of England. From time to time the Queen names new Peers, and occasionally, to strengthen a party, without increasing the stock of hereditary Peers, the eldest son of a Peer is called into the House of Lords. All are not "lords" who are Peers, or rather all are not called lords who are members of the Upper House—the lords are the lowest, then arise earls, marquises, and lastly dukes, which are only one step from the throne.

The House of Commons consists of 650 members, elected by the people, and who hold the purse strings of the nation. Neither the nobility nor the monarch can touch a penny without the consent of the Commons. The right of suffrage differs in different districts. In some boroughs, every working-man is an elector; but generally a voter must be a householder, or have some interest in the soil, either as proprietor or farmer. In London the right of voting is vested in the occupiers of houses, counting-houses, warehouses, or other buildings, the yearly rent of which, is at least £10. They must also have been

taxed for the support of the poor, and what is better, they *must have paid their poor rates* ; however, their failure to pay other taxes is no disqualification. The Queen at the present session of Parliament has recommended the extension of the rights of suffrage amongst her people — and this is the tendency of things now. No government in the world is so free as the English, excepting our own ; and even in some respects, the central power of Great Britain is not so fearful as that of our country. The power of the central government ceases with the political department. It has no local prerogatives. The local government is in the hands of independent authorities. The Queen herself cannot enter London without the consent of the city, through its Lord Mayor. Thus a degree of Federal independence, not existing in any Democracy, is found throughout the British Empire.

Before I proceed to speak of my visit to the House of Lords, it is proper I should give some account of the Parliament House itself — or, the Palace of Westminster. It is a remarkable fact, that, until this building was erected, which was commenced in 1835, and is not yet completed, the British nation has never owned or had a House for its Legislative Assemblies. These, from time immemorial, have been lodged in places never built for them, sometimes in chapter rooms, in public halls, monasteries, and royal palaces. A huge conglomeration of small buildings attached to each other, and in modern times occupied by the different Houses, was burnt in 1834, in the time of King William IV., and then the idea was started of erecting a Parliament House for the accommodation of the government, to be owned by the nation. The site is on the bank of the river Thames, and covers eight acres of

ground. Westminster Abbey is on the opposite side of the street; and old Westminster Hall adjoins it on the north. The vast edifice is the most splendid, probably, in the world—in Gothic order, built of a hard, magnesian limestone, externally cut in panels and other ornamental work of the style of the time of Henry VIII., and has six lofty towers of the richest designs, the largest one of which, at the south-western corner, being the royal entrance, is called the “Victoria Tower.” This is crowned with four pinnacles, three hundred and forty feet from the ground. Its river front is one thousand feet in length, and the south part, extending to Westminster Hall, is three hundred and forty feet long. Though not yet completed, already more than a million tons of stone, twenty-four millions of brick, and five thousand tons of iron have been put into the building. It is an immense and most splendid pile of Gothic buildings; and as the eye rests upon its broad facades, its lofty turrets and towers, and its numerous pinnacles and rich fret-work, it presents a spectacle most grand and imposing, well worthy the Parliament of the British Empire.

I have been spending the afternoon of August 5 in Westminster Abbey — that vast mausoleum which is made the final resting place of kings and queens, and dukes and nobles, and warriors and scholars, and poets and divines; — and at 5 o'clock crossed the street, (Abingdon,) to the Victoria Tower of the Parliament House, and to the officer in waiting, presented the cards of introduction given to myself and son by Mr. Lawrence, and we were politely received and placed under a guide, who led us by narrow and circuitous passages, sometimes up stairs and

sometimes down — we could not say where, — till at last we found ourselves in the end gallery of the House of Lords, opposite the Throne, in presence of the Peers upon their seats, and surveying the rich displays of a Chamber among the most magnificently finished and ornamented, probably, of any room in the world.

Fancy yourself, kind reader, seated with us, as if upon one of the singing seats of a meeting-house gallery. None are admitted to these seats during session of the Peers, but by cards issued from the proper office, and which are limited to the number of seats. The foreign ministers are furnished, each day with a small number of these cards, by which they can introduce a few friends of their own country to the British Halls of Legislation. The seats around us are all comfortably filled, and at our left sits a member of the House of Commons, who will be so kind as to explain all we may desire to know, of the place and the characters that move in it.

The room before us is in the centre of the south half of the Palace, and is lighted by windows looking into open courts, within the exterior rooms of the main building, on both sides, east and west. It is approached through the royal court and gallery and prince's chamber on the south, and from the central hall, an octagonal room in the exact centre of the building, mid-way, between the Houses of Lords and Commons. This hall, by the way, is sixty feet in diameter and sixty feet high, crowned by a massive dome, surrounded with a light open stone lantern, and spire three hundred feet high. Long corridors lead from this octagonal Hall to the House of Lords, south, and the House of Commons north, adjacent to which Houses, and the ends of the corridors,

are lobbies for the respective chambers. Now look into the House. It is ninety feet long, by forty-five wide, and forty-five high. Below you, on the main floor, are the Peers in their seats, the Lord High Chancellor on the Woolsack, and the Scribes at their tables. The floor is covered with the richest Axminster carpets of silk velvet, in checks of various colors. The members' seats are arranged with great simplicity. There are three rows of them, extending lengthwise on each side of the Chamber, cut by aisles running back to the stalls against the wall, into four sections — that is, each row consists of four seats ten feet long. These seats are like straight benches, stuffed and lined with red morocco. In the middle of the room, between and in front of these tiers of seats, is a wide space the whole length of the hall, which answers for a passage way, and is so wide as to admit large tables in the centre of the hall. The first table, nearly beneath us, is for clerks, who sit in gold lace coats and powdered wigs, with their books and stationery before them. A few feet beyond this table is another, square one, a sort of tribune, on which are books, and to which each member advances from his seat as he rises to address the House. A little beyond that is what is called the Woolsack, something like a great sack of wool, covered with scarlet cloth, and long enough to reach nearly across the main passage from the Peers' seats on the opposite sides. It has in the centre a red stuffed block, against which the man who sits upon it may rest his back. It is all the support he has. This Woolsack is the seat of the Lord High Chancellor, who is the presiding officer of the House. He does not appear to have much to do, for he has no power to enforce rules

or to call members to order. Indeed, though we hear much of "Parliamentary Rules" in this country, there are no Rules in the House of Lords. Every member is supposed to have sense of propriety enough to be a Rule unto himself, and if he has not, he suffers disgrace — that is all. The Lord Chancellor is clad in a long black surplice, with white bands under his chin, like those worn by a clergyman, and with a grey lace cap covering his head like a close-fitting night-cap, with its ears or cape descending to his elbows and hips. He keeps about the Woolsack, but not always upon it. He is moving about amongst the members in cheerful conversation, whilst discussions are going on. No member, as I have said, speaks in his seat, but at the table, a tribune in the centre, and then he does not address the Chair, the Woolsack, nor the Lord Chancellor, but "My noble Lords." The Woolsack is preserved as a memorial of the great business England has always done in the manufacture of wool.

Behind the Woolsack, there is a bar like a fence of golden palings, across the House, which partitions that end of the Chamber into a sanctuary for the Throne. This is within that enclosure, on a dais of three steps, extending nearly back to the wall. The throne is embraced in a golden framework and is under a superb Gothic canopy, supported by four golden columns or pillars in front. Small golden spires arise from the top of this canopy. The platform of the throne is covered with a silk velvet carpet, wrought in large squares of crimson and white. On this royal elevation are three large old fashioned arm chairs, with high perpendicular backs rising to a point; the arms are strait and wide, and the whole is

covered uniformly with crimson velvet. There is nothing ornamental in the shape of carved work or gold trimmings, on either chair. The middle one is for Her Majesty, the Queen; that on the right, is for her elder son, the Prince of Wales, who is always heir apparent to the Throne; and that on the left, is for Her Royal Consort, Prince Albert. The whole floor space within the great bar, already spoken of, which is elevated one step above the main floor of the House, and from which the Throne in the centre arises, is also carpeted with the richest figures. On this carpet, in front of the Throne are four golden pedestals, with twenty candles in each. On the wall behind the Throne are three compartments in the form of arches, frescoed. The painting in the one immediately behind the Throne represents the baptism of King Ethelbert; that on the right the Black Prince, receiving from Edward III., the order of the Garter; and that on the left, Henry V. when Prince of Wales, submitting to the authority of Judge Gascoigne, who ordered him to prison. The first is intended as a personification of *Religion*; the second, of *Chivalry*; and the third of *Justice*.

The ceiling overhead is divided by cross beams, with elegant gilded cornices, constituting eighteen squares, which at the ends of the Chamber make the tops of three compartments, meeting them from the walls, and six on each side of the room, where are like correspondences with the six windows below the ceiling.

The arrangement of members' seats has already been mentioned. The three rows described, do not extend back to the wall, but between the upper row and the wall are six richly finished stalls, one in each compartment, the

carved sides of which rise as supporters for a narrow gallery, that has a most superb front, and that is finished into rich stalls, with four red velvet seats, for the accommodation of eight persons. These are intended for Peeresses. Behind these gallery stalls, on the walls, is a carved ballustrade that rises to the base of six great arched windows, which ascend to meet the squares upon the lofty ceiling. These windows are of stained glass, representing the Kings and Queens of England. Against the piers separating the frescoes at the Throne end, are statues of two of the barons who aided in obtaining Magna Charter, and the sixteen others who aided in the same great securities for English liberty, are to be placed on the piers at the sides between the great windows. Chandeliers hang out from these. There is a door on either side of the Throne, that leads to the Prince's chamber in rear of it.

When we arrived at the Parliament House it was early — only 5 o'clock, P. M. The sessions commence thus early, but generally last till midnight. There were but few Peers present when we reached the gallery, but it was not long before the number amounted to forty or fifty. The Lord Chancellor was on the Woolsack, dressed as I have described. He appeared to be a bright, active man of about sixty years of age. The members were carelessly or indifferently, lounging upon their seats, or moving about the chamber at pleasure. The seats at the right of the Woolsack, were occupied by Bishops in lawn. During the two hours we remained, the subjects under consideration were the absorbing Catholic question, of the right of the Pope to establish an ecclesiastical dynasty in Great Britain, without the consent of the

English Government, and some local matters in relation to Canada. Several Peers advanced from their seats to the table and spoke on these subjects, amongst whom was the Earl of Shaftesbury, formerly Lord Ashley, the father of the Ragged School System, Earl Gray, Lord Monteagle, the old "Iron Duke," Lord Wellington, a Bishop Somebody, and others. They spoke rather like sensible, polite gentlemen, assembled together in a parlor, than as orators in the forum. Wellington was clad in a blue coat with white pantaloons. Most of the time he stood or sat with his hat on; but when he spoke, he uncovered, and exposed a very grey head. He is eighty-five years old, and it is nearly forty years since he conquered Napoleon on the field of Waterloo and made him an exile on St. Helena. He appeared quite erect, and moved with a cautious but prompt military step. His voice is harsh, and he spoke but a short time and withdrew from the Chamber through one of the doors by the side of the Throne. He is said to have more influence than any other Peer in the House. We did not see Lord Brougham — being ill all summer, he has at no session been present. The Lords had no insignia of office upon their persons, but were clad in citizens' dresses according to the common fashions of the day.

There was on the large table of the Scribes, in the centre of the Chamber, an old-fashioned japanned tin trunk, with handles on the end, and a stripe of worn-out gilding upon the corners. I suppose it is some ancient receptacle of old papers or records — perhaps the Magna Charta itself.

The most the Lord Chancellor had to do whilst we were there, was occasionally to pass from the table in front of

his Woolsack down the avenue, under our gallery to the door that leads to the House of Commons; and anon he would return with a golden Carpet Bag hanging from his arm; and as he returned to his table he would exclaim, "Message from the House of Commons!" and thrust his arm into the Bag, take out a paper and announce the subject matter of it. This he did many times whilst we were in the Chamber. I suppose the Bag that contained the Messages from the Lower House, was golden, to signify that as the House hold the purse-strings, all the supplies for government must come from that source.

Whilst we sat noticing the rich displays all over this magnificently finished room, I noticed for a long time two live Turks, in full costume, with caps, turbans and shawls, and a tall, active, polite lad about ten years of age, all standing or walking behind the bar, and within the enclosure that contained the Throne. Interrogating the Commoner at our side for an explanation of such persons in that sacred place, he remarked, that those Turkish gentlemen were Pachas from Egypt, and the lad who accompanied them was the Prince of Wales, the Queen's eldest boy. It is the prerogative of royalty alone to witness the proceedings of the Peers from that point, and therefore he had introduced the Turks to gratify their curiosity. We reflected that, in a few years, probably, that boy will be King Alfred II. of England. It is said, but I know not how true it is, that Victoria is so averse to the responsibilities of the Queen, that she designs as soon as her Heir becomes of age, to abdicate the Throne, and give the reins into his hands. If so, this will be the first instance of voluntary abdication in English history.

There appeared to be but few old men amongst the Peers — most of them are men in middle life. Nor, by what I saw and heard, did I see any evidences of greatness amongst them. The British House of Lords is not equal to the American Senate. The Peers have no pay for their services — “they work for nothing and find themselves.” This, I believe, is also true of the members of the House of Commons.

LETTER XIX.

VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

Ride to Windsor—Beauty of the Country and Fragrance of the Fields—Hedges—Reapers, Male and Female—Corn Ricks, or Grain Barns—Cottages—Town of Windsor—Location of the Castle—Appearance of its Walls—Entrance—Delay Improved—St. George's Chapel—Knight's Stalls—Queen's Closet—Paintings by West—Altar Tombs—Inscribed Prayer for Henry VII. and his Dean—Royal Tomb House—Princess Charlotte's Cenotaph—The Round Tower—State Prisoners—View from the top—The Gold Rooms—Back to London—Aspiration—The Royal Mews—Queen's Ponies—State Apartments—Queen's Audience Chamber—Presence Chamber—Guard Chamber—Banqueting Hall—The Throne—Ball Room—Waterloo Gallery—Grand Staircase—Other Rooms—Eton College—The Parks—Long Walk—King George's Statue—Herds of Deer—Prince Albert's Fields—His Interest in Agriculture—Apostrophe to Windsor Forest.

WINDSOR CASTLE, AUG. 7, 1851.

I BEGIN this Letter, as you will perceive by its date, in the dwelling-place of Majesty, the Queen's House, which has been the birth place of Princes and the residence of Monarchs for eight hundred years. I say I begin it here, but shall not finish it, probably, till my return to London this evening. I seize a half-hour of constrained rest—waiting my turn to be introduced to the State Apartments of the Royal Castle;—and, with a golden pen that I just now purchased under the shadows of the Round Tower, commence the first use of it by writing whilst yet the subject is fresh upon my mind and in my very eye. I am like John the Revelator—in one humble respect;—wherever I am, at home or abroad, in a Log Cabin or

a Monarch's Palace, I hear a voice saying unto me — "*Write!*" And I must "not be disobedient to the heavenly vision."

Our party came up hither, twenty-two miles, from the City of the World, early this morning, to spend the entire day in and around Windsor Castle. By the favor of Mr. Lawrence, we were honored with a special introduction, which secures to us some privileges which cannot be commanded by common visitors, who have to purchase tickets of admission. The daily average of such visitors is one thousand. The Queen allows all the Castle to be thus visited, except her private apartments, every day but Tuesdays, Fridays and Sundays.

The ride from London to Windsor in a clear morning sun, and an air made fragrant by fields of honeysuckle all the way, is very delightful; and, amidst such scenery, is absolutely enchanting. I never saw anything so beautiful as an English landscape in the harvest season and on such a dewy morn. No wonder England has given birth to some of the best pastoral poets of the world. The eye drinks in pleasure from every point, and turns reluctantly from one view only to take a new and still more wonderful one in another direction. If there is any part of the habitable globe where art and wealth have made earthly things, a representation of a heavenly paradise, it is upon the banks of the Thames, from the great Metropolis to the abode of the Imperial Sovereign. It is worth a whole voyage from America to Europe, to behold and enjoy. Yonder, are the stately edifices of Lords and Gentry, half concealed by intervening parks, and approached by "winding ways, through forest, field and lawn." The surrounding grounds, which, in every case, are ample, — sometimes

amounting to a thousand acres,—are cultivated in a style of perfection hardly yet known in our own country; and the beautifully trimmed hedges—the only fences here seen—bending under the weight of crimson red berries, or blooming with flowers that hang like a bordering of lace from vines trained along their ambrosial sides—meet the eye every where, dividing the grounds into gardens and lawns and fields and avenues of all dimensions.

The reapers are in the midst of the harvest season—taking down the precious grain in every direction. Men, and as many *women*, ply the sickle with dexterity and good cheer. The smiling faces and the merry songs show the joys of an English “*harvest home*.” I never saw such extensive fields of wheat, nor such healthy and abundant crops. But no barns of wood or stone are to be seen. The grain, after being gathered into bundles and standing a few days, is made into ricks, by skilful hands with ropes, and even a ridge pole and leaves, of the same golden material, and look, for all the world, like *solid* barns of grain and “nothing else.” They are in every field, and often near the road-side, and give the whole country a *thickly-settled* appearance of what, with us, would be a new kind of edifices. The extensive meadows, which have once been mown, and on which the fragrant hay-ricks stand, have put forth a second growth of honey-suckle clover which is now in full blossom, and makes the ample fields appear covered with the richest living carpets.

The English cottages, too, are numerous—often clustered into villas—with rural life in its beauties—showing that, after all, there may be more happiness at the rustic’s hearth than in the nobleman’s parlor.

Thus we have ridden from London up river to this old home of English kings. When within two miles of our destination, we had our first glimpse of the Royal Castle. We could see it rising above all other lands and edifices, like a majestic crown upon the common head of paradise.

We entered the town, or village of Windsor — a place about the size of Augusta, but not so handsome — by crossing a beautiful stone bridge, under which, upon the glassy surface of the Thames, we noticed several large black swans gracefully moving upon the waters. The street, from the bridge, rises sharply southward, with blocks of old brick stores on the right hand side, where trading is done on a small scale; but on the left is a crowning bluff whereon the venerable and huge Castle stands, in royal magnificence, overlooking the town, the river and twelve counties of England, surrounding this central point of Queenly power. The street proceeds up the hill and winds to the left, passing the whole southern part of the Castle. This is so large, and has been enlarged successive-ly by so many kings — here a new wing, there a new arch, and yonder new towers and battlements, that really it seems quite a city of itself. The old part of the Castle is the west end, near the street that rises from the bridge. That was built by William, the Norman Conqueror of England, and appears very old. Ivy creeps up its antiquated walls and thrusts its tendrils into the opening seams, and upon the rough surfaces of the deep blue stones. I noticed that some parts of the Castle here were in ruins, and workmen were engaged in making repairs. As you advance, the edifice appears more sound and modern, till you reach the other, or eastern end, which is the nursery

where Victoria has her private quarters. From the street, here called Church street, the Castle, or rather the Court within it, is entered under the venerable Arch of King Henry VIII's. Gateway, which is supported by two massive towers, on either hand. There are several of such archways on the different sides of the Castle — the last of which was made by King William IV., and each of which is guarded by sentinels around.

On our arrival, we were too early to gain admission to the State Apartments; and hitherto, we have employed ourselves in taking outside views, visiting St. George's Chapel, where the Royal Family worships, taking a view from the Round Tower, examining the plate in the Gold Room and passing through some of the corridors of the Castle. Having done this, it is time to rest; and so I have seated myself on one of the velvet cushions in a projecting window of an ante-room that looks out upon the Royal Garden of twenty-two acres, taken out my portfolio and new pen, and must improve the half hour before me in writing down my observations in each of those places. After this we shall proceed through the State Apartments, visit the the Royal Mews, go out upon the Home Park, ride down Long Way, take a look at Virginia Water, stroll in the Windsor Forest of Shakspeare, take a last farewell view of this Royal Castle, return to London, where I hope to finish the rest of my day's observations, before I sleep.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL has daily service in it, attended by the Royal Family, and the great officers of Her Majesty resident within the Castle. It has a Dean and full corps of ecclesiastics to perform the ceremonies, who have their quarters near the Chapel, which is within the

quadrangle of the main building. The edifice is a splendid one, built by King Edward III. shortly after he instituted the Order of the Garter in 1350. It was dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of that Order, and hence is called St. George's Chapel. It is the place for the grand encampments of the Knights of the Garter. A matronly lady admitted and conducted us through the Chapel and its cloisters. The interior is calculated to excite the highest admiration. The floor is of a diamond marble, — alternately black and white. The roof is vaulted fretwork. The great window over the altar, of stained glass was designed by the American painter West, and represents the resurrection of Jesus. The other windows also are stained with scripture figures designed by West. There is also a splendid painting by West above the communion table. On the walls of the main floor, are arranged the rich stalls of the Knights, twenty in number, including Sovereigns, under the organ gallery. I noticed stalls here belonging to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Holland, the King of Prussia, the King of Saxony, the King of Belgium, the King of Wirtemberg, besides the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Albert's father, and several of the Dukes, Earls and Marquises of Great Britain. Over each stall, under a carved work, are the sword, mantle, helmet and crest of each Knight; above these is the banner on which are his armorial bearings, and at the back of the seat are engraved brass records of his name, style and titles. The stall of the Sovereign is distinguished by a canopy and curtains of velvet, embroidered with gold fringe. This, however, is not where she worships. There is a gallery for her on the north of the Altar, called the "Queen's Closet." The curtains,

chairs and others appurtenances are of the gartar-blue silk, and the window that enlightens it is ornamented with beautiful pictures in stained glass. Under this is the tomb of King Edward IV., ornamented with a monument of wrought steel. Near the eleventh stall are the remains of Henry VIII and his Queen, Lady Jane Seymour, and Charles I., who was beheaded under Cromwell. On the screen of a small chantry lower down the aisle, are the arms of Henry VII., who was a great admirer of the Dean of this Chapel, Dr. Christopher Urswick, upon which is the following inscription:—

“Pray for the souls of King Henry VII. and Christofyr Urswick, sometime Lord Almoner to the King, and Dean of this Chapel. Hail, Mary, and blessed be thy holy mother Anne, from thy most pure virgin flesh issued without stain; Amen. God have mercy on the souls of King Harry the Seventh. and Christofyr Urswick, and all Christian souls! Amen. O God, who by thy only-begotten Son didst redeem mankind, being incarnate of the Virgin womb, and having suffered death, deliver, we beseech then, the souls of Henry VII. and Christofyr, and all those whom Christofyr offended during life, from eternal death, and bring them to eternal life! Amen. God have mercy.”

Doubtless the good Dean, as in duty bound, wrote this inscription for his King. He seemed to be faithful to his royal master's eternal interests, but was very careful not to forget his own necessities in the same connexion. He needed to be prayed out of purgatory as well as Henry VII.

At the east end of the Chapel is the Royal Tomb House, under which King George III. built a cemetery for the repose of his family. It is cut out of the strata of chalk, which constitutes the foundation of the Castle, and is fifteen feet in depth. The lady conducted us through a subterraneous passage down to this vault. On each side are the receptacles, for the bodies, formed by gothic octagonal pillars, supporting a range of four shelves.

There we stood over the coffined remains of King George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, father of Victoria, the Duke of York, and the Princesses Charlotte and Amelia — all of whom have died within my own memory and since that vault was prepared. A Cenotaph of the universally beloved Princess Charlotte also stands in the choir of chapel. Such was the superiority of her intellectual powers, the extent of her beneficence, and the singular purity of her personal example, that the whole civilized world felt afflicted in her death. I must confess I was disappointed in St. George's Chapel. My visit to it was more interesting even than that to Westminster Abbey.

THE ROUND TOWER is between the two wards of the castle, and is the highest of all the towers connected with it. The circumference is 303 feet, and its elevation from the Little Park to the top of the flag-staff is 206 feet. When her Majesty is at home, the royal standard, fourteen yards long by eight wide, is displayed from the head of the Tower. In her absence, the union jack is hoisted, nine yards by six, instead. She is in London now, whilst Parliament is sitting. This stately Tower is the place for the confinement of State prisoners. When the son of Edward III., — the Black Prince — and his mother Philippa, conquered John, king of France, and David, king of Scotland, they were brought here and imprisoned in this Tower. And in time of the Commonwealth, Cromwell, who had possession of Windsor Castle, and sometimes resided in it, (taking excellent care of the premises) confined several troublesome Royalists here, including the king, Charles I., himself. The Tower has a

Governor who is invested with great authority. Prince Albert sustains that office in the Castle.

A flight of one hundred steps forms the ascent to the main body of the building. At the top of these is an arched gateway, that leads into the principal apartment of the Tower ; here is a battery formerly mounted with seventeen cannon.

Our view from this battlement was—what you may go the world over, and probably not find its like. Here we see the windings of the Thames glistening like a silver thread through a level country, rich in natural scenery, and richer by the appliances of art and science, with a succession of villages, mansions, and detached farm-houses ; the luxuriant landscape of the Windsor Forest and Parks, the bird's-eye view of the town beneath us, and the extensive prospect over estates and counties to distant hills — all this forms a panorama unequalled in any land for beauty and wealth.

THE GOLD ROOMS are on the ground floor of the Castle. Many of the rooms and corridors of this floor are dark and gloomy. We have not yet ascended to the principal story, where the State Apartments are to be seen ; but having to wait till they are opened, our letter from Mr. Lawrence has obtained for us an invitation to visit the Gold Rooms on this floor, which none but invited — no paying — guests can enter. An elderly gentleman, who seems “every inch a gentleman,” conducted us to the Gold Rooms, and kindly explained to us the composition and uses of the various vessels. There are two of these rooms, connected by folding-doors. On two sides of each are rows of shelves protected by glass windows, on which the table services are arranged, and in the middle of each

room is a large mahogany table, also covered with various dishes. Everything is gold or silver—mostly gold—tea-cups, plates, platters, tureens, vases, urns, candelabras, &c., &c. The gentleman told us the value of the whole was about \$15,000,000, and that much of what we saw was in daily use upon Her Majesty's table. We noticed a golden salt-cellar, quite large, in shape of a donkey with panniers on his sides; these were filled with salt, and the donkey thus constitutes the salt-cellar for the table. He also showed us a salver made out of the old gold snuff-boxes of the old kings, now worth £45,000, or \$225,000. He also put into our hands several new gold snuff-boxes made for George III., on which are the miniatures of his sons and daughters, most admirably executed.

It is now evening, and I am again in London. The ride down, under the rays "aslant" of the setting sun, has been as inspiring as was the journey up in the morning. The evening of life, like the peaceful close of a well-spent day, has glories as peculiar to itself as are the hopeful charms of the morning of existence. Oh! that the close of my own life may be as glorious, in the brilliancy of well-ripened moral fruits, and in the hopes of future good, as the evening has been serene and lovely in which I have retired from the royal abode of England's lady sovereign. The next Throne before which I shall appear, will be the "Throne in the heavens," on which the Divine Majesty of the King of kings presides in holy love, for His universal dominions. The Lord prepare us, and all men, for a blessed abode in the celestial courts of the Most High, forever and ever!

I had written all in the rough, preceding the last paragraph, on a resting-stool in the Castle ; but as even there we could not, for the crowd, obtain admission to the State Apartments for an hour longer, we were advised to occupy this time by a visit to the Royal Mews.

THE ROYAL MEWS is a term used to designate the collection of buildings erected for the accommodation of the royal horses, carriages, and persons having the charge and care of the same. Victoria's mews cost \$350,000. The stables and courts, and stablemen's houses, cover about four acres. They are divided into five courts — the *Pony Court* is surrounded by stables for horses, a coach house for twelve pony carriages, with harness and saddle-rooms ; the *Royal Riding House*, 165 feet long by 51 wide, at the east end of which is a superb gallery for the Queen ; the *Saddle-horse Court* contains stables for saddle-horses, in which we saw some splendid Arab steeds belonging to Prince Albert ; the *Coach House* court, which contains the State carriages. The richest of these is one presented to Victoria by Louis Philippe of France, and the prettiest thing we ever saw, a pony carriage given to the Queen by Nicholas, Emperor of Russia. In the Pony Court we saw the pony presented with it to Her Majesty, and which she drives herself, seated in the carriage, with her children, in her garden. This pony shone like polished ebony, and as he laid his confiding head upon my shoulder, I could not resist the temptation to pull a small lock of silken hair from his flowing foretop, to preserve as a remembrancer of so beautiful an animal. The *Loose-box Court* contains rooms for forage. Porters' lodges and dwellings for liveried servants surround the Mews, and they live in a style befitting the attendants on monarchy.

The Queen has one hundred and fifty of the choicest horses in the world, and one hundred and twenty superb carriages in the Royal Mews. It was now time for us to enter the State Apartments, and so we returned to the Royal Palace.

THE STATE APARTMENTS contain the Queen's Audience Chamber, her Presence Chamber, the Guard Chamber, the Grand Banqueting Hall, the Ball, or Reception Room, the Throne Room, the Waterloo Chamber or Grand Dining Room, the Grand Vestibule, the State Ante-Room, the King's Drawing Room, the King's Council Chamber, the King's Closet, the Queen's Closet, the Queen's Drawing Room, and the Vandyke Room. We went through them all, examining the elaborate finishings, the rich furniture, the fine paintings, the splendid carvings, and the life-like statues. Of course I cannot describe the contents of all these rooms. I must, however, glance at things of special interest. The Queen's Audience Chamber, the first room we entered, has Queen Catharine upon the ceiling, personified as Britannia, sitting in a triumphal car, drawn by swans towards the Temple of Virtue. The walls are decorated with gobelin tapestry, representing the coronation of Queen Esther, and a perfect portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, which Victoria has honored with this inscription under it—“*She spurned at tyranny and treachery.*” The last word alludes to Elizabeth—“Good Queen Bess”—who betrayed, imprisoned, and executed her, and whose portrait is *not* there in Victoria's Audience Chamber.

In the Queen's Presence Chamber, is a figure of Queen Esther, represented as fainting previous to the King's

holding out to her the sceptre of mercy. This may be designed to express the hesitancy of Victoria in assuming the reins of government. In the grand chamber, a colossal bust of Lord Nelson stands on a part of the foremast of the Victory, with a hole in it made by a cannon ball at the battle of Trafalgar. The ball itself lies on the floor by its side. Here too, by the side of England's great Naval Captain, is a bust of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo.

There are thirteen great windows on one side of the Grand Banqueting Hall, opposite to which are full size portraits of all the Kings and Queens of England from James I. to George IV. Here we are amongst Kings at home. At either end is a music gallery ; and against that at the east end is the Sovereign's Throne, the ascent to which is by oaken steps. Behind the chair of the Throne, are the shields with the armorial bearings of the monarch. As we sat down in the chair of state upon the throne, I felt to be as good a King as any of the men whose portraits were before me. The chair is of oak, richly carved, embroidered with the garter and cross of St. George, the carpet of the Throne is of oak pattern, in small panels, with the cross in the centre.

The Ball Room furniture is most splendid, in style with the room, solidly gilt and covered with crimson damask. The walls are heavy with the finest specimens of gobelin tapestry. From the ceiling four splendid chandeliers are suspended, of the most beautiful design and workmanship. This room exceeds everything for brilliancy that I ever expect to see, the Throne Room is used for purposes of State—it is, probably, where the Privy Council

holds its sessions. It is not large, but as rich as art and taste can make any thing. The Throne is like that already described. On the walls are full length portraits of Kings William IV., George III., and George IV., and a painting representing the Installation of the Knights of the Garter, by our own West.

The Waterloo Gallery receives light from a lantern of ground glass extending the whole length of the room. Here, upon the walls, are all the likenesses in full size of the great characters connected with the battle of Waterloo — Wellington, Blucher, Alexander, Emperor of Russia, Francis, Emperor of Austria, Leopold, now King of Belgium, Pope Pius VII., seated in his Pontifical habit, Lord Castlereagh &c. &c., but Napoleon is not in the group.

On the Grand Staircase, at the head, is a marble statue of George IV. He is as handsome specimen of the physical man as England ever produced — it is best to say nothing of his moral stature.

Most of the other rooms, which perhaps, it would be tedious for me to notice, are filled with pictures, portraits, historical paintings, and various emblems of England's power and glory.

Eton College is on the other side of the Thames, opposite the Royal Castle, and the school where the young scions of royalty are educated. It is a magnificent edifice forming two quadrangles. On a marble tablet, resting upon the tomb of Sir Henry Wotton, once a lay-provost of the College, is the following curious epitaph, which I copy, because though coarse, it is not destitute of truth :

“ Here lies the author of this sentence—

‘ *An itching for dispute, is the scab of the church.*’

Seek his name elsewhere.

The Parks connected with Windsor Castle are spacious and beautiful beyond description. Shakspeare, and Pope and other English Poets, have immortalized them in song. There are several of them; but the Great Park contains 180 acres. We hired a cab, and entering this, in front of the castle, rode over the long walk, three miles to Swan Hill, where is an equestrian bronze statue of George III., larger than any statue I ever saw, on a lofty pile of rough granite blocks. This Walk is straight as a line can be drawn, and is shaded by double rows of huge elm and oak trees on either side. Nothing can exceed it in rural beauty. By its side, and in the distance we saw herds of deer reposing or feeding on the lawns, their antlers looking like soldiers' muskets erected. There are 7000 deer in these Parks.

We had not time to go on further to the Virginia Water, a Crystal Lake, where the Royal Family go a fishing. It is represented as a point of great attraction, and has a Temple over the waters, and royal boats in waiting.

After returning, I sauntered out upon Prince Albert's farming grounds, and witnessed some of his experimental operations. I never saw such spacious and such rich wheat fields as he has. He takes great pride in Agriculture, and much pains in the propagation of improved horses, neat cattle, sheep, swine, &c. He gave me a sample of his new Spring Wheat—the Victoria Wheat—at the Fair.

But I have neither time nor room to descant further upon the wonders and beauties of Windsor Castle and Windsor Forests, yet cannot conclude this long and hastily

written letter without introducing the following from one of England's best Poets:—

“Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muses' seats,
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to meet again.
Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Not quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and open glades,
Their trees arise that shun each other's shades,
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There wrapp'd in clouds the bluest hills ascend;
E'en the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise.”

POPE.

LETTER XX.

THE QUEEN PROROGUING PARLIAMENT.

First sight of Her Majesty—General curiosity to see her—"Nothing but a woman"—Power as safe in female, as male hands—Queen's Way—Acres of people on the Park—Interview with a Policeman—Iron Dragon and bells announcing the approach of the Monarch—The Procession—Life Guards—Royal Carriage—Appearance of the Queen and Prince Albert—the wave of huzza! accompanying—Queen as a reviewing officer—More Imperial Horse Guards—Her entrance upon the Throne—Her Speech—Return to Buckingham Palace—Popularity of Victoria.

LONDON, AUGUST 8, 1851.

To-day I have seen Majesty, and had my first opportunity to look upon the Queen Victoria. It was on the occasion of her going in state to prorogue Parliament. She does not often prorogue in person. Ordinarily, she commands her ministers to terminate the session of the two Houses, without her presence. But on this occasion she was willing to appear out in her royal robes, and in great regal state, for the gratification of the people from all parts of the earth whom she, through her ministers, had invited to the World's Fair, in her Metropolis. Heaven favored the design, and blest the occasion with one of the most lovely days that London ever saw. The air was calm and sweet, the sky was clear, the birds were merry in the trees, and the sun in its brightness shone upon the green parks and palatial edifices from which eager millions were to behold the mightiest monarch—a female

though she be — the mightiest monarch on the civilized earth. True, it is sometimes contemptuously said, that Victoria is “nothing but a woman,” — but do we mean by this that *being* a “woman” she is *therefore* “nothing?” This would be disrespectful to the whole sex, as in her case, it is contrary to fact. She is something. We may not admire the British Constitution which sometimes gives the Empire a national Mother instead of a political Father, and that allows one of the softer sex to preside over its destinies. We may think it always safest and best — however the history of the world does not avouch the statement — to have a man’s head and heart give character to a government. I shall not pause here to discuss the question, whether women as well as men, ought to have civil rights and powers, or to examine past history to see in whose hands those powers have been most wisely or happily administered. We must take facts as we find them; and, right or wrong, agreeable to our ideas, or not, — the fact is, Victoria, by the Constitution of England, *is* the Sovereign of the British Empire—as much so as was Queen Elizabeth or King George. The Supreme power is lawfully in her hand; and that power, the power of the English Throne, we all know is felt in all lands from the rising to the setting sun. We feel it — the whole world feels it. We may laugh at it, and deride it; but our sneers will not alter the fact; — there it stands, and stand it will, as a part of the great living history of our earth.

I confess I felt to sympathize with the universal curiosity that was around me that day to see a live Queen in her royal robes, going forth in her royal equipage to perform the high prerogative of dispersing the Lords and Com-

moners of the National Legislature. And so I joined the living throngs that moved towards St. James' Park and the Queen's Palace. I expected to see "nothing but a human being;" but a human being, after all, is the most interesting object to behold that God has made under the whole heavens, especially if he has, by his providence, placed that one human being on the highest pinnacle of power and fame amongst the nations.

The Parliament House — as I said in my last letter, is on the banks of the Thames, looking directly upon the river eastward, and separated from Westminster Abbey on the west, only by the old palace yard. The Queen's Metropolitan residence, Buckingham Palace, is perhaps a mile farther west, at the head of St. James' Park, which, with Green Park and the Queen's Garden, constitute an open space of 183 acres of forest, lawn, lake, and garden — in the heart of the great city. The Queen's Palace looks across St. James' Park, a little over half a mile towards White-Hall, the Admiralty, the Horse Guards and other edifices that face the park this way. From the front of the Queen's Palace a wide avenue extends down the Park to an arch in the buildings last named, through which entrance is had to Parliament Street which conducts to the Parliament House. This road is called the Queen's Way, is shaded by very large and beautiful trees, and is entered upon by no carriages but those of the Royal family. Her Majesty, on this occasion, was to pass down this Way, through the Arch, into the densest part of the city, and thence to the Parliament House to command — she does everything in the way of command — the two Houses to adjourn and go home. And she was to go in state — that is, with horsemen and

chariots, and life-guards, and lords and ladies in waiting, and servants in livery — constituting one of the most imposing pageants ever seen in London.

I arrived on the Park a little before two o'clock. Its whole area, save the Queen's Way, seemed one dense mass of human beings. I have reckoned people before by the acre ; but never till now did I survey them by the hundred acres at a time. I saw there was no chance for me to obtain a desirable position, without the assistance of an official. So I approached a policeman and said — "Sir — can you procure me a chance to witness the cortege as it shall pass?" He replied by pointing me to the hundred acres of human beings around us, and saying he saw no chance unless I was tall enough to look over all the heads of the people. I remarked that I was an American, (at this, he touched his hat!) that I lived in a country where all our ladies were queens ; but that, as there was only one queen in England, I desired before I returned, to behold her, and see if she appeared any better than our American queens. He thought my curiosity was a very proper one, but hesitated till I slipped a shilling into his hand ; — "please follow me" — said he, tapping me on the shoulder, and "by authority" using his baton to clear his way through the crowd, he led me up to the very line of the Queen's Way, where nothing could intercept my view from Her Majesty as she moved along. "There — Sir," said he — "if you will stand by me, you will see a woman, perhaps *not* like your American queens whom not more than one man loves — and sometimes not even that — but a Queen whom a whole Kingdom loves and almost adores, and, for whose protection millions of swords would instantly spring from their scab-

bards." I did not wish to retort upon good nature by suggesting the motive which might lead a well-fed official to "bend the pliant hinges of the knee ; and so I stood and waited the approach of the Monarch.

Near the foot of the Park, at the right of the Queen's Way, and near a beautiful lake on which sit the graceful forms of swans, black and white, and other aquatic birds, is a huge piece of ordnance resting upon the back of a massive dragon, which stands upon the ground, supported by two claws and its serpent-tail, and raises its iron wings above the body of the cannon. The mouth of this fifty-six pounder is also the angry mouth of the incensed dragon, whose eyes, sidelong, glare fury at every beholder. This ugly looking creature is enclosed by a high fence of iron pikes pointing every way, within which none but Royal Artillerymen are allowed to stand.

Directly this hideous monster spat fire and reported that Her Majesty was leaving the inner court of her Palace and passing through the Arch of the edifice into the Queen's Way : — "boom !" — "boom !" — boom !" Simultaneously all the merry chimes of the Westminster Abbey bells, pealed forth the royal tune — "God save the Queen !" — "Boom !" — "Boom !" continued the iron dragon ; and all the bells of the city, from the Tower Hamlets to Regent's Park, uttered their choruses in response to the chimes of the old Abbey. Casting my eye up the Queen's Way, I could see the bright brazen shields, and breast plates and helmets of the Horse Guards, and the polished steel lances of the Life Guards on foot, gleaming in the sun's rays as they preceded the State carriages and escorted the Sovereign to her Throne. At the risk of being tedious, I will attempt to describe the procession.

First came the royal Herald to proclaim the approach of Majesty and to clear the way. He was mounted on a splendid gray horse richly caparisoned and was clad in silk-velvet, scarlet and black, laced with gold, and wore a three-cornered hat. He bore in his right hand a long silver bugle, to which was attached a white satin banner with the cross of St. George upon it, which he waved as he advanced. Next came two horsemen abreast, mounted on glossy black steeds; they were clad in red silk-velvet frocks trimmed with gold lace, and their swords were drawn. Then rode the Chief of Police, in citizen's dress, himself and horse "when unadorned, adorned the most." Behind him marched two guards, elegantly uniformed, with polished black armor flung over the shoulders and covering the breast and back. They were mounted on black horses whose harnesses were trimmed with black silk-velvet, and their saddles were covered with long black wool, out of which the polished heads of pistols appeared. Behind this pair was a single horseman, of the same order, differing only from them, by his black velvet and wool being bordered by white trimming. Then came the first State carriage, containing some of the great officers of the Household, and drawn by six red horses, with crimson silk-thread ringlets floating over the manes, and red rosettes below their ears. Six grooms in gray silk suits, striped with gold lace, walked by their sides; one liveried servant rode the left forward horse, another sat on the box, and three with gold knapsacks and three-cornered hats, stood up behind the coach. The persons, male and female, in the coach, were also smothered in gold. There were six of such carriages, following each other, differing only in the colors of the dresses on horses and servants;

— the last was drawn by six black horses, trimmed with scarlet velvet and gold, and the noblest animals I ever saw ; each had his richly clad groom by his side.

Following these coaches, came twenty-five sections of Royal Horse Guards, four abreast, mounted on glossy black horses, perfectly trained to their duty. The horses were caparisoned with scarlet silk-velvet trimmed with gold lace, and had large polished breast-plates of glistening brass in shape of hearts, shielding their breast. Their saddles were covered with white wool, bearing each a bright carbine on the right side. The riders had buff deer skin breeches, polished black boots that reached above the knees, brass spurs, red velvet coats, covered in front and back with polished brazen plates, over which were rattan braids and white scarfs. Their caps were those of the ancient knights, of burnished metal, covering the head and most of the face ; from the top of which, long white horse-hair gracefully flowed down, excepting in front, to the shoulders. The officers' shields were engraved with Coats-of-Arms. They all held drawn swords. Such is the uniform of the Royal Horse Guards, which are quartered near the Queen's Palace and are always on duty. Every day both themselves and horses are drilled in the Park — one or two whole regiments of them. They are all six feet in height, chosen men. Next came a body of foot, called Beef-eaters, — more properly the Yeomanry Guard. They wore blue silk-velvet cloaks all striped with gold lace and wearing snug, close-fitting velvet caps, ornamented, each marching with a massive spear borne in a perpendicular attitude. They represent the Yeomanry of the Nation, and show that Her Majesty is protected by the farmers of the kingdom.

Behind these came the Queen's Chariot — like a moving mass of gold. In exact lines upon both sides of the Queen, marched rows of Royal Life Guards, with gleaming spears and burnished shields — to protect the Lady-Sovereign of the Throne from every harm. The Chariot was drawn by eight cream-colored horses, mixed with whose manes hung large ringlets of royal purple silk cord, and over whose black harnesses trimmed with gold, were net work of purple silk, with large tassels of the same material reaching nearly to the ground. They also had large golden breastplates, and their heads were dressed with purple satin ribbons. The two forward horses were mounted by horseguards, as I have described them; also the right hand horse next the carriage. Each of the other five horses had a groom in richest livery walking by his side, with his hand upon the bits. Thus was drawn the Royal Chariot.

The wheels of this were striped with vermillion and gold leaf, and the tires were bright copper. From the springs as they rose to the driver's seat and the footman's stand, before and behind, projected four gilded lion's heads. The driver's box was cushioned with richest purple velvet, and curtains of the same hung from it to the lion's heads, trimmed with gold. The body of the Chariot appeared like one mass of gold, with the Royal Arms of England painted on the panels of the side doors. The top rose to a point, on which was a golden Crown hugged by two winged cherubs. The curtains of the Chariot were drawn, and exposed the QUEEN on the back seat, with Prince Albert on her left; and in front of her sat the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes;

and opposite to him, the Duke of —, Master of the Horse.

Victoria was clad in dove-colored satin. Her head was bare, except as it was crowned with a coronal of sparkling diamonds embedded in a wreath of flowers. Her hair is light ; in stature she is not tall ; her cheeks are full and ruddy ; her eyes are large and blue, and her lips express firmness and resolution. Her smile is graceful and pleasant. She would not be called handsome, till you catch her eye, which beams kindness, and witness the smile upon her lips ; — you then become interested in her looks as a sensible, resolute, and good-hearted woman. Prince Albert would be called a handsome man. He is rather tall, and somewhat spare ; his eyes are German, and he wears a mustache on the upper lip, which, I think, does not add to his beauty. He wore the insignia of his office as Field Marshal of the Kingdom, consisting of a gold star and some other devices on a coat of blue. The Duchess of Sutherland, in the same carriage, appeared to us a handsomer woman than the Queen, and as well clad — all except the royal head dress. The Master of the Horse was an elderly man, of grave aspect.

As the Queen's carriage moved slowly down the Park, the cheers from the multitudes arising on either side, accompanied her. When Her Majesty reached the point where I stood, she was within a few feet of me, and I could see her very plainly. The " huzza ! " went up from our neighborhood, and she and Prince Albert answered by bowing, first to one side, then to the other. The Queen, I must say, has cultivated court manners with success ; for never did I see a female who understood the art of looking the Queen and bowing and smiling with so much

grace and dignity as she. She also had the art, which all reviewing officers cultivate, as a military desideratum, of catching the eye of every person on the line of march. Every person where I stood really thought the Queen looked directly at and bowed personally to himself — at least, so direct did it seem in my case, that I should have reproached myself as wanting in Yankee good manners, if I had not, as I did, bow very respectfully to her as she saluted the line on our side of the Way.

Following the Royal Carriage, was another company, perhaps a full regiment, of those incomparably beautiful Imperial Horse Guards glittering in gold and polished brass and steel all over. Yet another of different uniform, rode behind them, bringing up the rear. The whole procession extended about half a mile. There was no band — no music — none but what the merry chimes of the Abbey made.

One might suppose from the gold lace, and epaulettes, and feathers, that the procession consisted of the highest functionaries of the Government next to the Sovereign; not so. The Ministers and Peers, Commoners, &c., were all in Parliament, waiting the Queen's arrival. All this display that moved with her, were the servants of her household — her Lords in Waiting, and Ladies in Waiting, and certain Herald Officers and Court Servants. The Military Guards were for protection. In this country, if the President rides out, we think we must put as many Vice Presidents, and Cabinet Ministers, and Senators, and Judges, and Generals, and Commodores into the lot with him as possible — thus tapering off the show to a penny whistle.

When the Queen reached the Victoria Tower of the Parliament House, a great flourish of trumpets announced her approach to the Legislature. She was conducted up the royal stair-case to her robing room, where she was dressed for the Throne. In due time she was ushered into the House of Lords, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington bearing the sword of State, the Marquis of Lansdowne bearing the Crown, and the Marquis of Winchester bearing the Cup of Maintenance. She was conducted to the Throne, and bowed to the Peers. Prince Albert was seated at her left, Lord Wellington at her right. The Speaker then presented Her Majesty the bills passed at the sessions and asked her royal assent. This being granted, the Lord Chancellor approached the Throne, and kneeling in her presence, offered her the speech which she read in a clear, distinct, commanding voice, in the course of which she alluded to the gathering of the nations at the World's Fair and expressed the hope that its influence might be felt in promoting the peace of the nations.

The Queen returned to Buckingham Palace in the same order in which she had proceeded to the Parliament. There were as many people to see her as before. As she passed, I noticed her engaged very earnestly in conversation with the Duchess of Sutherland, who occupied the front seat opposite to her in the carriage.

Victoria is said to be a well educated woman, of good sense and a pure heart. The power of her example is great, and that is always on the side of the masses, and in favor of virtue and good order. She is very popular in England. It is said that when she found, in the order of Providence, she must ascend the throne, and become

Queen of the Empire, she wept like a child ; she dreaded the responsibilities of so exalted a station. But she could not avoid it. She ascended the throne with a determination to conduct herself in the fear of God and for the good of her subjects, and hitherto she has been able to fulfil her honorable intentions. She is in her thirty-third year, and is now the mother of seven children.

I have, in the foregoing, described the appearance of the Queen in public. How far such display is agreeable to her, I know not, but have been told she greatly prefers the quiet comfort of domestic and social life with her children and friends. She is said to be a fond and faithful mother, and an excellent neighbor, especially amongst the the poor. As the Sovereign of the empire, however, she must carry out the Court forms and ceremonies. This she can do as well as Elizabeth, or Anne, or Mary before her, ever did. In this case, as I have said, she was induced to appear out of respect to the natural curiosity of the great numbers of people from other nations, who had, by the invitation of herself and her royal consort come to London to visit the Great Exhibition, and see the other wonders of the metropolis, and who might desire to see and be saluted by the Queen before their return home.

LETTER XXI.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Bridges across the Thames—Proportion of the City below London Bridge—Necessity of some Thoroughfare across the River, below the Bridges—Sir I. Brunel's Project—Operation of the Shield—Foot People alone can pass through the Tunnel—Toll-gatherer's Room—Descent into the Shaft—Objects on the Platforms—Rotunda—Arches of the Tunnel—Fancy and Toy Shops—Gas Lights—Number of Visitors.

LONDON, AUGUST 9, 1851.

To cross a river *over* the water on a bridge, is a very common thing ; and we think little of it, unless it be to notice the skill displayed in the structure, or wonder at its cost as we pass along ; but to cross a river *under* the water's bed, through a hole cut from one shore to the other — deep, navigable waters, at whose bottom huge anchors hold floating ships, or on whose surface they proudly sail, deeply laden with the treasures brought from distant continents — this is a different thing, and altogether more rare, withal.

The world has heard of the Thames Tunnel. It is, indeed, regarded as the eighth wonder of the world. For years our newspapers in America have contained accounts of it, and yet our people hardly seem to have a right idea of it. This afternoon I have visited and passed through

that wonderful structure. I was somewhat disappointed in it, and therefore propose, before I conclude this letter, to attempt a brief description of it.

Let it first be remarked that "London Bridge" crosses the river in just about the centre of the city. The wharves and docks, including Greenwich and the East India Docks, extend some half a dozen miles below this bridge, which is the lowest one on the river; and there are eight bridges crossing it within five miles, in the upper part of the city. Two others are projected, within the same space, and will be built in due time. All these thoroughfares are necessary to connect the parts of the city on the opposite sides of the Thames; and they are built so high that steamers without masts, and other vessels with masts made to fall backward as they enter the arches, may pass up and down at pleasure. These bridges are most substantial and costly structures, with paved carriage-ways, marble sidewalks, and hewn granite balusters railed and capped, with occasional recesses for stone seats; and staircases descending to piers, at which steamers and boats receive passengers. These bridges cost about five millions of dollars each. Below, as far as can be seen, the river and docks are filled with sailing vessels, war-ships, and steamers, holding intercourse with all parts of the world. Such a tide of life as is beheld upon the Thames, from any one of the London bridges, is to be seen no where else on all the face of the earth. It is the aquatic part of London, and as well worth seeing as the portions on terra firma.

For more than fifty years, various plans have been projected for gaining some sort of pontal accommodation between the opposite parts of the city below London

Bridge, without interfering with, or being impeded by, the countless water-crafts upon the bosom of the river. Ferries were out of the question. So great is the passage of vessels &c., that a ferry boat could seldom get across without great risk and an insufferable delay. At last, Sir Isambert Brunel projected a scheme for a subaqueous passage — a tunnel under the bed of the river, about a mile and a half below London Bridge, connecting the two parts of the city known as Wapping on the north side, and Rotherhithe on the south side of the Thames. The work was commenced in 1825, by sinking a shaft on the Rotherhithe side, fifty feet in diameter, and eighty feet deep. This was made water-tight all the way, excepting at the bottom, towards the river, where an opening was left, large enough to receive a “shield,” or sort of worm-excavator, that would eat a horizontal track as it passed under the bed of the river, of thirty-eight feet wide by twenty-two feet high, allowing the workmen to carry off the dirt as fast as it ate its way into the earth.

It is said that Brunel took his idea of this shield, in the following manner. He was sitting on an old log by the roadside one day, in a “brown study” as to how he could contrive to bore a hole under the river. Beneath him he heard a worm gnawing into the log, and noticed the chips that it discharged from the hole it was cutting. He seized his jackknife, dug out the worm, examined his jaws, and from them learned how to make a similar machine to bore under the Thames with.

The great hole, or tunnel, left behind the shield as it advanced, was lined and protected by two arches in masonry, which kept the earth from filling in, or the water from penetrating. Thus, in eighteen years, during which

time operations were suspended seven years, the shield worked its way through to Wapping, where a corresponding shaft had been sunk to come out of, and leaving the *Thames Tunnel* finished behind it. This, as I have said, is in two arches of solid and beautiful masonry, extending from one side of the river to the other, a distance of 1290 feet. I do not know the depth of the top of the Tunnel below the bottom of the river, but should judge that from the surface of the river at high water where the ships ride at anchor, to the vaults of the Tunnel beneath, might be forty or fifty feet.

Nothing can pass through the Tunnel, but as it first descends one of these shafts — consequently, no horses or carriages can, as yet, travel in it. It is used by pedestrians altogether. Indeed, it is more of a curiosity-shop than a passage-way; and of those who enter it, there are many more visitors than passengers.

Let us go into it and see what is there. Supposing ourselves to be on the northern side of the river, let us pass from the old Tower of London, down by and amongst the St. Katharine and London Docks, to Wapping. Amongst the blocks of buildings that separate the street from the river, we notice an octagonal edifice of marble. We enter by one of several great doors, and find ourselves in a rotunda of fifty feet diameter, and the floor laid in mosaic work of blue and white marble. The walls are stuccoed, around which are stands for the sale of papers, pamphlets, books, confectionery, beer, &c. A sort of watch-house stands on the side of the rotunda next the river, in which is a fat publican, or tax gatherer. Before him is a brass turnstile, through which you are permitted

to pass, on paying him a penny, and, entering a door, you begin to descend the shaft, by a flight of very long marble steps that descend to a wide platform, from which the next series of steps descends in an opposite direction. The walls of the shaft are circular, finished in stucco, and hung with paintings and other curious objects. You halt a few moments on the first platform and listen to the notes of a huge organ that occupies a part of it, discoursing excellent music.

You resume your downward journey till you reach the next story, or marble platform, where you find other objects of curiosity to engage your attention whilst you stop to rest. And thus you go down — down — to the bottom of the shaft eighty feet; the walls meanwhile, being studded with pictures, statues, or figures in plaster, &c. Arrived at the bottom, you find yourself in a rotunda corresponding to that you entered from the street, a round room, with marble floor, fifty feet in diameter. There are alcoves near the walls in which are all sorts of contrivances to get your money, from Egyptian necromancers and fortune-tellers to dancing monkeys. The room is lighted with gas, and is brilliant. Now look into the Thames Tunnel before you. It consists of two beautiful Arches, extending to the opposite side of the river. These Arches contain each a roadsted, fourteen feet wide and twenty-two feet high, and pathways for pedestrians, three feet wide. The Tunnel appears to be well ventilated, as the air seemed neither damp nor close. The partition between these Arches, running the whole length of the Tunnel, is cut into transverse arches, leading through from one roadsted to the other. There may be fifty of them in all, and

these are finished into fancy and toy shops in the richest manner — with polished marble counters, tapestry linings, gilded shelves, and mirrors that make everything appear double. Ladies, in fashionable dresses and with smiling faces, wait within and allow no gentleman to pass without giving him an opportunity to purchase some pretty thing to carry home as a remembrancer of the Thames Tunnel. The Arches are lighted with gas burners, that make it as bright as the sun; and the avenues are always crowded with a moving throng of men, women and children, examining the structure of the Tunnel, or inspecting the fancy wares, toys, &c., displayed by the arch-looking girls of these arches.

As you stand upon the floor of this subterranean rotunda, and look into and through these illuminated arches, alive with human beings, talking, laughing, wondering and trading, you see across the river to the Rotherhithe side, where the terminus appears greatly diminished, and the men and women seem lilliputian. The Tunnel is laid in beautiful stone masonry, finished with marble entablatures, cornices, &c., and on the whole is the most splendid Arcade or series of toy shops, the world ever saw. It is impossible to pass through without purchasing some curiosity. Most of the articles are labelled — “Bought in the Thames Tunnel” — “a present from the Thames Tunnel.” I purchased several of these souvenirs, amongst which was a china kaleidoscope, that affords a good perspective of the Tunnel, worth preserving; also, a shoe made out of the clay taken from the Tunnel whilst being excavated; an ivory hour-glass, emblem of man’s transitory life; a gutta percha inkstand, out of which to draw

editorial delineations after I return home, and several other little matters with which to gratify my little friends.

No one goes to London without visiting the Tunnel ; and few that visit it go merely for the purpose of crossing the river. The number of visitors annually, since the structure was completed in 1843, has averaged nearly two millions. The cost of the Tunnel was about \$2,200,000. During its construction, the river burst through its bed into it five times, drowning numbers of the workmen. It is now regarded as safe. I went into it two or three times. There is a plan on foot — I know not what it is — by which carriages can have access ; and it is computed that it may thus be opened to the streets for about a million of dollars more. Even this sum, large as it is, added to the original cost of more than two other millions, would make the whole cost but about half the expense of either of the bridges thrown *over* the river. But they stand for no expense in London ; what the city wants done, *is* done — no matter what the cost is. London is the head-quarters of the wealth of the commercial world, and its money power is commensurate to anything that human genius can accomplish. They have ship-docks in the city that required the removal of about three hundred acres of stores and houses, to make room for these inland basins, and if they wish to enlarge a park, other acres of warehouses and palaces must give way to make a breathing place for the people. They build for posterity, we for the present. Herein is some difference — a difference that instantly strikes the stranger from America, in England. There a man hardly dares set out a tree, lest somebody who comes after him might eat of its fruit. We are too much for the

present and for ourselves alone. There is a grave political objection, it is true, to the English laws of entail, nevertheless they are founded on a system that looks to the benefit of future generations, and in this point of view the policy is entitled to some consideration, even from Republicans.

LETTER XXII.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Boroughs of London—Southwark—First Independent Church in the World—Twin Sister of the New England Plymouth church—Quiet of London on Sunday—Ride to London Bridge—Chapel on Union Street—The minister, congregation and services—Interview with Mr. Waddington and his Elders—Brown's School Room—Baxter's Prison—Bishop Bonner's seat of Persecution—Bunhill-fields Burying Ground—Jeremy White, Dr. Owen, Dr. Watts, John Bunyan, Daniel De Foe, or Robinson Crusoe—Inscription on Watts' Tablet—Inscription on Bunyan's grave—Dame Mary Page—Methodist church yard—Graves of Wesley and Clarke—Inscriptions.

SUNDAY EVENING, LONDON, AUGUST 10, 1851.

I spent three Sundays and one Sabbath in London, on each of which, like a true Puritan, I endeavored to improve its sacred hours in the worship of God. The Sundays were improved amongst modern Christians; the Sabbaths amongst the ancient people of God, the Israelites, in the new Synagogue, where the Rothschilds are Rabbis. I must write something in relation to my experiences on each of those days.

In former letters I have given an account of my visits to the Magdalen Asylum, to an Episcopal Church, and to the Ragged School, on my first Sunday in London. If my readers will allow me, I propose in this letter to show how I passed my next Sunday.

Old London—the Roman city—is on the north side of the Thames. Over the walls, on the same side, also

on the south side of the river, the mass of edifices and streets, that now constitute the modern London, are divided into Boroughs, each with a sort of municipality, but all, I believe, under the Lord Mayor ; such as Southwark, Westminster, Finsbury, Lambeth, the Tower Hamlets, Marylebone, &c. In Southwark is the first formed, and therefore the oldest, Independent or Congregational church in London — in England — in the World. It was formed by Brown the Brownist, and afterwards was under the care of the excellent Robinson, who, amidst the persecutions carried on against him by the intolerant Episcopalians, afterwards sought refuge from oppression by flying with his church to Holland. One half of this church ultimately emigrated to America, landing in Plymouth ; the other half returned to London, where it yet exists. It is therefore, the twin sister of our Plymouth church, and as such can but be an object of interest to one of its New England descendants visiting the mother country. Before we left home, I noticed in the Christian Register, the Unitarian paper of Boston, an appeal to the sister churches of America by Rev. Mr. Waddington, the pastor, in behalf of this Southwark Church, which proposes to erect a new edifice, or monumental Church, in which may be gathered the various mementos of the rise and early history of church independency ; and when in London I desired to visit it, form an acquaintance with its minister and people, and examine its old records. Accordingly I resolved to attend meeting there in the forenoon of my second Sunday in the Metropolis.

From our boarding house, which was on the north side of the river, to Southwark, on the south side, is a distance of some three or four miles ; and in passing thither

we must take London Bridge on our way. The day was pleasant, all the stores, shops and public business places were closed, and everything had the appearance of as much order, neatness and quiet amongst the people as are the boast of Boston upon a holy Sabbath morn. Some omnibuses indeed, were moving along the great thoroughfares, but these are as necessary as private carriages to convey people to their chosen places of worship.

I took an omnibus on the City Road, and rode in it to London Bridge, the end of its route. Crossing that on foot, amidst a multitude of people who were also upon it, the view of the river above and below, and of the immense city on both sides, was grand and beautiful. The pride and power of English fashion, have kept even this seed-church of liberty obscure; for, after arriving on the Southwark side of the river, I could not, for a long time, find any one who was able to direct me to the object of my pursuit. At length, by the assistance of a police officer, I was conducted to an out-of-the way court or lane, in Union street, near a great Brewery, where I found an ancient brick edifice, of olden style, which the sexton at the door assured me was the First Independent Church in England. He politely conducted me to a side pew at the right of the pulpit, and I found myself in the very house whose walls have echoed the voices of Watts and Bunyan and Baxter. The house is not large. It has galleries on three sides, the walls of which are oaken panels varnished; the pews are in the old style, and the pulpit is of black walnut, perched high above the heads of the people, with a window in the rear, and a sounding-board over the speaker. Directly in front of the pulpit is a large square pew, with a table in the centre, on which were several

hymn and music books. At the head of this table sat a kindly-looking clerk, in an arm-chair directly under the pulpit, and the benches upon the sides of the pew were occupied by several young men, who thus sat at the table with the books before them.

The house was tolerably well filled, above and below ; and as fashion had not brought the congregation thither, I was satisfied from their appearance that they had come to worship and learn, rather than to see and be seen. I never saw a congregation more silent, orderly and attentive. Even the young persons and children looked reverent and happy. I felt to sympathize with the spirit of the meeting. As each person, old or young, entered the house, he proceeded quietly to his seat, and leaned forward with his hands covering his eyes for a few moments, invoking the divine presence and blessing upon the occasion. The minister, Rev. Mr. Waddington, was, in the pulpit, dressed with a surplice and bands. He was a tall, very handsome man, about forty years of age, with a high forehead, black hair and eyes, and a countenance indicating good sense and benignity.

The service was commenced by the minister reading a Hymn. The Clerk under the pulpit, holding a wooden pitch-pipe in his hand, pitched the tune ; the young men surrounding him united their voices with his, and the congregation throughout the house joined in this part of the devotions. It was congregational singing, and it seemed to me as if every one present had learned his or her duty, and sung. The house was full of the voice of praise. Mr. W. then read the Scriptures, after which he offered a most appropriate prayer, earnest and chaste, in

the course of which, I noticed, he alluded to the visit his church had enjoyed the previous Sunday, of several American clergymen. He then read a second Hymn, which was sung as before, congregationally. After this the Clerk read several notices. Mr. Waddington's sermon was from Ezekiel i. 12, "And they went every one straight forward; whither the spirit was to go they went; and they turned not when they went." The discourse was ingenious, unsectarian and well delivered. I have seldom heard a more talented or elegant speaker. His subject was the duty of following the spirit of truth wherever it should lead the way; — to go "straight forward," making no zig-zag or crooked tracks; — these were foxy signs of craft and error; — but to "turn not" out of the direct path that leads to higher discoveries. It was worthy the pastor of the Robinson church. The blessed influence of that good man remains in England and America. He was a chosen vessel of God. I never should have known, and do not know now, what Mr. Waddington's peculiar sentiments are — only that he claims to be evangelical, as I also do. But there was nothing sectarian in his sermon or his prayers. He talked like a Christian, and that was enough for me; — so I could fellowship him and unite in the worship of the God of our common Fathers. I felt peculiar sensations of reverent homage and praise in that house. Seldom did I ever enjoy a more spiritual meeting. After sermon, Mr. W. offered appropriate thanks to God, in which he prayed for the Queen, and blessed God that she instructed all her children in the duty of charity. He read another Hymn, in singing which his Clerk led the music of the whole congregation, and the meeting was dismissed.

The service being closed, I halted till he descended from the desk and introduced myself to him as a clergyman from America, who felt desirous of forming a better acquaintance with the history of his church. He was glad to receive me, and invited me through a door in the rear of his pulpit into an ample study-room, where were chairs, tables, stationery, a library, &c. Several of his leading church-members were also invited in to be introduced to us. They were educated, and seemed humble and godly men. In this room he showed me the ancient records of that venerable church, and gave me a souvenir that I shall always prize very highly. In return I gave him a piece of Forefather's Rock, and a copy of the Christian Register containing his appeal to the American churches. He expressed some surprise and grief that none of the sister churches in the United States had remembered the old Southwark Church in its need, and in its design to erect a monumental church for the preservation of the mementos of common interest to the cause of religious liberty on both sides of the Atlantic; but informed us that in England about £1000 had been contributed to that object, and the church would probably be built. Our interview was most cordial and interesting.

After spending some time thus in his private vestry, he walked with me about that part of the city, and pointed out the house where Brown, the father of the Brownists, taught his school, the prison where Baxter was confined, and the church where Bonner presided when the Puritans were sentenced to banishment and death. It is now known as St. Savior's Church, and is probably the most splendid church in London — hardly inferior to St. Paul's. *St. Savior's Church?* What did Christ ever have to do

in that church, but by his spirit to rebuke the spirit of persecution that made its seat there? The walls of it are of broken flint stone. Under the window where Bonner sat, I picked up a piece of glass, through which, perhaps, the light of heaven shone when that cruel tyrant decreed his acts of bloody persecution. Mr. Waddington conducted me to London Bridge, on the way to which he took me into a by-lane, where, knocking at the door, he summoned a lame man, whom he directed to go and bring one of his books, with his own name written in it. He did so; and he presented it to me. It was entitled "The Life of a Vagrant," and, depicts the terrible history of a London outcast, from childhood to a manhood of dreadful infamy. He is now a member of Mr. W.'s church—a reformed man, and an example of the power of religion. I shall carry the book home and shall long keep it as a memorial of Mr. W. and one of his converts.

So much for the forenoon of my second Sunday in London. The remainder of this Letter will relate to the scenes of the afternoon.

In the time of the Great Plague in London, when also, a greater plague, in the form of persecution against Dissenters, afflicted the people, the burying-grounds within the old city were too sacred to contain the bodies of Puritans, and a piece of land back of the city, embracing perhaps six or eight acres, was procured as a new place of interment in which the persecuted could find a resting place in death. This was a field on an elevated territory called Bunhill. It is now known as Bunhill Field's burying-ground. It is upon the great City Road leading back from the city northward. It was then a "Road;" now it is one of the densest streets for miles in London; for

the city has extended itself from the old Roman walls in all directions to a very great distance. Bunhill Field is not far without the Wall, on the left hand side of the street, or City Road, as you go towards the country northwards. It seems somewhat like one of the parks which affords such frequent openings in every part of London. There are not, however, many trees in it, and but little shrubbery. It is enclosed by a high brick wall, capped with a tiled roof for the shedding of water, and has midway, on the street, a wide, iron-grated double gate through which, when opened, carriages may pass. At the South corner bordering upon the street, is a neat brick dwelling house, belonging to the Field, occupied by the Sexton, who has charge of the yard. No one can enter but by his permission, and as he unlocks a small gate near his house.

In this burying ground, repose the bodies of many of the Puritan ancestors of New England, amongst whom are many who suffered persecution and martyrdom for conscience' sake. John Rogers was burnt near by ; but his body, of course, became ashes before it could find a resting place amongst his more fortunate cotemporaries. Here are the mortal remains of Rev. Jeremy White, the Chaplain of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell, himself, may have been buried here ; but after the Restoration, under Charles II., his old, heretical body was dug up, and Episcopalianism had its revenge upon him by hanging his bones on a tree as food for crows. Here, too, rests the body of the celebrated John Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* ; also of Dr. Isaac Watts, the most Christian author of our most Christian poetry ; also Rev. Dr. Owen,

one of the ablest philosophical Calvinists ; and here also is the body of Daniel De Foe, the author of Robinson Crusoe. Indeed, the field is full of the most interesting characters. It is a crowded city of the Dead. And it has a miniature city-like appearance—in its avenues, walks, courts, tablets, monuments, tombs, &c.

I have spoken of the forenoon. Mr. Waddington, after showing us several of the Puritan antiquities, left us on London Bridge. Having crossed to the London side, I walked, perhaps a couple of miles, back from the river on the City Road and reached Bunhill Field burying ground at 2 1-2 o'clock P. M. The Sexton giving me admission, I felt disposed to worship amongst our ancestors in the great congregation of the dead, rather than in any church of the living. I entered it alone. The bright sun, in the light of which the once animated thousands beneath our feet rejoiced in their day, shone upon me as the only living and moving thing amidst that city of sepulchres. It was a holy hour. The air was calm and soft, and even the Great City was still and quiet. It was where Hervey might have held his Meditations ; and I was there to meditate. How did the history of the past come before me ! What a present was there, where I then stood—in the midst of London—the metropolis of England—the Queen Empire of all Europe and the World. What a voice of prophecy came up from the tombs, uttering strange hopes and fears for the destiny of a race of liberty-loving men, whose ancestry reposes here,—an ancestry, whose children now are one half in the motherland, and the other in far-off America. I felt my very childhood. I held communion with the spirits

of departed fathers. I remembered the cradle hymns taught me by a sainted mother ; the holy words of Watts' poetry filled my heart and sought utterance over the sleeping body of its Author. I asked the Sexton to conduct me to the grave of Watts. He pointed to a small mast erected in the northern part of the Burying Field, which was painted in alternated rings of black and white. It stood at the head of Watts' grave, and was placed there to enable visitors most readily to find the spot where he lies. His monument is an oblong frame of stone panel work, with a marble slab resting upon the top. I approached the head of the grave, and leaning upon the tablet reflected, with sensations peculiar to the place, that there the weeping family of Dr. Watts, his own wife and children, his neighbors and brethren and friends, gathered and wept, as lowly beneath my feet they laid the venerable head of that man who said —

“Princes! this clay must be your beds,
In spite of all your towers;—
Ye tall ye wise, ye reverend heads
Must lie, as low as ours.”

His head indeed lies low — much lower than the heads of some of the Sovereigns of England whose monuments I visited a few days ago in Westminster Abbey and in St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle ; but his fame is higher and shall live as long as the fervor of Christian devotion shall sanctify the hearts of men. I could but feel as if that was a sacred place, and a suitable one — away as I was from country and home — alone, unseen by the world, to renew resolutions of attachment to the cause of truth and righteousness ; and to offer up a prayer to God for each remembered friend in a far dis-

tant home. I remembered the days of childhood when a mother's voice taught me to say and to sing

" His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.

I knew and felt that Dr. Watts was inspired by God's own truths when he composed that verse, and blessed God that he had ever given it to the world. I repeated it in fervency of spirit. Nor was this all. It seemed as if all I once knew of Watts' poetry came fresh to mind. Might it not be that the author himself was in spirit holding fellowship with my spirit, and inciting it to the devotional frame it was in? Still resting upon the tablet, I took out my pencil and transcribed the following lines, which are chiselled on the dark marble or freestone slab.

" ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Pastor of a church of Christ in London; successor to the Rev. Mr. Joseph Carlyll, Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson, and Dr. Isaac Chauncey. After fifty years of feeble labors in the Gospel, interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness, he was at last dismissed to rest, Nov. 25, A. D. 1748; *Æt.* 75.

II. Cor., chap. v., verse 8. 'Absent from the body, but present with the Lord.' Col. chap. iii., verse 4. 'When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.'"

In uno Jesu omnia.

Within this tomb are also deposited the remains of Sarah Brackston, sister to the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, Obit. 13th April, 1756.

This monument was erected by Sir John Hartopp, Bart., and Dame Mary Abney.

Other graves are very near that of Dr. Watts. I was curious to gather up their names — they are such as are familiar ones in New England, — Cooper, Furness, Holman, Dickson, Search, Pitts, Taylor. Just at his right is a stone erected to the memory of Joseph Wilson, printer, and superintendent of the Times newspaper.

The Sexton having opened the great gate, a funeral procession entered, and passing along the wide avenue near me, I saw by the sable weeds, and the tears of the living that followed the hearse of the dead, that human afflictions are the same everywhere. A crowd having followed the procession, that dispersed amongst the tombs, I moved to another part of the Burying-Field, and stood at the grave of John Bunyan, equal in the religious element to what Shakspeare was in the poetic. Bunyan reposes under a sort of Grecian tablet of white stone. It appears to have been there long before Bunyan died, and to be covered with inscriptions now defaced by time. I suppose it was the tomb of some Joseph of Arimathea, who begged the body of this Christian dramatist, and had it placed along with his own family. On one side a slab is let into the tablet, which being more modern, contains the only words I could read. They are as follows :

“MR. JOHN BUNYAN.
Author of
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS;
Obt. 31st Aug., 1688,
Æt 60.”

That is all. The mention of one of his Works is enough to immortalize him, without titles or other words of encomium.

I thought of the Christian Pilgrim's Progress through the Wicket gate, up the hill Difficulty, amongst the Enchanted Mountains, through Vanity Fair and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, towards the Celestial City, and prayed that we all in this enlightened age, might make even a better progress in reality than was foreshadowed

by the thrilling allegory of that wonderful man, John Bunyan, the Bedford tinker.

I gathered a broken fragment of Bunyan's monument as a souvenir. Whilst I stood here, many visitors, male and female, assembled around the grave, and one man began to eulogize Bunyan, and preach to the bystanders. I judged him intoxicated, and repaired again to the grave of Watts. In a few minutes he was there with book in hand, repeating Watts' Hymns, shedding tears, and warning sinners. I was pained to see *such* a man in *such* a place. He had evidently caught *his* spirit from a neighboring gin-palace.

The grave of Daniel DeFoe I could not find, nor did I succeed in ascertaining the spot where Jeremy White lies. In searching, I came across a monumental tomb, in the shape of a stone house, on one side of which was a singular inscription. It reads as follows :

"Here lieth Dame MARY PAGE,
Relict of Sir Francis Page :
She departed this life March 21, 1723,
in the 50th year of her age.

In sixty-seven months she was tapped sixty-six times ; had taken away
two hundred and forty-six gallons of water, without ever repining at her
case or fearing the operation."

Leaving this vast city of the dead, I passed out of the great gate, and crossed the street to a yard in front of the Methodist Chapel. This is a small and rather inferior brick edifice, where both Rev. John Wesley and Dr. Adam Clarke have preached. In the rear of this church is a small burying-ground, which I entered. Near the centre, I found the grave of Wesley. Upon it is a stone shaft, rising from a plinth painted dun color, resting upon a granite base. An iron fence surrounds it, ten feet long by

eight feet wide. I copied from the four sides, the following inscriptions.

North.

To the Memory of
The venerable John Wesley, A. M.
Late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.
This great light arose
(By the singular providence of God,)
To enlighten these Nations,
And to give, enforce, and defend
The pure, apostolical Doctrines and Practices
of the Primitive Church,
Which he continued to do both by his writings and his labors,
For more than half a century;
And to his inexpressible joy
Not only beheld their influences extending,
And their efficacy witnessed,
In the hearts and lives of many thousands,
As well in the Western World as in these Kingdoms;
But also, far above all human power or expectation,
Lived to see provision made by the singular grace of God,
For their continuance and establishment,
To the joy of future generations.
Reader! if thou art constrained to bless the instrument,
Give glory to God.

After having lingered a few days, he at length finished his course and his life together, triumphing gloriously over death, March 2d, Anno Dom. 1791, in the 88th year of his age.

South Side.

In this vault, with the remains of
The Rev. Mr. Wesley,
Are deposited those of the following preachers:
Mr. Duncan Wright, died March 13, 1791, aged 55 years.
The Rev. John Richardson, died Feb. 10, 1792, aged 57 years.
Mr. John Murlin died July 7, 1799, aged 77 years.
Rev. Walter Griffith, } died Jan. 30, 1825,
President of the Conference, 1813, } aged 63 years.

West Side.

Here also are interred the remains of
Mrs. Martha Hall, sister of Mr. Wesley,
who died July 19, 1791, aged 85 years.
"She opened her mouth with wisdom,
And in her tongue was the law of kindness."
31st Chap. Prov., verse 20.

Just east of Wesley's grave, and lying parallel to it, within eighteen inches of the iron railing, is the iron fence that embraces the tomb of Dr. Adam Clarke, a man whom all lovers of the Bible esteem, for the good service he has

done to the cause of Scriptural truth. This is a stone tablet, with a marble slab on which is the following :

Sacred
To the memory of
Adam Clarke, L. L. D. A. S.,
Who rested from his labors, Aug. 26, 1832,
Aged 72 years.
Also, to the memory of Mary, wife of
Adam Clarke, L. L. D.,
Who died Dec. 20, 1836, aged 76 years.
Also, to the memory of
John Wesley Clarke, Esq., eldest son of the above,
Who died Feb. 29, 1840,
Aged 51 years."

Thus I have stood at the graves of CLARKE and WESLEY. I shall never forget the place or the day. It was a privilege few of my religious countrymen enjoy. There is a large rose bush rooted at the head of Wesley, that draws its nourishment perhaps from his decayed dust. It is tall, and bends over the head of Clarke's grave, and its blossoms open there. It struck me as an affecting circumstance not of design, but of nature ; and it was well that this sweet emblem should encircle the graves of those two great and good men. I gathered a few twigs from this bush as it wept over the head of Dr. Clarke, and pressed them in my diary to take home, as souvenirs, to place in the hands of some of my respected Methodist friends, who would be pleased thus to possess a fragrance derived from the graves so sacred in the annals of their church.

Thus I spent the entire afternoon of my second Sunday in London,—not amongst the living, but amongst the dead, worshipping there the God of my fathers, I think, with a more sanctifying devotion than I could have caught in any of the numerous churches around me. They were holy hours to me.

"How sweet their memory still."

LETTER XXIII.

THE CHISWICK GARDENS.

Invitation to the Gardens—Duke of Devonshire's Estates at Chatsworth and Chiswick—Battle Field of Prince Rupert and Earl Essex—House where Fox and Canning died—Hogarth's Grave—Horticultural Society—Its History and Operations—Description of the Gardens—Exhibitions—Great Estates in England—Effects of a Repeal of the Corn Laws.

CHISWICK, AUGUST 12, 1851.

By a card which I received at the Rooms of the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, in the Adelphi, from the Duke of Devonshire, President of the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain, I have to-day been permitted to visit the Society's Gardens in Chiswick. And as I love rural beauties adorned by art, I must say the day has been one of very great satisfaction and delight to me. But before I proceed to give my readers an account of the Society and its Gardens, will you allow me to say something about its President?

The Duke has what may perhaps be called his metropolitan residence in the Parish of Chiswick, some six or eight miles above London on the river; but his country seat, where he prefers to spend most of the year, is on an estate in Derbyshire, called Chatsworth, about seventy miles north of the city. The Chatsworth estate embraces three thousand, five hundred acres; the lands immediately connected with his house or villa, comprehend six or seven thousand acres; but these, as indeed all the grounds

of Chatsworth, are laid out with perfect taste, and with no regard to expense, in gardens, parks, artificial ponds, the river itself, water-falls, fountains, arbors, lodges, bridges, conservatories, &c., &c. In addition to these, he owns other lands in Derbyshire, amounting in all to ninety-six thousand acres ! Think of that for *one* man's farm, and that too, in the little Island of Great Britain, where land is worth almost its weight in gold. His annual income is one million of dollars ; and his greatest trouble is to know what to do with it. Several of his farms on this estate, he rents to farmers for \$5000 to \$7,500 per year. It is a great story, but it is true. No country seat in the world, probably, surpasses this in splendor. His palace is magnificent, almost beyond description, surrounded by statuary taken from the ruins of Thebes, and fragments from the fallen temples of ancient Greece. The windows consist each of but two panes, and the glass is so clear that it is difficult for a person to be convinced there is any glass there, till he submits the question to the sense of touch. Before the house is an immense Spanish chestnut tree, which has a smooth, well-formed trunk, the girth of which near the ground is twenty-seven feet. When in blossom and in fruit, it appears most beautiful. In an enclosure are two trees planted, one by Victoria before her marriage, and the other by Prince Albert, of which great care is taken by the Duke. The interior of the palace is finished most gorgeously — with sculpture, paintings, carved wainscoating, fretted ceilings, and his library contains 31,000 volumes. His kitchen garden covers twelve acres. In an arboretum he has samples of every tree and shrub that can be acclimated. He sent a special messengers to India after one shrub that cost him

£2,000, or \$10,000. The conservatory is of glass, three hundred eighty-seven feet long, by one hundred seventeen feet wide, and sixty-seven feet high. In it is a large aquarium for water plants; and a gallery runs around the whole interior of the building, affording an enchanting view to the visitor. This conservatory is always kept at a uniform temperature, and contains a vast number of the rarest plants that can be collected from all parts of the world. One of his water fountains, in a lawn, sends up a jet two hundred seventy-six feet high. So great is the number of visitors annually to see this estate, that he has petitioned for the right to construct a railway for their accommodation. There are 80,000 persons in the course of a season that visit Chatsworth.

His other estate is at Chiswick. This, as I have said, is on the Thames, near the Suspension Bridge, just above ~~Hammersmith~~ Hammersmith, about seven miles from the great city. It consists of several thousand acres. On its ground was fought the famous battle between Prince Rupert and Earl Essex. The Duke's mansion here, like that at Chatsworth, is superb. The portico is ascended by a flight of stone steps and marble balusters, and at different angles are massive figures in stone, of lions, eagles, &c. In this house Fox and Canning expired. Here they closed their eventful histories. In the Parish church-yard of Chiswick repose the remains of Hogarth, over whose grave is the following inscription:—

“Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.”

The Horticultural Society, with its garden at Chiswick, or rather on Turnham Green in the Parish of Chiswick, is one of the most successful and valuable institutions in England. The aid it has rendered to the cause of fruit and flower cultivation is very great. This Society was founded in 1802. Its "Transactions" are standard publications on the subject of horticulture of the highest respectability. The first volume of "Transactions" was published in 1812, and a volume has appeared regularly every year. The contents are obtained by generous prizes offered for the same. In 1822 the Society leased thirty-two acres of the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Chiswick, and established an experimental garden. From the earliest organization to the present time, the Society has held regular meetings at their spacious room on Regent Street, London, where, before the garden began to yield its contributions, superior gardening products were exhibited, and where communications were invited from scientific and practical horticulturists. These meetings are still held, and the room contains a large and valuable Gardeners' Library. After the gardens at Chiswick were established, a new interest arose, large funds were secured, and the Duke of Devonshire was elected President, which office he has sustained with much zeal and liberality. Its object was to test all sorts of fruits, trees, flowers and vegetables adapted to the English climate, and to try various machinery suited to gardening purposes. Communications were opened with kindred bodies, and commercial establishments all over the world; and collectors were employed, and sent out to different countries and climates in search of novel and useful plants. This was done at a great cost. The Society has

now many agents in the field. Most of the new plants that have been introduced into England, and come into general cultivation within the last twenty years, have been obtained and propagated by this Society in the Chiswick Gardens. The number of such new plants at present exceeds two hundred ; and they have been gathered from Mexico to China.

In addition to the periodical shows in Regent Street, the Society, in 1831, began an exhibition at the garden ; but it was confined to fruits alone till 1833, when the exhibition also embraced flowering plants. These exhibitions have been held three times in each year — viz., in May, June, and July, till the present year, on account of strangers in London, the Society have appointed a special exhibition in August. Thus, by exciting emulation among the higher classes, the Horticultural Society has done more than any other body of men, to bring useful and tasteful gardening into such a wonderful state as now exists in England. The different classifications in horticultural science are assigned to certain individuals as professors, who have nothing else to do in the gardens than to investigate, test, and experiment in matters of their departments. A great advantage is acquired by this system. Each part is more perfectly accomplished. A Mr. Thompson has charge of the fruit department ; he has become so familiar with the delicate shades in the complexion and taste of fruits, that no one can be so good a judge as he of their several pretensions.

When the gardens were first established, the chief effort was to *force* fruits — such as pine-apples, figs, peaches ; and this was done with success ; but it was found that the cost of forcing exceeded the value of the products in all senses

of the word ; and this purpose was abandoned. Now none but hardy plants are cultivated. In this, the Society is rational.

In the Chiswick Gardens, one acre and a half are devoted to apples and pears of the best varieties ; another half acre is occupied by pears trained as espaliers ; and then other apartments, each about the same size, are devoted, one to choice plums, another to cherries, and the last to general fruits, in which every known method of cultivation and training is tried.

The fruit-room is well ventilated, but almost dark. The fruit is laid on wooden shelves, arranged in tiers, and formed of narrow strips of wood, with small spaces between them. The choicest pears, &c., are laid on these shelves, wrapped in soft paper.

The Conservatory is worthy of the plan, though but a section of it is yet completed. It is to be five hundred feet long. The portion now built and occupied is one hundred and eighty feet long, by twenty-seven feet wide ; and its height equals its width. Its roof is curvilinear, made of light iron and patent sheet-glass. One half of its basement story is under the level of the surrounding earth, and the approach to it is by a walled avenue, that, commencing some distance off, gently descends to the large and highly ornamental doors. Above the base, the glass dome arises, most beautifully laced by its own fine iron net-work, and the top is surmounted by a crown. The air in it first passes over large gutters of rain-water, received from the roof, and thence over hot-water pipes — thus keeping the air moist and warm.

Within the Conservatory, narrow stagings run along the side walls, and a path each side of the central bed. On

the stages are small and showy flowering plants, arranged so as to reflect their beauties by contrast with each other. In the centre, plants grow without pots ; and having as much rich earth as they want, and a moisture for the roots derived in nature's way, by exhalation, they grow most luxuriantly under the glass dome. Here are the tea-scented roses, of all sizes and colors, *Hedychimes*, *Brugmansias*, large *Altingias*, the elegant climber, *Hardenbergia*, that scrambles up wires, and hangs like the drapery of an Eastern scene.

The Arboretum has three straight walks on three sides ; the spaces are very interesting, as exhibiting various novel trees and shrubs ; where the tender ones rest against a brick wall, a narrow thatched roof is made to be thrown forward in cold weather for winter protection. At the entrance of the garden is an arched house, for plants of all varieties, kept hot ; and near this is a stove-house for stove plants, or such as can thrive only in heat ; there are two span-roofed green houses, one particularly neat and elegant. In a span-roofed pit, some new hybrid japonicas have been brought out, which are very popular in London.

The whole of the ground is occupied with the beauty of plants and flowers, and on Exhibition days, the gardens are open to the beauty and fashion of the Metropolis, which appear there in the richest displays, promenading the gardens. Ordinarily, there are twenty thousand visitors on those days, and the carriages come by miles. Police officers are in attendance, who oblige the carriages to keep in a line, the occupants of each waiting their turn for alighting. As a matter of etiquette, it is expected the ladies who visit the gardens will appear in full dress. Mil-

itary bands of music attend to fill an atmosphere that is charged with fragrance, also with the concord of sweet sounds. The Duke of Devonshire, a part of whose estate these gardens occupy, and whose mansion is not far distant, being President of the Society, opens all his gates on the Exhibition Days, and allows the visitors freely to pass over his magnificently beautiful domains.

As my American readers are not probably aware of the size of the farms of some of the nobility of England, I would conclude this Letter by giving some statements, as I have learned them, from men or books. One farm, near Edinburgh, is so large and productive, that it is let annually to a farmer, who pays an annual rent of \$10,000 for the use of it, and has become very wealthy at that. Earl Fitzwilliam has a farm of sixteen hundred acres, besides owning the land all around it, as far as the eye can reach to see fields and parks. His house is on the largest scale of any private establishment in the kingdom; it requires thirty or forty servants constantly employed in it. Earl Spencer, sixty miles from London, at Althroe, has ten thousand acres as his home-place. No fences are to be seen. The lands are divided by invisible iron ones. Goodwood, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, contains forty thousand acres, and in Scotland he has about three hundred thousand acres more when he goes hunting in summer. This estate is called Gordon Castle; and the privilege of taking salmon upon it, he rents for \$35,000 per year. The late Lord Yarborough had more than sixty thousand acres on one plantation; on which he made more than seven thousand miles of drains, and set out thirteen millions of trees. He had six hundred tenants on his farms, who paid him each a rentage, varying from \$5000

to \$70,000. The owning of so much land by a few wealthy men deprives the common people of all chance to acquire an interest in the soil, or to support themselves by their own farming operations. Thus the rich are continually being made richer, and the poor poorer, in Great Britain — so different is Old England from New England. There lands are cut up into small plantations, and each farmer is the owner of his estate against the world. It is thought that the repeal of the corn laws, which have given the rich producers a monopoly in the sale of breadstuffs, will so reduce the price of grain, &c., that the Lords can no longer make it profitable to farm it without working themselves; and the effect ultimately may be to cause the lands to pass into the hands of operators, and then the people will have a chance to live independently of their lordly owners and masters.

LETTER XXIV.

A STROLL ABOUT LONDON.

Blackwall Railway—Call on P. Vaughan, Esq.—Boarding in London—The American Minister—A Saunter through Queen's Way—Refreshment Garden—Hyde Park and first view of Crystal Palace—The Serpentine—Smithfield Faggots—St. Bartholomew's Church—Reflections on the burning of Rev. John Rogers—New Lodgings—Music of Jew's Harp.

LONDON, AUGUST 13, 1851.

I MAKE it a point to write something — a Letter if possible — every night before I retire to rest. This, however, keeps me up as late as *other* Londoners ; seldom does the couch receive my exhausted frame and wearied head before low twelve. But till midnight London is all noon-day ; — the streets are illuminated by, I guess I may say, safely, millions of miniature suns in the shape of brilliant gas lights, and are as full of people, omnibuses and other vehicles as they are at high twelve. It would be of little use for me to retire before the night in London really begins. I am up, also, betimes, finishing those writings which had not been completed the previous evening ; and if the family does not bring up my breakfast in season, I take my cane and go out to some eating-house and obtain the necessary repast, and thence start off on my day's work about London or in the Crystal Palace. I lost time in getting out to England, and must make it

up by observing the more accurately and working the faster and harder whilst here.

As I cannot conveniently this evening indite a regular Letter, I transcribe a few leaves from my diary, written a few days after my arrival.

August 2d. — Went from ship in W. I. Dock, Black-wall, to town, alone, on the Railway that passes over the tops of the buildings — hence about four miles — to the Station just within the old London walls, on Crutchet Friars, Jewry street, near the Minories. The cars pass each way once in every fifteen minutes. The train, this morning, consisted of twenty-three cars, all full of passengers, at 6d. each. There were so many, — and I knew them not — that I was, as I have said, “alone.” No one can be more alone in the lonely forests of Aroostook, than he is if a stranger in London. Such a “world is but a wilderness.”

“ Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the worldly tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendor, shrinking from distress !
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued ;
This is to be ALONE ; this, this *is* solitude.”

Walked from the Station — there is no such word as *Depot*, here ; this is a French word, and the English hate the French and French words. I say I walked from the Station to Fenchurch Street, where I called on P. Vaughan, Esq., and delivered my letter of introduction from Gov. Hubbard. He was ill, confined to his bed, and I could not see him. A gentleman, however, in his office offered me every assistance, and gave me a line to Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister.

Passed along Fenchurch Street into Grace street; thence up Bishop's Gate Street, Without, to Gilpin's Book-store — (I believe it was near this that the John Gilpin race took place!) — and there found brother Preston, who said he had engaged rooms for us at Mr. Melladews, No. 23 Swinton street, where we must arrange our city "home" to-morrow. We do not board here as in the United States, at a stipulated sum per week, all found; but hire our rooms, into which no one, not even the family or servants, can enter but by our call or consent; the rooms are furnished; we ring the bell and order what we will eat, what we will drink and wherewithal we will be served, and it is brought on piecemeal and charged accordingly; — so that we never know, till the close of a week, what is the amount of our board bill. Great advantage is taken of a stranger's unacquaintance with prices of particular articles of food, condiments, &c., and as for servants, they must receive pay for every courtesy. It is costly living in London — especially this summer, during the rush of company from all parts of the world to attend the Great Exhibition.

Took an omnibus at the Royal Exchange, corner of Cornhill and Lombard Streets, opposite the Bank of England, and rode through Cheapside, by St. Paul's Cathedral, over Ludgate Hill, through Fleet Street and the Strand, by Charing Cross and Trafalgar square, where stands a huge statue of Nelson, high in air, into Pall Mall, up St. James Street, to Piccadilly, a distance of about three miles, for 6d, and called on Hon. Abbot Lawrence. I gave him my letters of commendation, and showed him my Commission. He received me very kindly, and begged me to feel at home in his house as long as I should

remain in London. He makes a fine appearance, and is a noble specimen of a fine old New England gentleman. He is much respected in London generally, and by the Court in particular. Perhaps he is not so learned a man as was J. Q. Adams, Edward Everett, or George Bancroft, but he is better acquainted with human life than either, knows more of men and manners, is perfectly familiar with all business matters, and understands well the interests of his country. I doubt if we were ever better represented at the Court of St. James. Cost his private pocket what it may, he is determined the United States shall suffer nothing for the want of his attentions. He lives in good style at the Court End of the Town, on Piccadilly, a most elegant street that, like Beacon Street in Boston, which has the Common in full view, looks out upon the open St. James' Park, directly opposite to Buckingham Palace, the Queen's Metropolitan residence. I believe his house is between the Russian and French minister's and he maintains as good, though not so gorgeous, a style as they. I saw nothing anti-republican in his house, his servants or in his own manners. The rooms are richly furnished with fine paintings, mostly commemorative of American scenery and patriotism, and his office is in a front parlor on the second story, that fronts upon the beautiful lawns, lakes and sylvan beauties of the Park. He presides at a round table in the centre of the room—a grey headed, gentlemanly man, attentive to all business introduced to him; and his Secretary of Legation, a son of Gov. Davis, of Worcester, who has travelled much in foreign parts, is ever ready to await his wishes and execute his directions. He remarked to me

that he gave every day to the business of his office, but Saturday afternoons and Sundays, — the first from his New England school boy days he had enjoyed for pastime, and the last he would give to his God, and not allow its hours to be invaded by private company or public business.

Taking leave of Mr. Lawrence, we walked out upon St. James' Park and resting upon an iron seat on the margin of a lake just in front of Mr. Lawrence's house, enjoyed the enchanting presence of all the beauties of the splendid Park before us. Passing under the arching trees along the Queen's Way we approached Her Majesty's Residence, the gates of which were guarded by military sentinels in uniform, with polished guns, we entered the yard, and passing the arch in the front quadrangle, proceeded to the open court in the interior of the Palace, where the Queen sports with her children. Buckingham Palace is a magnificent edifice, worthy the Sovereign of the mightiest kingdom, or queendom in the world. Upon its battlements are erected statues of English Kings and Dukes, and the whole is surmounted with the Crown and the Royal Coat-of-Arms. Behind the Palace is the Queen's Garden of forty acres. It is elegantly laid out — has a lake in the centre — and abounds with fish, birds, flowers and fruits. We gathered a few souvenirs from the plants to press in our herbarium.

Near the the Queen's Palace, we called at a refreshment saloon for dinner; and were conducted into the adjacent gardens, well shaded with trees, under which are statues and other interesting objects; and in which are spacious halls for shooting, riding, bowling, &c., rural arbors, with tables and seats where our refreshments were

served. There are several jets d'eau in this garden which give a freshness to the atmosphere.

Leaving St. James' Park and walking through the Green Park, we entered Hyde Park where the Crystal Palace attracts the whole world. These Parks are all in connexion; and with the Kensington Gardens adjacent to the latter, constitute a rural opening of eight hundred and thirty-two acres of inimitable beauty in the very heart of London! — deer, feeding upon the lawns; birds, singing in the trees; boats, sailing on the lakes, and myriads of men, women and children, some on foot, some on horses, some in coaches, others in vehicles drawn by ponies, donkeys, goats or dogs, walking, running or riding in every direction.

And there is the Glass Palace — the wonder of the world! covering eighteen acres of ground, three stories in height, with an arched roof in the centre that embraces huge trees one hundred and eight feet high! As the unclouded sun shines upon the roof and sides of stained glass, and the dense shade of the neighboring trees gives contrast to the picture, nothing in this world ever struck the eye with so much admiration as that wonderful edifice that contains the Industrial Congress of the World! I shall never forget the first glimpse I got of it through those arching trees that bound the line of the way as I entered Hyde Park under the triumphal arch, near the Duke of Wellington's Mansion, called the Apsley House, at its junction with Constitution Hill. It was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Near the Crystal Palace is a large lake, called the Serpentine, the shores of which are lined with flint pebbles, and shaded with over-arching trees, and wharves at which

small barges and sail-boats of great beauty are in readiness for any persons who wish to enjoy an excursion on the lake. In the centre is moored a miniature frigate, that belongs to the Queen's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, now ten years of age, and the heir apparent to her Throne. He is a Midshipman in the Royal Navy, and begins his first lessons upon subjects of nautical science and art in this young man-of-war, — or rather this boy-of-war.

From Hyde Park we took an omnibus on Oxford Street, and passing through that and High Holborn, all along which is splendor enough to bedazzle any Yankee — proceeded to West Smithfield, nearly three miles distant, just over the walls of the old Roman city, in what is now about the centre of London. This is an open space of six or eight acres, and is paved with cobble stones, and cut up into avenues and pens by sawed rail fences. These are for the reception of cattle, sheep and swine. Smithfield is now the great cattle market of London, but being a nuisance is soon to be abolished by act of Parliament, as such. Thousands of cattle and tens of thousands of sheep and swine are driven in here from the country every Monday and Friday, and placed in those enclosures for sale. Here are annually marketed 1,450,000 sheep, 25,000 calves, 35,000 pigs, 185,000 oxen, besides cows, mules, asses, goats and dogs, in great numbers. It is a dirty place, and the surrounding buildings give evidence of vice and wretchedness. This is the real Smithfield, corrupted from Smoothfield, of our Primers, where the Protestant martyrs were burnt at the stake in the reign of Bloody Mary. It was once the site of tilts and tournaments. There is one spot on the ground not occu-

pied by cattle, and this is where John Rogers, Anne Askew, Bartholomew Leggett and others, were burnt for heresy. As I approached it, I noticed a man sitting upon a stool with an armful of canes to sell, that appeared to have been colored by a partial insertion in flames. "Sir," said I, "are those the faggots with which the martyrs were burnt here?" "No sir," said he, "they are the ones with which they were not burnt — will you have one?" I remembered my friend Rev. Isaac Rogers of Farmington, who takes an honest pride in being a regular lineal descendant from Rev. John Rogers; and wishing to preserve something as a remembrancer of a place so sacred to the cause of religious liberty, I purchased one of the canes, that I will carry home to America with me and offer him as a souvenir from Smithfield, and as a token of my own personal friendship.

St. Bartholomew's Church is still standing at the eastern corner of Smithfield. Under it are subterranean rooms, where it is said the Reformers in the 16th century were wont to retreat for a chance to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. There are a clock and a bell in the tower; and at the approach to the great door, on the left side, are a few graves with stones so old that the inscriptions are not to be read — perhaps the bodies of martyrs repose here — sacred ashes; from the fires which reduced them, the spirit of Liberty ascends ever!

As I stood on Smithfield, my mind travelled back to the days of persecution. I thought I could see the victim bound and enclosed in faggots; — I saw the executioner approach with bloody axe and infernal insignia, and

kindle the fires ; — I saw the wife “ with nine small children and one at the breast,” surrounding the stake at which the husband and father was being immolated ; — I heard his last benedictions and prayers ; — I saw the light gleam upon the old church which had been the refuge and prison of the Reformers ; — I heard the faggots crackle under the consuming fire ; — I beheld the smoke and flames gather around the body of the victim, and, pouring into his face, suffocate and strangle the dying man, whose last words were a prayer for his enemies ! and I returned from Smithfield with the prayer upon my heart, that God would make me more faithful than ever to the sacred cause of human rights and religious freedom.

At night I repaired to Swinton Street for my new lodgings. It is a wide, clean, sweet, quiet street, with elegant residences on both sides. There are no stores or shops in it, and the noises of no omnibuses are heard in it. The small birds from the great parks come in flocks upon the macadamized surface of the street, and feast themselves upon the crumbs thrown out from the doors. The forest birds are as plenty here as in any of our rural villages of New England. As I approached my new quarters, I noticed directly in front, on the side-walk, two well-clad boys discoursing most eloquent music — one with a violin, singing a plaintive air, and the other accompanying on a Jew’s Harp, a real Harp of David. I do not remember ever to have seen one in America. Its base rested upon the sidewalk, and its head was as high as the boy’s. The strings were long and gave a generous music as he plied them with his well skilled fingers. In shape it was according to the pictures which we see of

David's Harp ; it was made of Turkey box-wood, and was a very handsome instrument. Under the sound of this music I have come for the first time into this house, my new London home, and have written the foregoing in my Note Book.

LETTER XXV.

ANOTHER STROLL ABOUT LONDON.

A Beautiful Morning—Inns of Court—Gray's Inn—Splendid Stores in Holborn—Trade in Manuscript Sermons—Old Bailey and Newgate Prisons—Goldsmith's Residence—General Post Office—Exact Regulations—Five Points of Wealth—Bank of England—Royal Exchange.

LONDON, AUGUST 14, 1851.

TAKING the suggestion from my extract of yesterday, I shall write out this evening an account of my stroll to-day about the city. The morning was beautiful—the dense smoke of the immense city had not yet obscured the sun—the skies were without a cloud—the birds were singing in the parks, and the air that came from those great lungs of a healthy city, was bland and sweet. I started alone from my lodgings for a walk through Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, Skinner Street, and Newgate, to the General Post Office on St. Martin's-le-Grand, and perhaps, if time should allow, through Cheapside and Poultry Street, to the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England;—the whole making a distance from my starting point of about two miles. My object was to accomplish this stroll, if possible, in season for my afternoon's work in the Crystal Palace at the West End, which is in the opposite direction, about four miles from the last named place. I

must spend part of each day in that Congress of Industry.

Gray's Inn Lane is a very long street, leading out of High Holborn at right angles, northward, and takes its name from one of the Inns of Court, established originally by old Lord Gray. These Inns are not what we call taverns, but the head quarters of the legal Faculty—the Inns or Resorts of Court people,—lawyers and judges,—who have their conference halls here in which instruction is imparted to the profession, and barristers-at-law are admitted to practice. They are the seats for learning the domestic history of the realm, and the residence of legal subtilty. There are four principal Inns of Court in London, viz. — The Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. I must stop and see this last on my way. The building is of stone. It looks like some ancient College edifice, and contains large halls, offices, library rooms, &c. Attached to it are elegant gardens of several acres. Lincoln's Inn, not far from this, just out of Holborn, has a larger garden, more like a field,—hence, who has not heard of "Lincoln's Inn Fields?"

These four Inns of Court hold in conference the privilege of electing or rejecting students-at-law, who are proposed to them as barristers, (they are not called lawyers, as in America, but *bar-risters*, members of the *bar*.) This is done by the student furnishing a written statement of his age, residence, and condition in life, accompanied by a certificate of his fitness, signed by himself and a benchor, or senior member or reader of the society, or by two barristers in his stead. The student is required to be well educated. In entering either of the Inns of Court, he is required to pay a fee of £100, or \$500, and

attend the term dinners a prescribed number of times, in order to be farther qualified for the election; and if elected, he is then, as is said, "called to the bar"—as a clergyman is called to the pulpit—the call, perhaps, is sometimes as divine in the former case as in the latter. After admission, he must be studious in his law readings, diligent in his attentions to the proceedings of Court, watch the progress and termination of cases therein, be courteous to his superiors, urgent in his efforts, and forcible in his arguments for his clients. Success and honor then await him.

Gray's Inn was formerly the property of King Henry VIII. The great hall was built in 1560, and the gardens were planted by Lord Bacon in 1600. He was a member of this society, and Treasurer of the same. It can boast of other eminent men, amongst whom may be mentioned Lords Burleigh and Romilly. The Inn is divided into four Courts,—South Square, Field Court, Chapel Court, and Gray's Inn Square. The chambers recently built called Vercelum Buildings, are principally occupied by barristers, and students, and solicitors.

Leaving Gray's Inn Lane, and passing into Holburn (pronounced *Hoburn*)—a very long and rich business thoroughfare, which, in its progress, is known in one part as High Holborn, (where Day & Martin's blacking manufactory is located,) in another simply Holburn, and near its eastern terminus, Holborn Hill,—I could but halt, occasionally, to examine the rich displays at mercers', jewellers', and other gay windows. Indeed, I could not resist the temptation to call at one most splendid establishment, Charles Meeking & Co., 62 Holborn Hill, and make purchase of some Irish Poplins, Damask Silk, Wool Plaids,

and Linens, to take home to the family as appropriate "London presents." Such goods are much better and cheaper here than in America. These were manufactured in Scotland and Ireland, by the proprietors of the rich store of whom these purchases were made. Their immense rooms, on Holborn Hill, are almost a city of themselves.

From here, I proceeded down, through Skinner street to Newgate. These are both on the direct way to the General Post-office, eastward; but being crossed by another street called Giltspur, on the left, and Old Bailey, on the right, the avenue here assumes those different names.

Near the corner of Giltspur and Newgate, I noticed a Book-shop, at the window of which was pasted a written paper in the following words: — "MANUSCRIPT SERMONS FOR SALE; 6d." I had heard that English sermon-makers and English clergymen carried on a large business in manuscript sermons, and had the curiosity to enter and ask the trader to let us examine some of those advertised at the window. He handed me a large pile of sermons, new and clean, from which I selected one as a specimen. He then threw down another lot of old looking ones, written by "Rev. Dr. Dollard," and expended many compliments on the character of the author, and the excellence of the sermons. I selected one of these, also, and offered him his two sixpences, or a shilling. He began to look excited, as if quite offended: — "But, Sir," said he, "that is not enough; the *written* sermons are sixpence, the first you took is a *lithographed* one, — that alone is a shilling, — the two will be one and sixpence." I saw the fraud, and notified him of it; I called for the sermons advertised at his window, the price of which was a sixpence; he pre-

sented me those as such, which were so well lithographed, that they appeared exactly like written ones. There was a cheat, however, in the manufacture, and a cheat in the sale ; and I suppose the clergy who purchase of him on Saturday for use the next day, cheat their hearers by appearing to have written sermons, and to be the authors of them themselves. However, I was not disposed to multiply words for the sake of an extra sixpence, and so I took the two samples to carry to America, in order that my clerical friends at home may see how easy and cheap a thing it is in England for any man to be a clergyman of "*the Church*."

The Old Bailey is a short street leading from Newgate to Ludgate Hill, near Paternoster Row in the rear of St. Paul's Cathedral. From the Book-shop, before mentioned, crossing Newgate into the Old Bailey, on the left is the famous Newgate Prison, which occupies almost the entire length of the street. This word is corrupted from an old Bailiff who once resided just without that New Gate of the walled city. On the opposite side is a range of mean and dirty buildings, in one of which the celebrated Oliver Goldsmith resided. The chamber was pointed out to me by a Policeman, where Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*. That good Vicar, I dare say, did not purchase his lithographed sermons in a Newgate Book-store. I could but feel a sense of reverence, as I stood and realized that there Oliver Goldsmith lived, and gave to the world those Works which have immortalized his own name, and which have blessed his race to the end of time.

Newgate Prison is a huge, dark, stone edifice, gloomy enough for an English prison. Ordinarily there are five

hundred persons in it, and most of them mix together in the dark interior lanes and passage ways, with no other employment than learning to perfect themselves in villainy. The prisoners, however, are mostly such as are awaiting trial in the Court Rooms in other parts of the building. I entered and saw Barristers in powdered wigs and long gowns, and the Judges on the Bench, with ermine badges, who would sentence this one to Pentonville, that to Botany Bay, and a third to the gallows, with as much indifference as a professed butcher puts his knife into the neck of a swine.

Most prisoners under sentence of death are confined in this prison. From the door of an upper story the culprits are led out on a drop platform over the sidewalk, and hung from a beam projecting beneath the roof. Thus the executions are public.

It is but a short distance from this Prison at the end of Newgate, to St. Martin's-le-Grand on Alder's Gate, where the General Post Office is located. This is the General Office, not for London only, but for the English Islands, and its number of clerks and letter-carriers alone is thirteen thousand. The letters delivered annually are estimated at three hundred and twenty-nine millions. The postage on all letters of the common weight is only one penny to any part of the Kingdom, and newspapers go absolutely free to subscribers. This is more liberal to the Press than our own Republican Government is willing to be. It should be said, however, that there is a stamp duty always to be paid to the Government before any publisher can issue his papers, and this makes newspapers dearer without postage in England, than ours are with it, in America.

The General Post Office is of the Ionic order, made of faced Portland stone, covering a large compact rectangle, which on the street side has a facade of four hundred feet long of Grecian character. A tunnel under the rotunda, in the centre, affords a passage between the two wings. There are sub-offices all over the city to which mails go ten times every day from this General Post Office. A letter once deposited, cannot be given back to the writer or depositor, even to correct a mistake. From that moment it is in the charge of Government, which is responsible for its safe delivery. Any amount of money may be sent by mail, the sender only paying the Post Office 6d for registering the letter, with the amount enclosed, &c. If lost, the Government is responsible to the sender. If letters are not prepaid, the postage is doubled.

One would think that a letter sent to an individual from any part of the world to "London," and with no other more specific direction, would be about as likely to be received by its owner, as a leaf in autumn blown into a forest would be to find its intended destination upon the dining-log of the woodsman. But nothing is more sure, as I found it in my own case. If a letter comes, say from America, directed to me in London, all I have to do, at first, is only to visit the great rotunda, of the General Post Office, on the arrival of a mail steamer, and look at the list of letters received by the same for London. This is written and posted on a large board hung upon the wall under the sign — "United States." If a letter has arrived, all I have to do is — not to call at any one of the numerous office-windows for the letter itself, but rather to write my address with a pencil on a blank left for that

purpose against the name, and withdraw. In a very short time, perhaps, in an hour, one of the city mails carries it to the sub-office for the district in which I reside, and a penny-post takes it forthwith to my lodgings and deposits it on my table. From this time I never need go to the Post Office again for any thing ; it is as sure to be brought to my lodgings in an hour after its arrival at the General Post Office, as the sun is to rise. Nothing can be more perfect than the Post Office system of London. Rowland Hill's name in connection with it, will live forever.

Passing from the General Post office down Cheapside and Poulteny, the traveller comes to a point very near the centre of London proper,—that is, the old Roman city,—where, just ahead, three splendid streets radiate, viz. Lombard, Cornhill and Threadneedle, and at the right, King William street, and at the left Prince street. These Five Points, however, are very different, both in appearance and reality, from the famous Five Points in New York. Those are poor, filthy, vicious and miserable ; these are the very head-quarters of the wealth, beauty and magnificence of London and the world. On one of the acute angles, in front, viz. on the point formed by the junction of Cornhill and Threadneedle streets is the Royal Exchange, than which, there is perhaps, no building in London more rich and elegant. On the left, nearly opposite, upon an irregular site of eight acres, bounded on all sides by streets, viz. Prince street, Threadneedle, Lothbury and Bartholomew Lane is the Bank of England. This covers the entire area ; of course its whole exterior is bounded by streets, and on no street is there a single window. All is darkness itself, so far as the curious public can see. There are, indeed, places for windows regularly

cut in all the walls, with stone frames and caps, and the spaces usually occupied by glass, filled with smoothly wrought marble slabs. There is also, at the north-west angle, a mock entrance, consisting of a beautiful colonade with Corinthian capitals, surmounted by a Grecian dome, and the floor of which is bristling with sharp iron prongs pointing in very direction, as if to prevent all access to the door, which is not a door, but an elegantly carved marble fixture as immovable as any other parts of the wall of the building.

The Bank of England is a low edifice, of a single story, with an entablature above, — that seems to be lower, as all the surrounding buildings are so lofty and gorgeous. On Threadneedle street, there is an arch in the building, protected by iron gates, which are opened by day, and guarded by an officer clad in a long tailed blue coat, boarded with red, and wearing a three-cornered-hat. Having a ticket from our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, I passed the guard, and went through the arch into an open court within. The walls through which the arch passes are so thick as to constitute a width sufficient for large rooms in the building, that look out upon the court, where the light is sent into the windows from the interior walls. There are nine of these open courts in the Bank, some of which are filled with shrubbery and flowers, and watered by *jets d'eau*. It is a city within itself. I cannot describe the apartments of a Bank that thus turns its cold, dark, mighty back upon the world. It looks only on itself, and has the exclusive light of heaven for its use. I went through several of its rooms, all of which were guarded by an officer in uniform like the one already described. They appeared to be occupied by banking officers, clerks,

&c., &c. The number of clerks, porters, engravers and printers employed within this building, is one thousand, whose salaries (for life) average each \$1125 annually. Those past work, are pensioned well. This makes every person employed independent, and puts him beyond all necessary temptations.

The principal business of the Bank of England is paying the annual interest of the National Debt, which is \$3,500,000,000. The Government has no control over it, except to renew its charter occasionally. It is the only bank in Great Britain that is allowed to issue paper money, and itself can issue no bills less than £5. Of these there are eighteen or nineteen millions of pounds issued annually. The notes of no two denominations are alike, and no note is issued a second time. When once it comes back to the Bank, it is filed away and registered. The whole capital of the Bank is £14,553,000, and besides the notes already named, it advances money to the Government in the shape of Exchequer Bills to an immense amount. It is the Money King of the Earth, — high in its power over all mere Thrones.

London is the centre of the wealth of the commercial world, and that wealth is displayed all over the city. Its magnificence corresponds with its magnitude. A visitor from a Yankee city in America feels as if he never was in a city before, and he is lost in the vastness of London and its unparalleled splendors.

The locale of the New Royal Exchange building has been given. This is one of the most elegant structures in the world, and is an honor and an ornament even to London. It is built on the site of the old one, which was opened in royal style by Queen Elizabeth in 1569. This was opened

in the same style by Queen Victoria in October, 1844. The edifice is 308 feet in length, and has two fronts, the western being 119 feet wide and the eastern, 175 feet. It has a quadrangle in the centre, like the cortili of the Italian palaces, open to the sky, 112 feet long by 53 feet wide. This is paved with Turkey stones taken from the old Exchange, laid in patterns, with bands of red granite. On the four interior sides are Doric columns and rusticated arches and windows, surmounted by a highly ornamented pierced parapet. In the centre of the cortili is a pedestal of marble, in which is a full statue of England's beloved Queen, with the crown upon her fair brow. This is the best likeness of Victoria that I saw any where in England.

At the eastern end is a tower one hundred seventy-seven feet high, surmounted by a copper gilded grasshopper eleven feet long, taken from the old Exchange. In this tower is a peal of fifteen bells for the chimes. The western end is the most elegant. It looks out upon a large open space formed by the junction of five streets. This front consists of a portico of eight Corinthian columns, forty-one feet long, supporting the pediment, which to its apex, is seventy-four feet from the ground. The tympanum of the pediment is adorned with sculpture in bold relief, consisting of a great number of figures allegorically representing Commerce, in its various branches, transacting the business of the earth. Over all this is the appropriate inscription in English, "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,*" and on the horizontal line of the frieze of the portico beneath, is the following in Latin: "*Anno xiii. Elizabethæ R. Conditvm. Anno viii. Victoriæ R. Restavratvm.*" Some distance in advance of the west end, is a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke

of Wellington, mounted on his horse, upon a tall marble pedestal. This statue was cast by Chantrey from the cannon taken by the Duke in his battles with Napoleon. The value of the metal was \$7,500, and the cost of getting it into this shape was \$45,000 more; making the cost of the whole statue \$52,500.

The foundation of the Exchange building was laid by Prince Albert, June 17, 1842. It was opened by his wife — nay, his sovereign — in October, 1844. The cost of the building was \$750,000. It is the great resort of the merchant princes of London. The main floor consists of four grand apartments, the principal one of which is occupied by the Underwriter's Establishment of the celebrated Lloyd. Assurance and other offices are about the edifice, besides Library, Reading, Statuary, and Picture Rooms. As I have said, it is an honor and an ornament to the British Metropolis.

LETTER XXVI.

REGENT'S PARK.

Location of Regent's Park—Established by George IV.—Villas and Terraces—Interview with a Policeman—Royal Botanic Gardens—Conservatory—Lily House, Victoria Regia—Astronomical Observatory—Lake—Zoological Gardens—From Regent's Park to Drury Lane.

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1851.

REGENT'S PARK is on the north-west side of London, and embraces 450 acres. It was laid out in 1812 under direction of the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV. Unlike most of the other parks in London, portions of the land have been let off for villas and terraces, which add very much to the interest and beauty of a walk, ride, or drive through the extensive grounds. The handsome villa of the Marquis of Hertford on the north-west side, also the terrace and gardens of Baron Goldsmid, near the inner circle, and the mansion and observatory of Mr. Bishop adjacent to the Botanic Gardens, are very conspicuous ornaments. There is a road for carriages amongst the trees on the border of the Park, and a lake of irregular shape, crossed by several most elegant bridges, in the south-eastern portion of the grounds, near which are the Botanic Gardens, the best, probably, in Europe. The Zoological Gardens are in the northern

part of the Park. The first contains eighteen acres in a circle, and on it is a glass Conservatory or Winter House that will accommodate two thousand visitors.

My first demonstration was for this garden. Passing amongst the lawns, and under the shade trees of the park, I in time reached the circular iron fence of the garden, fortified inside all the way by a beautifully trimmed hedge of hawthorns. I knew not where the entrance was, but following the wide carriage road that encircles the garden outside, soon met a Police officer, who invited me to be seated with him on one of the beautiful benches under the shade of a spreading beech — the beech trees are larger and more ornamental than ours in America. I willingly improved the opportunity to get what information I could out of him. He explained to me all matters of interest to be found in the Park, and offered to conduct me to the lodge of the garden and introduce me to the porter. With regard to himself, he told me that his duties as Police-man required all his time, and each member of the corps receives daily pay, which is not small. Noticing the silver letter "R" on his upright collar, I inquired like a true Yankee, who is sure to ask questions, what that signified? He replied that the Police force of the city was divided into companies of about five hundred each, and that the several companies were distinguished by a letter of the alphabet. He belonged to company "R." He believed that the whole force exhausted every letter of the alphabet, in which case it was easy to reckon the number of Policemen employed constantly to keep the order of the city, and to wait upon strangers, as consisting of thirteen thousand — quite an army! But it is a civil, not a military one.

Arriving at a circular recess in the garden fence, I found there a fancy lodge, like some Grecian temple, at which a porter presided, whose duty it is to see that none but members of the Society, or persons with the proper tickets, pass into the enclosure. On ascertaining, however, that I was an American, he politely *invited* me to advance, and giving me a printed map or diagram of the garden, and providing me with a living guide, I entered under a weeping ash tree, whose pendant and osier-like limbs bent down to the earth. The gravelled walks were lined with curious shrubbery and flowers, and as I approached the elegant cottage of the garden, I noticed two men on the lawn in front, with a horse, moving a machine that shaved the grass, took it up and combed the ground as with a fine tooth comb, as it passed. The spots which the machine could not command, as in sharp angles, and on the extreme lines of the lawn, were clipped with shears by the other workman accompanying. These lawns are thus shaven every few days, and kept close and tufted like a velvet carpet, and as clean as that on a gentleman's parlor. Indeed, lawns thus trimmed and dressed are common in all the gardens of London, and the estates of gentlemen in the country. The laying out of these gardens cost \$175,000. The Conservatory is of glass, one hundred and seventy-six feet long by seventy-five feet wide. It is warmed by hot water circulating in 2,500 feet of iron pipe. Fruits and flowers from every country and clime, here arrested attention and delighted the sense. It is a lovely place indeed. Who would not wish to spend hours and days in it, like Adam occupying Eden in the days of his innocency? Near this is a fancy building, with elegant refreshment-

rooms, attended by graceful females, who are happy to provide visitors with fruits and cakes, but nothing "ardent."

One of the span-houses near by, is occupied almost entirely by a cistern, or oblong tank, containing the great lily, recently introduced from the Amazon River, in South America, called the *Victoria regia*. The tank in which this water-lily is cultivated, is twenty-seven by seventeen feet, and kept warm by hot water pipes passing through it, and in motion by the action of a small revolving wheel. I entered to see the floral glory of the world.

The lily-pods, resting on the surface of the water, were over sixteen feet each in circumference, or more than five feet in diameter. Two of the lilies were in blossom; they were pure white, with light yellow centre, and more than a foot in diameter — the largest and richest flower in nature.

I noticed several others, not yet opened, piercing the water, and about the size of cocoa-nuts. It requires great cost and care to rear the *Victoria* lily — it is a queenly thing. Both the air and the water in the house built for it, must be kept warm, almost hot, and at one temperature, night and day, summer and winter. There are but two or three other places in England where the *Victoria* lily is cultivated.

Near these buildings in the garden is the Observatory of Mr. Bishop, who has a villa in the park. It is attended by Mr. Hinds, and was erected in 1837. Its principal instrument is an equatorial telescope of great power. By means of it, the heavens have been searched, and in 1846 and 1847, three new comets were discovered; also, three small planets have been discovered, viz., Iris, August, 1847, Flora, October, of the same year, and Victoria, in September, 1850. Mr. Hinds is probably the best star-

gazer in England ; and as he has the most powerful apparatus, there is a prospect that he will be able to confer great benefits on the cause of astronomical science.

On the south side of this park is a small lake, with islands therein, well covered with trees. Noble weeping-willows grow upon its southern margin. It lies also in the midst of some villas, or group of buildings, of all sizes and styles, belonging to some rich gentlemen, and is, on the whole, one of the most interesting spots in the park.

But the best view of the whole is from Sussex Place, which consists of several buildings in Chinese taste, having a collection of octagonal towers, surmounted by a cupola and minarets. From this place, the grounds of the park appear in all their beauty, — groves, gardens, sheets of water, interspersed with villas, lodges, and airy bridges. The view is closed on the opposite side by the great dome of the Coliseum, and the colonnades of adjoining terraces, owned and occupied, — one by Lord Chester, another by the Duke of Cumberland, and another by the family of the late Duke of Cambridge. *There* are some of the magnificent seats of London wealth and power, such as do not yet begin to be seen in America.

Another capital object of interest in Regent's Park, are the Gardens of the Zoological Society. These are on the northern side of the park, and cover seventeen acres. It is a collection of living animals from all climes, the greatest in the world, being superior to the collections in Paris, Antwerp, or Vienna. There are about twenty thousand animals in these Gardens, some free to roam as they please, some under the care of attending-keepers, others in yards, and others still in buildings and cages made expressly for them. Almost every rare and curious animal

to be found anywhere on the face of the earth, is to be seen in the Royal Zoological Garden of Regent's Park. It has received contributions from the Queen of England, the Queen of Portugal, the Emperor of Russia, the late Ibrahim Pacha, and from the Viceroy of Egypt.

The animals are of all species ; but those which seem to attract the most attention are the *Carnivora*, or Wild Beasts and the *Pachydermata*, or thick skinned quadrupeds. Amongst the first, I noticed Lions and Lionesses, Jaguars, Pumas, Chans and the Tasmanian Wolf or Dog-headed Oppossum, of which no other living example has ever been seen in civilized life. Amongst the last named, are Elephants, from cubs to grand-sires, Rhinoceroses, Vlaek-Vack and the Hippopotamus or river horse, seen in the rivers of Africa. This is the only living specimen which has left Africa since the days of the Roman Emperors. He has his abode in a pond or lake formed on purpose for his majesty. The Zoological Gardens are a point of universal attention to all strangers in London. Every Saturday the Band of the First Life Guards of Her Majesty, performs, from four to six o'clock. The admirable selection of music and the brilliant execution of it by this Band, is of itself enough to attract all lovers of music to the Zoological Gardens.

Regent Street leads from this Park down town some two or three miles, and at one point, where it intersects with Oxford Street, forms a circus. Still further it takes a graceful bend, as it sweeps round into Piccadilly, and the facades of the marble ranges of silk stores and jewellers' establishments, presents a beauty, especially in the evening, when the street is brilliantly lighted with gas,

absolutely enchanting. There are a great many rich and fashionable streets in London — such as Piccadilly, Oxford, Holborn, Whitehall, Strand, Cornhill, &c. but compared with them, Regent Street is to London what Broadway is to New York. But to compare the latter with that, however mortifying the confession may be to us as Yankees is a height of vanity of which no Yankee would be guilty after passing from Regent's Park, through Portland Place and Regent Street, to Drury Lane.

LETTER XXVII.

A SABBATH AMONGST THE JEWS.

St. Mary's Axe—The Jews in London—Anecdote of Rothschild—Rich as Jews—Synagogues in the City—Great St. Helen's—Interior of the Building—Hebrew Services—A Pharisaic Friend—Charity of the Jews—Standing evidence of the truth of Christianity.

LONDON, AUGUST 16, 1851.

MY first *Sunday* in London was spent amongst the Good Samaritans, that is to say, in the Female Penitentiary and the Field Lane Ragged School, both of which institutions are supported by that Samaritan benevolence which knows neither sect nor party ; our second, amongst the Puritan Pilgrims of Union Street, Southwark, and in the Bunhill Fields' burying grounds, where repose the early fathers and the most distinguished divines of the Independents. In former letters, I have described the interesting occurrences of those days. Our first *Sabbath*, (not Sunday,) was spent amongst that still more ancient people of God, the Jews, in St. Mary's Axe. This is a part of London, near the Minories, which is the principal seat of Hebrew trade, and where are the two greatest Synagogues in the city. Why that region is called St. Mary's Axe, I know not ; doubtless some event transpired in it connected with the bloody Queen Mary's Axe, with

which the heads of so many Protestants were cut off; but I never knew before that she had been canonized by the Pope, and become a titular *Saint* on account of it. In the Tower I saw the identical *axe*, and felt the edge of it, with which the head of Queen Anne Boleyn was severed from her beautiful body, and with which other political and religious martyrs were executed; and as this is near by the district of St. Mary's Axe, perhaps this name is in honor of that instrument.

The Jews, by the awful decree of God, oppressed all over the world, are not very numerous, but some are very rich, in London. They are "as rich as Jews." There are about eighteen thousand of them in the city. They preserve their identity as a people with wonderful and sacred success. There is no admixture of Gentile blood — not a drop — amongst them. What they were in Abraham's day, they are now — men and women of noble forms, of raven hair, of black eyes, of brunette skins, and scythe-shaped noses. From their infancy they are all taught the Hebrew language; this they speak and read alike in every part of the world; and the languages of the nations amongst whom they are scattered, are always the acquired, never the original, languages of their families. They read from right to left, and all their service is in the Hebrew language, which is the sacred language; as that of the Roman Catholics is in Latin, which is the most universal language among the learned.

The Jews were banished from England in 1291; but about two hundred years ago, during the Commonwealth, when Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan, was Protector, Rabbi Menasseh Ben Israel, a Jew of great learning in Amsterdam, petitioned Cromwell to allow his exiled brethren to

return. By the tacit, though not formal, consent of Cromwell, the Jews did return, and from that time have maintained their privileges in England. Nearly all civil disabilities are now removed from them. Jews have been High Sheriffs of London, Aldermen of the city, &c. They are not yet, however, allowed to be law-givers of the Kingdom; but this matter has lately excited much favorable discussion, and is in a fair way of being soon settled. The *People* of London, maugre the test Act, have elected a Jew, Baron Lionel-de-Rothschild, to a seat in Parliament, which seat he cannot take unless he swears to support the Christian religion, (which he will not do,) or until the Test Act is repealed. By the way, I heard an anecdote related of Rothschild and his election in London, which is too good to be omitted in this place. After his election, he met and feasted the People on one of the great Parks in London, during which festivities he took the stand and made a speech in favor of the largest religious and civil liberty. "I, fellow subjects," said he, "have been elected to a seat in the British Parliament; I go because the people have *preferred* me," — "And so they did Barrabas!" exclaimed a cruel *Christian* voice from the dense mass of human beings before him. It was an "unkind cut," and it is said the newly elected, but yet unseated M. P felt it very severely.

Some of the London Jews are very wealthy — the richest merchants and bankers in the Kingdom. Their Stock Exchange exercises a vast influence and almost controls the Government. Hence, on Saturdays, (the Jewish Sabbaths,) and Pentecost and other Festivals, there is a very great slackness in almost all sorts of business in London. The Rothschilds have several Banking Houses, in Europe, as

in London, Frankfort, Vienna, Naples, Paris, Amsterdam and Madrid. The amount of capital employed by this family is estimated at one hundred and thirty millions of dollars. The richest one is the Baron Anselm-de-Rothschild, who resides in Frankfort. His private fortune is said to be nearly forty million. The firm gives annually fifty thousand dollars for the support and comfort of their poor Hebrew brethren. Next to the Rothschilds, Sir Isaac Goldsmid, is supposed to be the richest man in England. I do not know what he is worth ; but he has a fortune in Portugal alone that yields him an annual *interest* of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The two brothers Solomons own the most shipping of any house in London. Moses & Son have the largest clothing establishment in England. They fill thirteen extensive warehouses. The capital employed is gigantic. The Messrs. Hyam have a clothing establishment about as large. The yearly sum they pay to tailoress girls and other help is one million of dollars, which is distributed amongst six thousand hands employed.

These rich Jews have magnificent palaces in the western part of London — the Court end of the town. The Queen herself does not live in higher style. One of them, Sir Moses Montefiore, has his elegant mansion and garden near the Kensington Gardens, where the Duke of Kent, the Queen's father, lived, and before the death of her uncle King William IV., whilst she was yet only Princess Victoria, she used to borrow his keys and walk about the grounds attached to this Jew's mansion, with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. Victoria loved the old Jew and is very tolerant towards the Hebrew people. This same Sir Moses has built and now supports a Syna-

gogue at his country seat down at Ramsgate, on the English Channel.

There are, I believe, twelve Synagogues in London, the most splendid of which is the new one on Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, a most elegant and ornamental structure. Here is where the Rothschilds worship. Jesus said to his disciples — "be not ye called Rabbi," but these are called Rabbi — Rabbi, and occupy the chief seats.

My third Sabbath (Jewish) in London was spent in this Synagogue. Leaving our lodgings on Swinton street in the morning, I went down the City Road to the General Post office on St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thence proceeded along Cheapside, Cornhill, and Leaden-Hall streets to St. Mary's Axe, with which great St. Helen's is connected. Here I found the New Synagogue. It is a marble edifice. I entered, and attempted to pass up the gallery stairs, but was instantly headed by a door-keeper of the house of God, who politely informed me that the females were in the gallery and it was not lawful for gentlemen to ascend the stairs. He conducted me to the body of the house, on entering which my eyes were dazzled with a richness I never saw before. I almost doubt whether Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem exceeded this for splendor. The sculptured marble columns, resting upon the ground, arose to support the gallery floor, and thence ascended to the base of the third story of the edifice, which being narrower than the main building, admitted a row of stained glass arches which surmounted the capitals of the huge columns. All the seats for worshippers on the main floor, were under the galleries on both sides, and consisted of elegant long sofas, the tiers rising one above the other, and all looking

into the nave, or space between the marble pillars. The floor was mosaic pavement, of blue and white marble. At the end, (where we have our pulpits,) was a large semi-circular recess — the holy place, where were kept the Ark of the Covenant, the sacred Rolls, Vestments, &c. In front of it was a semi-circular row of red marble columns, supporting a dome in the upper roof, studded with stars as if in blue heavens. Beneath the dome, and over the Ark, was a large arched window of stained glass, divided into two parts, on one of which the incommunicable Name, Jehovah, was inscribed in Hebrew characters, and on the other, the Ten Commandments, also in Hebrew. The doors of the holy place were polished panel work, screened by a curtain of silk and gold.

In the centre of the room was a large platform, one step high, richly carpeted. On this was another elevation three steps high, like a square pew, with panelled sides of polished ebony. From its base projected, upon the first platform, a row of mahogany arm-chair fixtures; those in front, three in number, looking towards the holy place, being elegantly cushioned. These were occupied by one of the Rothschilds and some other Jewish dignitaries. The officiating characters occupied the altar, or great pew, on the upper platform. In the centre of it was a desk, and seats on three sides facing it. The Reader presided at the desk, and the choir surrounded him. All had their hats on and wore tollises, or drab mantles of silk, with wide blue stripes and fringes at the bottom. Some had stripes of gold lace, and one or two wore golden hat-bands and lace trimmings on their coat and vest pockets.

The first story inside was of the Doric order, finished in pilasters, and painted in imitation of verde antique on a

porphyry ground. The second story, or gallery occupied by the ladies, was of the Corinthian order, finished in pillars and pilasters, with windows in the inter-columns, of a rich arabesque pattern in stained glass. The ceiling was a semi-dome, containing gilded flowers on an azure ground. Chandeliers were suspended from gilded cranes projecting from the two stories of gallery fronts. The gallery walls were of carved wood, polished, surmounted by a gilded frame-work, like a coarse gold netting, through which the jet black eyes of the beautiful Jewesses peeped out to witness the worship of the men below — for it is said — I avouch not for the truth of the saying — that Jews hold that women have no souls, and therefore have no other interest in worship than to look on reverently.

I took a seat upon one of the side sofas or couches, with an old Jew, who noticing I was a stranger, was very willing to instruct me how to worship with him. The congregation was not large. All had tollises and wore hats. I took off mine for the purpose of taking some paper therefrom, but the old Jew instantly crowded it on my head again, telling me I must not take my hat off there. He and all present were armed with Hebrew Prayer Books. The officiating party in the Altar consisted of fourteen men — some old and venerable, some young and active. Each seemed to have his part to perform. I could understand nothing — every word read or chanted was in Hebrew. All seemed to be very devout and intensely engaged when their turns came to read or respond; but when it was *not* their turns, they were on hand for any sort of conversation. At such times my old Pharisaic friend was very communicative. But I sometimes was started, when in the midst of his conversation, to hear

him instantly bellow out some Hebrew word, or sentence ; uttering it as if his soul were full of devotion, and was swelling his cheeks and pushing out his eyes for bursting into the outward world. Much of the service appeared to be chantings. The reading of the prayers and lessons was not all simultaneous.

After a while, the officiating corps formed a procession and approached the Holy Place with hats off. The silk and golden curtain was drawn, making a noise through the arches like the letting off steam from an engine. Then the rich doors were opened, and the sacred Roll containing the Law was taken out. The whole congregation joined the procession and marched several times with the most devout looks around the Altar, ejaculating Hebrew prayers and praises as they marched. In due time it was returned to the sacred place in due form and there concealed not to be taken out again till another Sabbath.

I saw no real Priest till the service was over. Then a grave old man, clad in a black surplice and bands, with a broad brimmed beaver, and long grey beard, came out of a door near the Ark and passed through the Temple. Not one word of English did I hear or see, except a Prayer for the Queen and Prince Albert. This was inscribed over the Law.

The old gentleman with whom I sat said he knew Major Noah, of New York, when he was out to England a few years ago, and spoke of America with strong hopes. He said he had a son in New York and another in St. Louis. I desired to purchase one of the Jewish Service Books in use in the Synagogue, to bring home as a curiosity. He could not accommodate me that day (Saturday,) as it was contrary to their law to do business on the Sabbath ; but

the next day, if I would call, which would be on our Sunday, the Jewish shops would all be open and he would go with me and see that I was provided for. To be sure that I should not miss of him he took me to his house, No. 8 St. James' Place, entertained me kindly, and then went with me across the square to the great Synagogue on Duke street, which is larger, though not so rich, as that I had just left.

It is to the credit of the Jews that they allow none of their poor to suffer. Never do they become paupers, or solicit charity from others. They take care of their own poor. I wish as much could be said for all Christians.

I felt whilst in that Synagogue to be carried back to our Saviour's time—nay, to the days of Moses of old; for the Jewish forms and ceremonies are now the same as then. By visiting the Synagogue as I did, I saw just how things were conducted by Moses and Aaron. Who could but feel solemn and reverent in such a place?

The present condition of the Jews is one of the highest proofs of the truth of Christianity;—the prophecies of Christ were true, because fulfilled in the living history of that most peculiar people. They are blinded and cannot see. And in this blindness they must remain till the fullness of the Gentiles be come in, and so all Israel shall be saved.

LETTER XXVIII.

A SUNDAY IN PURSUIT OF CHRISTIANS.

Finsbury Square — Mr. Fox — Disappointment — Search for Dr. Watt's Church — Ignorance of such a man — Bishop's Gate Street Church — Protestant Sect — A Matron's Conjecture — St. Botolph's Church — An Arrival from France.

LONDON, AUGUST 17, 1851.

I HAVE been in pursuit of some Christian congregation to-day, but have hardly been able to find it. After breakfast, which was not served till half-past nine o'clock, I walked down to Hatton Garden, where brother Hemphill boards, and invited him to walk with me to Finsbury Square, and hear Mr. Fox in the forenoon, and thence, in the afternoon, worship in the house where Dr. Isaac Watts used to preach. Taking Smithfield on our way, we succeeded in finding Mr. Fox's church, but not in finding Mr. Fox. He is the most eloquent preacher (a Unitarian) in London; but being a Member of Parliament, which is now in session, he will not preach till autumn. Indeed, when he is at home, he can hardly be said to preach; rather, he delivers philosophical disquisitions. I was sorry to hear his Unitarian brethren whisper certain things not so favorable to some of his habits as could be wished. Rev. Henry Colman, when he was in London, was very much taken up with Mr. Fox's preaching, and especially with

the music in his church. I should have liked to hear both ; but there were only a few persons in the house, and not being able to ascertain who, if any one, would preach, we started to find Dr. Watts' old meeting-house, where his Psalms and Hymns were first read by himself, and sung by his congregation.

The sexton of Bunhill Fields had given us, as a general direction, that we should find it in the neighborhood of Houndsditch. We looked all about Houndsditch, but could find no one who was able to tell us where such a man as Dr. Watts ever preached. Then we made a point to visit every church we could find in that neighborhood, and inquire. Entering one on Bishop's Gate Street, we inquired of the sexton, "What church, Sir, is this?" "Bishop's Gate Street Church, if you please." Of course, we knew it was Bishop's Gate Street Church ; "but, to what *denomination* does it belong?" He looked lost, and could not comprehend such a question. To make the inquiry more intelligible, we asked him next, "What *sect* worships here?" "O," said he, "the Protestant — the Protestant." Judging from the furniture that it was an Episcopal Church, we asked him if he could inform us where the church is, in which the celebrated Dr. Watts preached in his life-time? He never heard of such a man! Then we went into the street, and looked further. Coming to a corner, we met a portly policeman, of whom we inquired if he could inform us where the church is, in which Dr. Watts used to preach. "Sure, Sir, I cannot ; but I can tell you where Cardinal Wiseman will lecture this day week." He was evidently an Irish Catholic himself, interested in the new Cardinal.

On we went, inquiring of every person that we thought might give us the desired information ; but nobody ever heard of such a man as Dr. Isaac Watts. Directly, it began to rain, and we sought shelter in a shop, the door of which was open. There, too, we inquired ; the man could not tell us ; but he would call an old lady in from a rear apartment, who knew everything — perhaps she could inform us. She entered, looking like the very impersonation of wisdom. She knew all about it, or rather, she did not *know* anything about it, only she *guessed* that the church was burnt down when she was a child — viz., during the great fire in 1660, nearly two hundred years ago, long before Watts lived !

On we passed in the rain till we reached the corner of Houndsditch and Aldgate High Street, where, seeing a church, and it raining very hard, we resolved to enter, and find some Christian congregation, if possible. Passing from the basement, we entered the vestibule of the main floor. The services were partially through. A couple of elderly ladies came out of the main room, and invited us in. We renewed our old inquiries, but could learn nothing of Dr. Watt's church, only that *that* was St. Botolph's Church ; and so we entered, and were seated in a pew. It was an Episcopal establishment — the richest we ever were in. It seemed to have half a dozen priests, and as many pulpits. Carvings and gold-leaf were abundant. The front pews were canopied, and the walls were crowded with tablets, containing inscriptions of deceased men, telling

“ Not what they were, but what they should have been.”

The music, I must say, was superior to any music I ever heard in a church before. There were not many voices, but they were perfect. In due time, one of the priests mounted a rostrum, built up where a pew ordinarily is, and preached a sermon from the text, "Prove all things." I listened as closely as I was able, but could not succeed in getting a single idea from his sermon. It was labor all lost, except as he got his pay for it; perhaps he bought the sermon in a Newgate book-store on Saturday.

Thus, not being able to find the objects of our pursuit, we gave it up as a bad job. The rain poured in torrents, and entering an omnibus, I rode to King's Cross, and thence walked to my lodgings, where I was made glad to find my son, having arrived, during my absence, from Paris. He was very much exhausted, however, after the long land journey from Paris to Boulogne, thence across the English Channel, by a sleepless night in the steamer to Southampton, from which place he had proceeded directly to London, without sleeping, and almost without food. He needed rest—and so did I—we took it together, on the remaining hours of this Day of Rest.

LETTER XXIX.

[In the following Letters, on the subject of the Crystal Palace, and the great Exhibition therein, it is deemed unnecessary to *date* them specifically. The author's observations, though mostly made from the middle to the close of the month, run through nearly the whole of August, deducting only such hours, and some days, in which he was investigating matters of interest in the city or country. He regrets now not to have room enough left in this work for all he could wish to say on the Congress of Industry and Peace. He might, indeed, write another Book as large as this, on the Contents of the Palace. At present, however, he can do no more—and certainly no less—than to give his readers a general idea of that immense Exhibition.]

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Ride on Oxford Street—Crossing Hyde Park—Objects outside the Palace—Entering—Description of the Interior—The American Department—Commissioners—The United States in comparison with other Nations—Number of Contributions—Premiums on articles from America.

BREAKFAST being disposed of, come, kind reader, let us walk together three-fourths of a mile to Holborn Hill, and there take an omnibus that passes through Oxford Street, one of the richest in London, two or three miles westward to the northern line of Hyde Park, and alight at one of the triumphal Arches of exquisitely wrought marble, through which we enter that vast and beautiful area. The Crystal Palace is on the opposite, or southern side of the park, near Knightsbridge road, which bounds the park on the south, as Oxford Street does on the north. The distance across is nearly a mile. The way is direct and beautiful, being over green fields of closely cropped grass, shaded promiscuously by English oaks, mulberries,

and elms. As we proceed, it seems as if the greatest "meeting" we ever saw was just dismissed, and all the people were walking with us to a common attraction in the distance. See that herd of deer feeding on the lawn; notice those ladies and gentlemen sitting upon circular seats in the shade of those trees; witness the crystal waters of the serpentine lake before us, which we must cross by means of an airy bridge, and on whose bosom boats and swans are sailing; look you in a south-easterly direction, where Hyde Park unites with Green Park, on which the Queen's Palace, that fronts upon St. James's Park, is situated, and remark that colossal statue, in mid-heaven, towering above the trees. It is upon a marble arch of an immense gateway that leads from this Park on to Constitution Hill in the Green Park, and represents the Duke of Wellington, astride of his noble war-horse, with a spy-glass in his right hand, and a cloak hanging from his shoulders. The statue is of bronze, and so large, that all the essential features of the horse and his rider are clearly visible at a great distance. Having crossed the bridge of the Serpentine, after halting at its clean shores for a moment to bathe our hands, and gather a flint pebble, we enter that part of the park, which is the thoroughfare to the Palace from another part of the city, so that the swarms of people are now more than doubled. There is no longer any green grass; footsteps going to the Palace have trod these many acres so constantly all over, that the whole surface on open grounds, and under the trees, is as bare and smooth as a hard and level sea-beach. The trees, however, are green and handsome, and their cooling shades refreshing in this hot day.

You have seen pictures of the Crystal Palace. They are generally correct, but come much short on paper of what the mammoth edifice is in glass. You know it is an oblong building covering almost twenty acres of ground, the first story of which is so high as to constitute two stories on the inside, and the second (really the third) is narrower, resting on the first the entire length. From the eaves of the main story, as also from the upper terrace above it, are rods pointing heaven-ward, on which the colors of all nations are displayed in the wind. We are at the east end, which is the grand entrance. The Stars and Stripes wave over the doors and indeed extend along the entire top of the east end of the building — so every body that enters must pass under the flag of our Union. The United States are feared and respected more than any other nation. Our skill, our naval and military prowess, our intelligence, our free institutions, and our great and glorious country, so full and rich in natural resources, make us the wonder and admiration of the world. I never saw and felt the truth of this statement so veritably as I have ever since I came into England. I am proud of my country — and to be able to say, wherever I am — **I AM AN AMERICAN!** The announcement always commands attention and respect.

The Palace is near the southern border of the Park near Knightsbridge Street, that leads into Piccadilly, which is the residence of the foreign ministers. On that street opposite the Palace, Prince Albert has built one or two small blocks of model cottages, as examples for poor people, made of hollow brick, walls, floors and partitions, the rest is iron even to the sinks and bedsteads. They are open for inspection. On the other side of the Palace,

namely northward, some hundred rods distant, is Serpentine river or lake, running through the centre of the park. A full rigged minature ship is sailing upon it with royal parties ; also a great many curious boats are there. The view of this lake through the trees from the Palace yard is enchanting. Seats are under the trees, and by the shores. In the yard, at the east point of the Palace, is a tall white granite crucifix, as large as life or death, resting upon a square pedestal of the same material, on which is engraved "Sweden — 100." Near this is a jet d'eau, in the yellow marble basin of which several aquatic animals in bronze, with their heads just above water, are spouting or spitting up large and small streams of water, that cross each other at angles, and constituting curious figures on their courses. A long black Life Boat, also lies in this yard, made for the French Navy in 1846. In front, too, is a unique canvas tent, made by Burman Boys, enclosed in an iron fence that is made of iron palings, crossing each other at right angles, two ends of which stride the ground, and the other two pierce outwards and inwards. Though there is no climbing over it, a British soldier with his red coat, fur hat and bright gun is always marching within the line of the fence on a path which his own footsteps have made bare.

Now let us approach one of the eight end doors, each closed by a cross turnstile and guarded by a collector, pay our shilling and enter that sparkling Palace which, with its contents, has called all nations, or some from all nations, together on this ever memorable summer ;— an occasion, the effects of which may, perhaps, be forever felt upon the industrial, the commercial and the social conditions of our One Great Human Brotherhood.

You are now in, and behold the interior of the edifice, which is cruciform. Halt a moment. Stand and gaze. What a WORLD is before you! Cast your eye along the principal nave to the farther end of the Palace — a distance of eighteen hundred and fifty-one feet! See the statues, the canopies, the fountains, the trees, on a line, running in the middle of the nave, or great central aisle, from you to the extreme end of the building. Half way down you see where the transept, crosses this avenue, thus making the interior in shape of a crucifix. Look now in from the sides of the nave, under the gallery, amongst the arches, into the innumerable saloons, large and small, occupied by the various specimens of art and industry brought here and appropriately arranged amongst the National Departments. Cast your eyes up to the three galleries on both sides, the walls of which are a light blue iron network lined on the inside with scarlet tapestry, and from which are displayed signs of the names of States and Nations, coats-of-arms, banners, crystal chandeliers in gilded frame work, &c. Those galleries have occasionally open quadrangular spaces, with bannisters and gallery walls around them like the principal ones, to enable those above to look down into the lower saloons, and those on the main floor to get glimpses of the recesses, alcoves, arch-ways, rooms and saloons above them. The walls of these quadrangular galleries are also hung with devices, paintings, images, &c. Thus you look up to the roofs which, like the walls, are of pure glass, but scree ned in some places from the sun's rays by a white canvas drawn over them. The first roof on the side portions, is forty-four feet high, the second sixty-six. That of the central transept, we have

already noticed, is 108 feet in height. The vast floor is of planed narrow plank laid half an inch apart that the dirt may fall through. Everything is clean, and the air sweet. Great pains have been taken to have the building well ventilated, and to preserve the air as sweet as it is in the adjacent Park. Each Nation's Department is furnished with floor room, elevated platforms, pyramidal shelves, counters, tables, glass cases resting against the walls, and whatever else is necessary for the reception and display of any thing and every thing that the world could bring together as the results of labor, skill, taste and science. And the spaces allotted are all occupied.

Now look at the People! Mixed in moving masses amongst all these objects of utility or curiosity are men and women of every nation, language and costume, from Sunny Ind to Central America, to the number this moment of perhaps seventy thousand human beings! Did you ever see such a sight, amidst such splendor, such wealth and magnificence? Since the days of Adam to this time, never was such a sight beheld as we now look upon!

As we have entered the east end of the Palace, — the place of light — we find ourselves, first of all, in the American Department, amongst the matters and things brought here by our own countrymen. This embraces the whole width of the Palace, 456 feet, exclusive of the machinery rooms on the north side, occupying perhaps as great a distance down the length of the building. It also has more gallery room than others, for besides the side galleries, it has the whole of the galleries across the east end of the building, which are like the singing galleries, — if there were two, one above the other — of our churches. An immense organ stands at the head of the first gallery,

that has the American Eagle perched upon it, with golden wings spread in the act of rising, like our own rising States, bearing the Republican crest in his beak, a quiver of arrows in his talons, and half enfolded in the American Flag, whose stars and stripes stand at the very head of the Nave, and reach down to the heads of the people. The first words that meet our eyes, are scarlet sign cloths trimmed with white, with the words "UNITED STATES" inscribed upon them also in white letters. These are stretched just along the base of the middle gallery walls. Beneath them, on the main gallery walls, on a blue field with white letters, are arranged the names of our States, beginning on the right with MAINE and extending around the head of the organ gallery to a point on the left side opposite to Maine, where appears the name of our youngest sister, the golden State of CALIFORNIA. I believe every State is represented.

But we must not stop to admire here. Let us report ourselves to the American Office on our right, examine the book that contains the names of American visitors and have you record your own with the number. Mine was there on my first arrival, in July. Mr. Riddle, the United States Commissioner is not present; but his Secretary, N. S. Dodge, Esq., of Springfield, Mass., is, as also is his assistant, Mr. Morey, of Plymouth, Mass. They are heartily glad to see us and will give us any information, assistance or advice which we may need. Let us look at the book. There are sixteen hundred names in it; but from some cause or other, not one half of our countrymen who visit the Palace call for the book or write their names in it. Running over the list we notice more from New York and Boston than elsewhere.

I find the announcement of but six State Commissioners, besides myself—viz. Col. Kimmel, of Maryland, J. M. Jones, of Texas, S. C. Duncan, of Louisiana, N. Kingsbury, of Connecticut, John S. Cunningham, of Virginia, and B. P. Johnson, of New York. I am sure, however, there are Commissioners here from Pennsylvania, and that Gen. Boyd, if not also Mr. Wetherell, of our own State, was present at the grand opening in May.

Before we go forth to view the articles exhibited throughout the Palace, let us ascertain first how our own country stands in competition with other nations here assembled. We are the more desirous to do this, because judging from certain London papers which we saw before leaving home, we feel some interest to know whether we are to hold up our head with pride, or depress it in shame as we pass amongst the nations here represented.

There are reasons why the great expectations entertained by the English government and people in relation to the Daughter coming over the water to outdo the Mother in matters of skill and taste, should not have been realized. England knew, indeed, that the Yankees were an ingenious and enterprising people; that they are almost omnipotent when they set out; and as the British subjects supposed we should have some natural pride at stake, they gave us large and honored room in the Palace, and went to work with might and main lest Brother Jonathan should beat John Bull even on his own Island. But the truth is, America is a great country, and has not yet been reduced to the necessity of coming down to *small* matters of useless skill and taste. Every thing with her is on a large scale. She would be proud to exhibit here—not an

Island, not a Principality, not even a Kingdom ; but a vast Continent, as large as all the Kingdoms and Empires of Europe. She would be glad to carry over to the Glass Palace her Ohio, her Missouri and her Mississippi Rivers ; her Niagara Falls ; her Alleghany Mountains ; her Lakes Superior, her Michigan and her Erie ; her fertile prairies, her interminable forests, and her boundless water power. In works of art she would be pleased to exhibit her Erie Canal, her thousands of miles of continuous Railroads, her incomparably beautiful and well built merchant ships, &c. But these in which her peculiar glory consists, she cannot bring hither in competition with the London dolls, or the Paris glass head-dresses. The challenge did not meet such tokens of greatness. Of course, therefore, those who came to the Fair expecting to see great America emptying microscopic works upon the floors and tables of the Palace, with a view to outdo Italy and Germany and France, or even England, in bizarre trinkets, and in some of the fine arts, must be disappointed.

And then again — saying nothing of the greater distance America is from the Exhibition than are the European nations, and of the expense in transmitting articles on a sea-voyage across the Atlantic ocean, — there is one fact which should be frankly considered in the eyes of the world. With the United States there is not that *motive* to be represented in this Great Fair, that has influenced the people of most other countries to bring their products and manufactures here for exhibition. Those nations have a motive immediately selfish. They come to make the Crystal Palace an advertising shop for their wares. They come to find out new and profitable markets. All these nations have to go away from home to find a sale for

goods. America, on the contrary, is her own market nation, and at the same time is the best market, the other nations can covet. No American comes here to make a market for his manufactures in England or any other part of Europe. Our people come only for honorable, not a selfish or mercenary, competition.

There is not, therefore, that motive which should induce Americans to bring their articles for advertisement in the Fair. For instance; there are carriages here from Massachusetts and New York, that the proprietors are very willing any body in England should make and sell *ad libitum*. But an unexpected fact has transpired. No mechanic in England can make such carriages; and the consequence is, high as the American price be, the New England manufacturers are called upon by the gentry here to send them over at any cost. So also of our Railroad Cars, India Rubber goods, and various other articles. Their superiority is so decided, that they will force themselves into the market of the world; — but this was not expected, nor did it constitute the motive which brought them here.

Now, though at first our Department was not full, and there were not many *fine* articles in it — a fact which gave an opportunity to the London Editors to sneer at Brother Jonathan, and express their surprise, that we should not have been as ample in supplying as the English Government was in providing the room, and the best room; yet I am happy to say, within a fortnight, over seventy packages have arrived from America, which, with what we had before, amounts to *six hundred and fifty Contributors* from the United States. The articles contributed are much

more numerous. Our Department now, large as it is, is quite well filled, — as full as we could desire.

There is another fact in connection with this matter that is highly encouraging. *The United States will take more Premiums than any other nation*, according to the number of articles exhibited. And the reason is, we have sent out those articles which come within the design of the Exhibition — viz., new inventions and improvements. It is the *useful* that takes the Premiums, and therefore it is that America will lead all the others. Is not this enough for our national pride? But this is not all. The great medal on agricultural implements goes to our country for the Reaping Machine, and the great one on cloth fabrics to us, for India Rubber vulcanized goods. Prouty & Mears are to have the Premium on their Plough, No. 40, and our good Kennebec friend, Dunn, of North Wayne, is to receive the great medal for his Scythes.

In point of Inventions, Palmer's Artificial Leg is pronounced the first thing in the Exhibition. He will make his fortune by it. It has been taken to English Colleges, and examined by the Medical Faculties, who have returned it with astonishment and admiration for brother Jonathan's inventive genius. Hereafter, it will hardly be necessary for a man to have that kind of legs which suffer from cold and wet feet. And thus I might go on. I am not ashamed of my country in the Great Exhibition. I am satisfied — I am proud for her sake. We shall lose nothing by the great occasion which has brought all Nations here.

LETTER XXX.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Advancing upon the Eastern Nave — American Bridge — Poetic Inscription — Greek Slave — American Indian — Newspaper Trophy — Reaping Machine — Hobbs' Lock — Artificial Leg — Various Articles — The Wounded Achilles — Child, Snake and Dog — Jewels of Victoria and the Queen of Portugal — Shield of Faith — Koh-i-noor Diamond — Queen's Cradle — Portraits of Victoria and Albert — Crystal Fountain — Tall Trees — Statuary — View from the Transept Gallery — Arrival of her Majesty — Instance of her kind feelings.

HAVING entered the eastern end of the Palace, taken a general view of the immense Interior, reported ourselves at the American Office, and ascertained how stands our Country in comparison with other Nations, let us now attempt a few Walks upon the eighteen (nay, including the gallery floor, the twenty-two), acres before us. Starting from the central entrance door, and looking towards its corresponding one at the west end, let us advance along the Nave, half way down the building to the Transept, thence ascend the gallery, and take a view from that grand centre of beauty and wealth.

The first object we meet is a mammoth brass bell, hung in an ornamental frame, and which is rung every day at the opening and close of the Great Exhibition. Next beyond this, is Ryder's American Patent Suspension Truss Bridge. This is just in front of the gallery that crosses the eastern end, and under the great organ, on which is the American

Eagle displaying the Stars and Stripes. On this Bridge is erected Goodyear's (N. Y.) Trophy of India Rubber Vulcanized Goods, consisting of large pontoons, buoys, life-boats, veneering, coats, hats, boots, &c. This takes the Premium on such fabrics. On its left side is portrayed a Dial of the Seasons in a series of hieroglyphics of animals, men, ships, &c. It is the invention of Thomas Fisher, of Philadelphia. Two American Indians, in aboriginal costumes, stand erect upon the further end of the Bridge. They are enough to frighten any European. Let us ascend and pass over this Trophy, as every one does who enters the east end; and the first thing we notice, as we stand upon this American elevation, are the following beautiful lines inscribed upon its right side — if not by the authority, at least, by the approbation of England's virtuous and peaceful Queen.

“ Within this grand and hallowed fane, with chastened feelings tread,
For here a vast assembled train, by various impulse led,
Stand where Britannia's favored Queen joins heartfelt prayer that heaven
Would raise from this commingling scene a peace-pervading leaven;
And may the prayer an echo find in each admiring breast,
That Peace may fraternize mankind, and every Land be blest ! ”

This generous wish, this Godlike prayer of Victoria is expressed for all the Nations, first through the United States of America — the Anglo Saxon daughter of the great commercial mistress of the world. It is, as I have said, inscribed upon the American Trophy, and must be seen and read by every visitor who enters the Palace through the American Department at the east, which is the main entrance. I believe that one of the surest and most glorious results of this Industrial Congress of the World will be to fraternize the nations and extinguish the

triumphs of war in the greater triumphs of the Peaceful Arts.

Proceeding along the nave, the next object we meet is *Powers' Greek Slave*. This, by the consent of all, is the best specimen of sculpture beauty in the Palace, where there is so much from Italy, Germany and England. Powers' great gift lies in the delineation of beauty. Perhaps he could not chisel an Achilles so well; but give him beauty for a subject, and Canova himself will not take the palm from the American Powers. The Greek Slave takes a Prize Medal.

Near this, is another specimen of American sculpture, by Peter Stephenson, of Boston. It is the first statue ever cut in American marble, and represents a North American Indian fatally wounded by an arrow in the abdomen, just as he was prepared to discharge his own, and having withdrawn it with one hand he rests the other with the arrow in it, upon his right knee, bending in the agonies of death. It is a most expressive and truthful representation.

Next is the Newspaper Trophy, erected in a glass case, and containing specimens of Yankee newspapers of all sizes, and as being peculiarly American for their universality and cheapness. A paper which here costs a subscriber four cents, would, if printed in England, cost the reader fourteen cents. It is said that when Prince Albert first noticed this Trophy, with Victoria at his side, he whispered in her Majesty's ear, saying he had just now found out the secret of American liberty:—"it is, said he, owing to a Free Press, and a generous patronage of the Newspapers!" I pledge every Editor in the United States to re-affirm this doctrine.

McCormick's Virginia Reaping machine is in the American room devoted to agricultural implements. It has four sail-like surfaces, which moved by a wheel at the side, press the grain to the knife which runs near the ground. This knife is so constructed as to separate the straw into small parcels before it cuts them, and the machine lays them upon a flat platform behind, as fast as five men can gather and bind them up. It will reap twenty five acres per day. It was tried on various fields near London, and satisfied all the juries, that it is entitled to the greatest Premium of the Fair.

Mr. E. Page, of Boston, has a sample of superior oars, or sweeps, which attract much attention, and on which he will make his fortune.

Yonder is the Iron Safe, with Hobbs' lock, to pick which, he offered a reward of two hundred guineas. This sum he gained of an English competitor by picking his and all other locks offered him ; but though he allowed any person the use of his tools, and offered the above reward for success on his lock, no one could be found able to pick it. This was a great triumph, and he celebrated it by converting his two hundred pounds English money won, into American gold pieces and exhibiting them under a glass vase in the Palace. The subject caused much excitement ; and now a London paper makes a loud appeal that some English burglar *for the honor of his country*, would come forth and pick this Yankee lock.

The next object in the nave, is a model in wood, of the Falls of Niagara—such a curiosity as none of the other Nations can show, but which claims no premium.

Beyond this is a huge block of Zinc, resting like a great rock on the floor, from New Jersey, weighing 16,400 lbs.

Connecticut clocks are every where ; and so they are here in all their variety and wonderful cheapness. John Bull marvels beyond measure how brother Jonathan can get up clocks so much better than his own, and at not a fourth part the cost. Dent, Her Majesty's clock maker, however, has a greater clock in the Exhibition ; — it works four Dials of twelve feet each in diameter.

Near the columns that support the gallery on the left side are specimens of silver and pearls, also a jasper vase, and statues of Adam and Eve, of the fisher boy, of the hunter and panther ; lamps, candelabras, harnesses, &c. Farther in, under the gallery, is a mass of American copper from Lake Superior, weighing 2,544 lbs ; also specimens of our iron, lead, abestos and California gold and quicksilver. Here too are barrels of flour, beef, pork, rice, corn, wheat, &c. — showing the European Nations on what the Republican people live, and where they can go, when hungry, for enough to eat. Chairs, patent bedsteads, piana-fortes, improved bell telegraph, axes, scythes, on which our Kennebec Dunn receives a premium, and other edge tools, portable beds, cordage, saddlery, carpets, boots and shoes, soaps, locks, &c. are amongst the other Yankee articles in the Exhibition. There is an article here called the meat biscuit from Texas, that will take a premium. Some of the best daguerreotypes ever seen, are in the American Department — particularly the likeness of some Vermont young ladies, and of several American Statesmen ; such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Taylor, Fillmore, Scott, Houston, Cass, Stuart, &c.

But we must hurry along the nave, or we shall never reach the Transept.

Passing out of the American Department, we enter upon the Zollverein States. As Prince Albert, the father of the Exhibition, is a German, he has succeeded in obtaining an extensive and highly creditable representation from those States. With the exception of England and France, Germany has more in the show than any other nation.

In the nave are statues of Stuttgard horses, the Bavarian Lion, the Amazon and Tiger — a splendid sculpture, — the wounded Achilles, struck in the heel, the only vulnerable point, looking more astonished than in pain, as he draws the poisoned arrow out; of Cain expelled; and of the Archangel Michael and Satan. Here also is the statue of a child in presence of his most faithful friend, and his most deadly enemy — the dog and the snake. The dog defends the child from the fangs of the serpent, and putting his paw upon his body, tears its head off and throws it aside, whereupon the child embraces the dog and kisses the faithful friend, whilst he licks the child's agitated brow.

But we must pass on. Next comes a statue of the Queen of England in Zinc — *not* a very good or comely figure, as I should judge. Though not very handsome, she looks much better in flesh and blood, than in zinc.

Passing a large French Organ, we came to a bronze Fountain. There are six or eight water Fountains — some in bronze, some in glass, some in silver, in the Palace. Then comes a group of splendid statues from Rome; after which is an Italian mosaic fountain of exquisite beauty. The array of curiosities brought from France, Spain, Portugal, Sardina, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland and Tuscany, on our right and left, under the gallery, is

beyond our time or ability to notice, as we pass along the central avenue. Here are the jewels of the Queen of Spain, and near them a casket containing the jewels of the Queen of England, both of which are rich enough to make a dozen men millionnaires could they be divided amongst them. Next to these is a silver shield presented to the little Prince of Wales, nine years old, heir-apparent to the Throne, by the King of Prussia, who stood sponsor at his baptism in 1842. It is upon a high pedestal, and contains groups of raised figures representing various scripture scenes. This is one of the richest and prettiest things in the Exhibition. Then comes the *Koh-i-nor diamond*, or Mountain of Light, which has always followed the conquest of India. It is presented by Victoria, enclosed in a massive gilt iron cage, with a glass vase over it, and is worth ten millions of dollars. It is about the size of a pullet's egg, and looks like a huge drop of pure water. It is indeed, a diamond of "the first water."

Beyond this is the Queen's cradle in which she rocks her babies. It is of Turkey box wood, carved with various appropriate designs, amongst which is the goddess of sleep with closing eyes, resting upon bats' wings, crowned with a garland of poppies, and reposing under the Pleiades at midnight. The Royal Arms of Prince Albert and Victoria are also on the head and foot, representing the union of the House of England with the House of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The rockers also are carved in birds, nestling in roses. The Queen has sent many curious articles in for the exhibition, amongst which next to the last, are splendid portraits of herself and Prince Albert, taken on Sevres China and presented by the late King Louis Philippe, of France. They are in perfection. So

transparent has the artist made the Queen's delicate hands that you can see the smallest veins in her alabaster fingers. She has also presented herself in marble mounted on her favorite charger Hammon.

We have now arrived at the Transept, half way down the Palace, which is four hundred and fifty-six feet long by seventy-two feet wide, crossing the principal Nave. In the centre of this is the Crystal Fountain. It is twenty-seven feet high, and rises like a splinter from an iceberg. It contains upwards of four tons of crystal. The jet issues from the top in an unbroken circular sheet of purest water, that falls into a vase filled with nymphs. Surrounding it, are tables of plants and flowers, from all climes, of exceeding beauty — significant of the union of all Nations in the Exhibition. In the northern section of the Transept is another splendid fountain, the base of which is covered with mosses, out of which are springing beautiful palms, pine-apples, &c. Still further on is the Queen's robing-room, a special parlor for her use, and a private door, through which the royal family pass out and in of the Palace. In this Transept, too, are two or three tall elms and English mulberry trees, with wide-spread branches, and over a hundred feet high. The glass roof above them is secured by white cloth drawn over it, and the trees appear green and flourishing. In this Transept, too, is much statuary of male and female figures, many of them of full size, and perfectly nude. Modesty often turns from the sight of them. Among the statues in the Transept — the works of the best artists of Italy, France, Germany, and England, ancient and modern — we may notice a Nymph, preparing for the bath; Satan tempting Eve; Ariel; Fighting Horses; the Amazons and Argonauts; Girl

Praying ; Dante's Beatrice ; Adam and Eve ; the Murder of the Innocents ; Sampson bursting his Bands ; the Dying Shipwrecked Boy, cast amongst the rocks upon a broken spar, and exclaiming, in his last words, " God ! have compassion on my poor widowed mother ! " Apollo Belvedere ; Prometheus chained to a rock ; Blind Milton and his Daughter. These, shaded by great trees, or set off by shrubbery, flowers, and jet d'eaux, give an interest to the Transept Nave, that makes one desire to linger whole days in this neighborhood.

But we must linger no longer here. To go through the other half of the principal nave, and then to visit the courts, saloons, machinery apartments, refreshment rooms, &c., on the lower floor, and the counters, tables, stalls, alcoves, &c., of the vast galleries, exhibiting the attainments of Arts, Science and Taste of all nations — especially if we tarry to investigate as we go — would require weeks, and even months, of constant attendance and observation. Let us ascend this flight of stairs, and take a position in the corner of the Transept gallery, where hundreds of delighted ladies and gentlemen are also sitting upon splendid couches ; and at this nearest point, take as good a view as we can of the whole interior of the edifice.

We are now at a point to command as good a view as can be had of the *tout ensemble* of this grand Exhibition. The whole length of the main avenue from the American Department at the east end, to the English Department at the west, and of the Transept from the Prince of Wales' Gate at the south entrance, to the Queen's robing-room at the north, is before us — from the ground-floor beneath, to the galleries of the third story above us. It is such a building as the world never saw ; covering, as I have said,

eighteen acres, besides four acres of gallery saloons ; and these are all filled with the richest displays of wealth, and the finest of art and of taste, which the civilized nations of the whole earth can bring together in the World's Metropolis ! China, and India, and Egypt, and Algiers, and Africa, to the Cape of Good Hope ; and Persia, and Turkey, and Italy, and Austria, and Prussia, and Germany, and Denmark, and Russia, and France, and Spain, and Portugal, and England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and America, from Newfoundland to California, and from Bhering's Straits to Cape Horn, and from the Sandwich Islands to Japan and New Holland, are all here represented by their products and their people. It is, indeed, the World Daguerreotyped. What a spectacle ! We have sat and feasted upon it for hours ; neither we, nor others, ever saw the like before, and shall never see the like again. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to behold. The departments of all nations are filled with beauty and utility ; only room is left amongst the statues and trophies, and cases, and saloons, and tables, and pedestals, and fountains, and flowers, for the People to move amongst the almost infinite variety of objects of interest and curiosity. Everywhere below, around, and above us, are human beings, of both sexes, and all ages, nations, languages, and costumes, all pleased, all happy, all decorous in their deportment, to the number, perhaps, of sixty thousand, moving about with eagerness, or sitting on sofas engaged in conversation with friends. Of the myriads who have been here, not one has been insulted, not a thing has been stolen.

But, what means that sudden turning of all eyes, and the directing of every step towards the Transept ? “ The

Queen! the Queen is coming!" She is beloved by all, and all wish to see her. With a coronal studded with diamonds upon her fair brow, and a dress not so gorgeous as appears on many ladies in Regent Street, she emerges from the door of her robing-room, in company with the Prince Consort, and three of their little ones — the Prince of Wales, aged ten, the Princess Royal, aged eleven, and Princess Alice, aged eight years — all modest and prettily behaved children. The crowd dare not pass too closely upon Majesty, and therefore, room enough is allowed for the Royal Family to move at their leisure. They have advanced to a statue against the wall, in marble, of a Shepherd Boy, who, having been lost in the woods, in a famished state had succeeded in reaching, at length, the door of a Nobleman, where he had begged in vain for food and shelter, and now was dying of starvation upon the doorstep. Nothing could look more like Death in the agony of despair. The sight is affecting, and brings tears even from the eyes of England's accomplished Queen herself. As she and her little ones stand in mute sadness before the Shepherd Boy, see her place her Queenly hand upon the flaxen head of the young Heir apparent to her Throne — the Prince of Wales — and hear her say, "My son, at your birth I settled a fund upon you to be expended in charity to the poor. Never — never suffer the cry of the destitute to be heard by you in vain." Her Majesty is a good, hearty woman, now thirty-three years old, and the mother of seven children, all of whom are living. In her manners she is dignified and pleasing, and her character is pure, and her examples always on virtue's side. She is benevolent, and does very much as a Patron of charitable Institutions.

She is universally respected and beloved. England never had a purer Sovereign on the Throne. Prince Albert is of the same age — her first cousin — their mothers are sisters — they were brought up together — loved each other in their childhood, and married, no one doubts, from real affection. He is a very good looking man — well educated — at home on almost all subjects of general literature — is quite ingenious in the science of mechanics — is a lover and adept of music — devotes himself to the cause of Agriculture, Literature, and Benevolence, and is very popular in England. He is a worthy companion of the Queen, though below her in rank, and wholly without political power.

The Royal party spend about half an hour in the Palace, and retire amidst the acclamations of the multitudes, and the pealings of all the great bells in the Edifice. This Great Exhibition is the child of the public spirit of Prince Albert and Victoria, who hope, by means of it, not more to promote the arts and sciences universally, than to exert, through its social effects, a power that shall be felt amongst the Nations in behalf of the Peace of the World. The time, we hope, is near by, long since predicted, when “Nation shall not lift sword against Nation, nor learn War any more.”

But we have consumed too much time in observations from this gallery ; let us descend and examine more particularly the articles of utility brought together from the different parts of the earth.

LETTER XXXI.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Western Nave—Venus and Cupid—Precious Stones—A Dragon—Timber Trophy—Church Restoration—Christ on the Cross—Rogers' Cutlery—Light House—Slain Crusader—Russia Bridge—Liverpool Docks—Yard at the East End.

DESCENDING the Transept Gallery we commence our journey along the western avenue, starting from the great Crystal Fountain which is in the exact centre of the Palace. The whole of the western nave, and almost the whole of the eastern half of the edifice, is occupied by England and her Colonies, from East India to Canada and Van Dieman's Land.

Keeping on a line in the middle of the Avenue, the first object that we meet is a beautiful group in marble, as large as life, of Venus and Cupid — enough to make an old man fall in love. On its right, and also on its left, are cases of precious stones brought from the four quarters of the earth. Here too is a lot of English saddles—some for gentlemen, some for ladies, (English women are great riders on horse-back) trimmed with gold. A silver table-stand, weapons of war, models of pagodas, &c., surround a silk Trophy. This exhibits the silk manufacture of Spitalfields in all its variety, from furniture damask to the

finest sewing silk. Here is a cast of Sir William Follet in his legal robes. He was as courteous as he was great, and this cast is life-like and full of character. Next is a Dragon that has seized a noble horse by the neck, and is ready to tear open his body with his murderous claws. It is in marble as large as life. West of this is the Canadian Timber Trophy, a huge pile of pine mill-logs, birch, bird's-eye maple, cherry, black walnut and other plank, joists and boards, to tell the world what may be had for buildings and furniture in Canada. I wished there was a Timber Trophy for Maine also there; but this will answer us a pretty good purpose, for we have everything which Canada has in her forests, only a good deal more! New York had a specimen of her forests there. On the left are brilliant specimens of Soda Crystals — we never saw the like before. In the middle of the Avenue, we approach a model of Her Majesty's Opera House, as seen from the stage, preserving the most minute details of decoration. On its left is a large Bell, and on its right beautiful Vases in clay. Then comes an elaborately ornamented Mirror of immense size, which duplicates all the rich articles in the nave before it. By its side is a beautiful specimen of inlaying with copper, zinc and brass, used in contrast, working out figures of human faces. On the right is a collection of raw products from Ceylon. Near it, too, are minerals, of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, plumbago, coal, &c. The island of Jersey has contributed an immense gun, models of boats, &c. Next comes an interesting specimen of Church Restoration. It consists of a portion of the monuments of Philippa, Queen of Edward III., in Westminster Abbey. It was executed in 1730 in alabaster, at a cost of \$10,000. There are statuettes and

angels surrounding it. Near this is a model of the orchestra of the Sacred Harmonia Society ; the gallery is full of the Lilliputian performers, looking as earnest and bright as life. Beyond this is one of the best models in the Palace, viz., the Church of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg. Further to the west stands a Crucifix in Caen stone. On one side is represented Jesus in the act of dying ; on the reverse, the elevation of the Serpent in the Wilderness ; on the arms of the cross are the Good Shepherd, and the Prodigal Son returning ; and down the standard of the cross are the four Evangelists and other Disciples. The model of Exeter Hall, supported on the sides by bronze statuettes, and brass ornaments, is in rear of Hamburg Church.

Jordan's machine for carving wood claims superiority by operating on the hardest woods, and producing figures much cheaper than by hand-work.

Next to this are immense crystals of alum, Rochelle salts, and nitrate of potash, and spermaceti, forming a chemical Trophy in the nave.

Next comes the Sheffield Trophy of cutlery, by the celebrated Rogers. Amongst other things, I notice a brilliant star on white ground, made out of two hundred thirty pairs of scissors grouped together in the star shape. Here also is a case containing twelve perfect pairs of scissors, so small that they do not weigh half a grain. There is also a sportman's knife, containing eighty blades ; also a knife three-fourths of an inch long with fifty-one blades.

A bronze fountain in the middle of the Avenue, here sends forth its pure jets of spring water, that fall in sweetly murmuring sounds upon fantastic images, and that moisten a bed of tropical shrubs and flowers that surround it. A

statue of Shakspeare stands looking into it. Next to this is a new fashioned light-house. I enter it by ascending steps, and find the glass sides of the lantern of immense thickness, and cut so as to radiate light with a wonderful power. In it is a monster telescope by Ross, the optician, some of the glasses of which are twelve inches in diameter.

An equestrian group here strikes my attention. It consists of the steed of a slain Crusader, just fallen from his back; the horse stands with one fore-leg over his body, while his mistress clasping the steed's neck weeps, and finds fellowship in grief with the grave-looking animal. In advance of this is a feather Trophy, embracing a collection of feathers from almost all the birds of the world, most beautifully grouped. Next is a fur Trophy, from Hudson's Bay — displaying a large number of richest skins. Adjacent to these are Irish poplins, brocades, waistcoatings, alpacas, shirtings, leather harnesses, boots, whips, and optical instruments.

Next is a model of a suspension bridge erected over the Dnieper at Kieff in Russia. The model was made for the Emperor, and cost \$60,000. It contains 6,880 pieces of wood, 87,097 pieces of metal. It is the most perfect thing of its kind in the Palace. A massive fountain of artificial stone, near this, astonishes and delights a great number of visitors.

A model of the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, exhibiting the fields, houses, gardens, roads, woods and mills, is an interesting geological representation on a scale of three feet to a mile. There is also a model of the Plymouth Breakwater, showing its action in a storm.

Beyond this is a model of the Liverpool Docks. It is forty feet long, ten feet wide, and on a scale of eight feet

to the mile, representing a surface of five miles. The docks are represented as filled with tiny vessels, sixteen hundred in number, fully rigged. It shows the magnitude of Liverpool. The model rests upon elephants cast in iron. It cost \$3750. It is one of the prettiest things in this part of the nave.

The last object, at the west end of the principal nave, down which we have been passing, is an immense square of plate-glass, exhibited by the Thames Plate-glass Company, measuring eighteen feet by ten. The difficulty of producing so large a square was so great that the workmen broke the first three, before they accomplished that one on exhibition.

In noticing the foregoing articles, it should be remembered, that we have only passed down the last half of the principal nave, from the Transept to the west end of the Crystal Palace, and have mentioned only those articles, and but a few of them, which are placed in the great passage way between the gallery walls, and the columns supporting them. If the reader will suppose himself looking, as he passes down, into the courts and saloons, and machinery rooms *under* the deep galleries to the right and left; also upon the two stories of gallery floors above him; and that he sees the immensity of articles in exhibition thus all over the building, he will be aware that the matters we have mentioned thus far, are but a very small part indeed of the contents of the Palace. The few things we have hitherto spoken of are all English; but not a tenth part yet of what England has herself supplied.

In the gallery over the west end is an organ, built on the German plan, with 4,500 pipes, the largest being

thirty-two feet, the smallest one-eighth of an inch. Here also are a model of the battle of Trafalgar, and an astronomical clock which occupied thirty-four years in completing.

If, when at the west end of the Palace, we pass out of the building by one of the eight great doors, we shall see Kensington Gardens, just beyond us, where the Queen was born and reared. But before the Gardens are approached, a space just outside the Palace is appropriated to matters that do not appear to have found room in the building. Here, under ground, is the huge steam boiler, that supplies power the whole length of the Palace for all the machinery that is in motion in it. Almost all sorts of machinery, from cotton factories to printing presses, are in motion by this power in various parts of the Palace. Here, too, are two noble great life-boats, large anchors, three hot-houses, a granite column thirty feet high, fire-clay goods — such as pipes, retorts, &c. There are also gutter-tiles, Portland cement, Bangor slate, steam-coal, a filtering machine, figures in artificial stone, a granite obelisk, &c. In advance of the whole, still farther from the Palace, very near the Kensington Gardens, is a splendid equestrian statue of Richard Cœur-de-lion.

LETTER XXXII.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Saloons of the S. W.—Seed Sower—Seed Plough—Castle Beehive—New Jersey Bees—Draining Plough—Dibbling Machines—Broad-cast Seed Sower—Clod-crusher—Machine Spading—Garden Engine—Velvet and Paper Hangings—Fine Yarn—Needle making—Papier Mache—Veneerings—Alarm Bedstead—Mediæval Court—State Fabrics—English Ladies shoes and dresses.

HAVING in our last walk reached the west end of the building, let us enter the south-west quarter of the Palace, and pass down the aisle that runs midway to the Transept, observing things to our right and left as we go.

The first three saloons on our right are occupied by Agricultural Implements, of English invention and manufacture. The first that arrests our attention is a Scotch Seed Planter of cereal grains, which plants and covers several rows as the horse walks with it over the ground. If all our wheat was sown in this way, it would be better for the hardiness and growth of the plants, and for the convenience and perfect work of the reaper. Next to this is a patent subsoil harrow which operates on the lever principle and scarifies and harrows the subsoil after the plough. Next is an important invention—a machine for making hollow bricks. Prince Albert's model cottages erected at his expense outside of the Crystal Palace, are made of these bricks, and I believe he is the inventor of

them. They are lighter, drier and warmer than solid bricks. The model is fire-proof.

Lord Willoughby exhibits here a machinery for ploughing land with a stationary engine, that he says will drive the plough five miles per hour, at better command than if drawn by horses or oxen. Perhaps it may be so; and if so, farewell to oxen and horses for farm work hereafter. I do not recollect the strength of the engine, but believe it is a ten horse power, and Lord W. claims that it will not cost half so much to plough by means of this, as by horses and oxen.

The Castle Bee-hive — a royal thing for Queen women or queen bees, — is here, the one that Queen Victoria has at Windsor Castle, where she breeds bees and princes. It is prolific, *of course*. By the way, the only *working* bees in the Palace, were several merry swarms from New Jersey, which had apartments in the American end of the edifice. They gathered honey from the flower gardens of Hyde Park and Kensington, and brought it to the Crystal Palace in presence of all beholders, and deposited it in glass boxes that lined one side of the American Office. It was a pretty sight, and I could but feel proud of the Yankee bees at work in the Crystal Palace.

I should like one of those machines, called the Sulphurator, and Fumigator, designed to diffuse powdered sulphur, quick lime and smoke amongst trees and grapes, hops, rose bushes, &c., for the destruction of insects. One of the most useful inventions, as it struck our mind, was what is called a draining plough, which leaves a drain behind it through which the surplus water may pass off. If this operates as pretended, it will be a good implement on wet lands. It can be moved by a windlass for applying horse

power to the plough, or by a steam engine on a new system.

They have a great many Dibbling machines in England ; we have but few of them in use in America. They pierce holes in the soil, drop and cover the seed as they go. In this way the seed is equitably distributed. Beets, corn, beans, &c., can in this way be sown with great exactness. In the Exhibition we meet with many Dibbling machines, all of which profess to be improvements on the old implements.

A Scotchman has offered a machine for sowing grain and grass seed broad cast, which he claims will distribute the grain over the surface with exact regularity. A man can sow with it as fast as he walks.

A clod-crusher, that a single horse could move, and that takes up the clods and crushes them as it proceeds seems to be an improvement on our old plan of a great log or huge roller that crushes some clods and sinks others, hardening the ground as it goes along. One horse would go over a large space in a day with this clod-crusher.

Spading is better than ploughing ; and this may be one reason why beds in gardens do better than fields on the farm. But spading by hand is a slow and back-breaking business. Here, however, is a patent machine for digging, turning over and pulverising the soil, which no doubt it will do very faithfully and expeditiously. By changing some of the keys, the machine may be made to answer the purpose of a cultivator or scarifier amongst growing crops.

A portable hand garden-engine is a good thing for washing trees, &c. in gardens. It will throw the water fifty feet high in a continuous stream.

Farlow exhibited a cheap netting for protecting fruit and flowers. This may be valuable to many gardeners.

But we have proceeded far enough for once amongst the English implements of husbandry.

Let us turn to the right and notice a few things in the court that contains woven and felted fabrics. Here we notice some beautifully embossed silk and velvet used in book binding. Also embossed velvets and furniture linings for decorations. And there are some embossed paper hangings which we should like to *hang* upon the walls of our home parlor.

Here are some specimens of machine printing on velvet ; — eight colors, produced at one operation, at the rate of sixty yards per minute !

A curiosity of manufacture is sent in from Manchester. It consists of cotton yarn spun so fine that a single pound of cotton is made to extend a thread 338 miles. One pound of double thread is elongated to 324 miles and cost \$140. The most remarkable example, however, is the specimen by which a single pound is extended to 480 miles. This is the finest that ever was spun. It is useless for all manufacturing purposes, being too fine to be serviceable, or even handled.

Here is a communion table-cloth of fine linen, made in Leeds. The figures woven into it represented, as its centerpiece, the Saviour administering the last supper to his disciples. The border, running right and left, was composed of Corinthian scrolls, with the passion-flower and wheat and grapes. The middle contained the Holy Scriptures and the mitre, and the sides had each a large cross with "I. H. S." The design is admirable. Why are not such articles in the market in this country ?

Next to this court we pass into a room filled with the Hardware of Sheffield. Here is a case containing the preparations of steel wire, showing all the stages in the process of manufacturing needles. It take as many men to make a needle as a house.

In the furniture division we witness a display of *papier mache* goods. It is curious to see what can be made out of paper — inkstands, trays, chairs, cots, and even piano-fortes. One of the latter is here with tortoise-shell, and another with pearl, keys. Here, too, are samples of veneering, for which we thought the Yankees ought to have the premium; for I recollect my friend Burnup, of Belfast, twenty-five years ago, invented a machine for unrolling a log, as a merchant unrolls his cloth, and making veneering as wide as the log is long, and as many yards long as the log, cut into a thin sheet will allow. This is of immense benefit; but I think it never was patented; and now it is exhibited in England as a new thing.

An alarm bedstead attracts our attention. A clock is at its head to give the alarm at any desired time. See that fellow lying on the bed to be awakened. Soon the clock strikes; and if in precisely two minutes he does not arise, the head of his bed is thrown up, and he is pitched over the foot without ceremony! He is awake and up now, no doubt, and may dress himself if he will. The invention is a capital one for lazy bones.

A family freezing machine is here, which will convert water into ice in the hottest of weather. Ice houses are no longer necessary.

The English Statuary Room is next to this. It is filled with figures in wood, plaster and marble, of all sorts and sizes. Some of the finest sculptures in the world are here. We are struck with St. John baptising our Saviour, and the Descent from the Cross, as amongst the best. The Babes in the Wood attract the attention of all; for all remember the story.

In the Mineral Department, we see what can be made of slate, from house roofs to ornamental loo tables and ladies' work-tables. Who knows but our Maine slate quarries will yet supercede the Penobscot lumber mills in the furnishing of materials?

In the court assigned to leather, we notice a splendid model of a spirited horse, that looks, for all the world, like a live one just ready to spring, completely equipped, with a gold trimmed saddle and bridle, and holsters with silver mounted pistols. Behind the saddle is slung a unique case of whips. It is an effective advertisement. Here is a great variety of shoes, in none of which, however, are our American shoes exceeded, except by the *Ladies'* shoes, which have thick double soles. There is no reason in the world why women should not have their feet as dry and warm as men; and in England you never see the ladies walking out of doors with kid slippers on. They wear boots and shoes with thick soles, and are not ashamed, in wet weather, to walk with clothes raised so as to prevent all dragging in the mud. English women look fresher and healthier than our Yankee ladies, and the reason is obvious. Our shoe shops are as accountable for consumptions, as grog shops are for pauperism. But we can go no further in this little part of the English Department.

LETTER XXXIII.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Furniture Rooms—Portable Pulpit—Invalid Bedstead and Washstand—Self-swinging Cot—New Room—Paper and Cloth—A Druidical Chair—Devotional Chair—Iron Bedsteads—Self-propelling Chair—Manufacturing Rooms—Cotton Gin—Mules—Electric Telegraph—Sewing Machine—Curvilinear Sawing.

LET us advance to the furniture room, and see what there is there that I am not very familiar with in America.

And the first thing I notice is a capital contrivance for itinerant preachers — one specially to be commended to the travelling apparatus of those *settled* ministers, who settle over new societies about every week. It consists of a portable self-supporting pulpit, with hand-rails for a stair-way, a platform to stand upon, and a silk table on which to lay a book, notes, &c. It is light, and when folded up may be taken under the arm of the pedestrian, and carried along till he feels moved by the Spirit to settle over some society, where he can re-pitch his pulpit, mount the rostrum, and hold forth till a new settlement is needed. The idea is certainly not a bad one — especially for street preaching, for field meetings, pic-nic assemblies,

&c. Who will patent and manufacture such an article of furniture in the United States?

Under this self-supporting pulpit is an invalid bed-carriage, for persons suffering from spinal complaints and other diseases, under the ravages of which they can travel only on beds in a recumbent posture.

By the side of this is a very pretty invalid's wash-stand, for the use of persons confined to beds, which may instantly be made to answer the purpose of a wash-stand or small table at their side.

Nor are these the only inventions for invalids. Here is a self-swinging cot for grown people, or a cradle for infants, which does its own rocking, and that in the gentlest and pleasantest manner.

By the side of this is a beautiful table at which a small family may take tea; after which it may be converted into a bedstead, wardrobe, suite of drawers, sponge-bath, &c.

We must be pleased with this new kind of house paper. It is designed for the decoration of rooms, and so exactly represents wood, pressed like English oak, &c., that a beholder could hardly persuade himself that the walls and ceiling covered with it were not actually sheathed with beautiful grained wood, having raised figures upon them. Such paper will be in America before long.

This paper is not so rich as a cloth, about as wide and thin as paper, designed for the walls of apartments, which has the appearance of superfine cloth of various shades and colors. It must give a rich finish to rooms; and it is said costs no more than the best paper.

What old arm chair is that? The very one I should like to carry home to instal as my chair editorial. It is a library chair of black oak, almost as black as ebony, and

that has a very antique appearance. It was occupied by the Druids (Drew-ids?) before our Saviour's time ; for a label attached to it affirms that it was found near Doncaster in Yorkshire, where it is presumed to have been buried 2,000 years. Oh ! that I could summon it to my sanctum, and seat one of my ancestral Druids in it.

If not permitted to have this ancient relic, I would be content with a modern chair standing near it, which is carved on the back and arms with Scriptural designs, intermixed and set off with cozy figures richly worked in fine wool of different colors.

The next article is one to be commended to all the friends of an old style devotion. It is a devotional chair of Irish bog oak, with a stool to kneel upon, and ornamented with two crystals termed the "Irish Diamonds." The panel on the back is of needlework ; — if a worshipper could not be humble and pray there, — why, then, he might pray by the help of less gorgeous furniture, if he could.

Iron bedsteads — not Procrustean ones — are becoming very common in England. They are elastic, as well as strong and light. Here is a folding one with brass hinges and legs, that makes a pretty ornament, as it folds up the bed on the wall of the room, and exposes a front as handsome as a polished brass bureau.

We like the plan of this self-propelling chair, made portable for travelling, and having vulcanized india-rubber wheels. An invalid in this can move himself about the room with ease ; or a cripple can run with it on the highways almost as fast as a hand-car can go upon the railway. The inventor of this also exhibits an improved recumbent chair for invalids.

Let us now cross the principal nave, and visit some of the machinery rooms under the north gallery. All sorts of manufacturing is going on here. These rooms are as noisy as any other factories ; but everything in them is exceedingly neat and orderly.

First we notice the Yankee Cotton Gin — an invention of a Connecticut man, of the first importance to the world. It opens the pods, takes out the seed, and deposits the fibre in a body by itself, ready for picking and carding. Then comes another Yankee invention — the spinning mule of Mason, of Taunton. It moves its hundred spindles upon a line to the stationary spools, holds the warp as if by the finger, and recedes with it as fast as the warp is extended and spun into thread ; then it advances again and commits the thread to the spools. It gratifies our national vanity to see so much Yankeeism in use amongst the British manufacturers.

Here too is an electric telegraph in operation, by means of which instant word may be sent to any part of the Palace, or out of it to the city, or the kingdom. And who does not know that to our own Yankee Morse the world is indebted for this invention ? Nay, the application of steam power itself, to steam ships, rail cars, and machinery of all sorts, is another Yankee plan of our own Fulton. The English do not like to acknowledge this, because steam *power* was discovered before the days of Fulton ; but we all know he was the first to harness that power, and break the creature in for the use of man.

A machine for printing calicoes, de laines, and other textile fabrics is in this department. It prints by one process a corresponding or varied pattern on each side of the cloth.

There is in the machinery rooms any number of improved steam engines, exhibiting professed improvements. Also printing machines — even for the manufacture and setting of the type, as well as taking the impression from them after they are set — are abundant. They are here in operation.

A machine is in motion for taking up and cutting blank paper, folding it as envelopes, and applying the gluten as a self-sealing property, and which turns out the finished envelopes as fast as a boy can seize and pile them up.

A drilling machine here is an excellent thing for quarry-men and others engaged in blasting rocks.

Sewing machines are becoming common. They will yet, I fear, take the needlework out of the hands of our fair ladies. Here is one that is capable of sewing 500 stitches per minute. It does its work with great exactness, and alike on both sides. By means of it one female can make and deliver over to the ironer and presser six pairs of nice pantaloons per day. It is C. T. Judkins' Patent, of Manchester.

Spinning mules are of various sizes and powers. There are some hand mules, which need no steam power. By means of them a lady can spin a dozen threads at a time.

A ship's compass is on exhibition, which registers on paper the course a vessel may have been steering for the last twenty-four hours. Our ship-masters may be benefited by this instrument.

Some of the screw-cutting machines, on wood or iron, may be worthy of being transported to the United States. We are not yet in the way of making iron screws to profit. This lathe is of very simple construction. By the side of it, is a separate set of screw stocks, dies, taps, &c., by

which any observer can see the progress of manufacture.

In Kennebec our enterprising carpenters build the best ships in the world. What would they think of a curvilinear sawing machine, that will fit ship's timber into shape without the broad axe ?

Several of the machines in this department, and some, of which I have spoken, are American. The Yankees are not ashamed to put their inventive genius alongside the British anywhere.

It was a capital idea, at first, which provided for the creation and application of a large steam power, that might be communicated to the centre, and the various other parts of the Crystal Palace, by means of which all new matters of machinery could be put to the test, and exhibited in actual operation. These machinery rooms are a young Birmingham and Manchester, under a glass roof. This department is always filled with skilful or curious observers.

LETTER XXXIV.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Nature of the articles exhibited, show the connections of freedom or servility of different Nations—Fossils—Guano—China clay—Alabaster—Prince Albert's dog *Eos*—Silver ore.

It will not be possible for us to visit every National Department, and note the important things in all. This would require weeks and volumes. And this, perhaps, may be as good a place as any for me to say that the articles exhibited in the several National Departments, afford a pretty good index of the freedom and independence of the people of the various Kingdoms and States represented in the Great Exhibition. The Turkish, the East Indian, the Italian, the Austrian, and the Russian Departments, show little or nothing adapted to the support and comfort of the masses, but only those things which present the largest hiatus between the raw material and the finished fabric, thereby exhibiting the greatest amount of labor for the production of what can be procured, and used only by the rich and aristocratic. The genius of these nations appears to be altogether subservient to the monarchs and nobles, and is never employed for the benefit of the people. Utility and cheapness, therefore constitute no merit in the mind of a Russian

or an Algerine. But those nations which are more free have proportionably more articles on exhibition that are of service to the common people ; this is considerably true of France and the Zollveiren States. In England the free principle preponderates ; there has evidently been more effort in the English mind to meet the wants of the greatest number, and thereby to command the most extensive market, than in any other of the European nations. She is the most free ; and yet mixed up with utility, there is much that is useless and costly, adapted only to the means of the aristocratic few. But go into the American Department, and there mere fancy matters are so few that, at first, even the English sneered at Uncle Sam for the plainness and simplicity of his appearance. He was too republican for his place amongst the nations ; but republican as he was, he happened to have the strongest legs, and in due time threw even John Bull fairly upon the Crystal Palace floor. All his articles were adapted to cheapness of production, greatest durability, and most general usefulness. It is all because Brother Jonathan is the freest boy on earth. As I have said, the articles in the different National Departments, showed at once which was the most despotic and which the most free. The Emperor Nicholas had groups of human figures in solid silver as large as life, representing some of his victorious battles, which are of no use to any body but as toys for despots ; — Jonathan had his Reaper and his Meat Biscuit, which feed the people.

In our last we had passed from under the gallery upon the south side of the west end of the Palace, across the nave to the machinery rooms under the gallery on the north side.

Let us now pass into the next Saloon that contains the collection of minerals. Here are fossil fishes — once alive, now imbedded in stone and constituting a part of it; fossil wood like the forms that we have seen in the stones of Piscataquis county and Moose Head Lake; white topaz from Van Dieman's Land; Normal guano, a manure prepared from the refuse of fishes, an excellent fertilizer; pink colored table salt, a handsome article and pure; a specimen of silver sand, exceedingly white; china clay from which porcelain ware is made, — it is derived from the decomposition of felspar; green granite, more ornamental than our Maine granite; black Irish marble that receives an excellent polish; pure stalagmite, or oriental alabaster, veined in colors from Grenada; a specimen of the magnesian limestone of which the New Parliament House is made — it was brought from Yorkshire where the greenest Englishmen reside; a slate, cabinet exhibiting the various applications of slate, — such as table-tops, work-boxes &c.; peat charcoal, and charcoal made by the burning of refuse tan, which makes an artificial fuel; stone coal, or anthracite, of which we have millions in Pennsylvania; a collection of all the iron ores of Great Britain, some of which is no better than the native iron in various parts of Maine; improved cast iron, called the toughened cast iron, and new bell metal; a zinc cast of Prince Albert's dog *Eos*; a mass of copper dug from a mine in Cornwall, Wales, weighing 1,500 lbs; a specimen of silver lead ore from the great Cowarch silver lead mine; a pick for dressing granite, without the labor of human elbows; a fac simile of the largest piece of gold found in California — its weight is not given; a specimen weighing twelve cwt. containing cubes of lead and zinc ore; wood

impregnated with block tin and making beautiful articles of closet ware ; lots of sulphur ore, of zinc ore, and of manganese ore, cobalt ore, iron pyrites, hornblende, antimony, and cinnibar from California, and 5,160 grains of mercury distilled from 7,560 grains of the cinnabar.

Indeed, here are specimens of almost all the minerals of the earth, from gold and platina to lead and common salt—such as the Liverpool mineral salt is prepared from.

LETTER XXXV.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Naval Department—Sailing-Vessel with Screw Propeller—Life Boats and Buoys—A Boat-Trunk—Yachts—Victory of the “America”—Bell-Buoy—Dead-reckoning—Cook’s Quadrant—Signal Lamp—Models.

NAVAL MATTERS. — Our ship-owners and seamen must not be neglected in the Great Exhibition. They are a class of men in whose welfare Maine cannot but be highly interested. Ship-building and navigation are the greatest business of the State. Let us ascend this flight of steps into the first gallery, being yet in the English Department, and visit the saloons in the south-western corner of the Palace. England claims to be mistress of the Ocean, and to have made greater progress in the science of naval architecture than any other nation. It may be interesting for us to see some of the matters she has sent there on exhibition. We cannot here describe all the apparatus we saw ; but can mention some things that struck our attention which may be suggestive of some ideas to the inventive genius of Yankee minds.

Here is the model of a sailing vessel, that also has a screw propeller which does not require a steam engine to put it in motion. It may be worked by hand as easily as a ship’s pump, and under certain circumstances may be of

immense importance in propelling or backing a vessel to keep her from rocks or a lee shore. There are times, frequently, when two or three miles per hour gained by a ship that is set by a current the wrong way, would save her from destruction.

There are many models of Life-Boats here ; but one is before us that has the power of righting herself under all circumstances, without the aid of an iron keel or dead-weight of any kind.

A self-acting Life-buoy keeps the body in an unright position, and claims that, since its invention in 1838, nearly four hundred persons have had their lives saved by means of it.

Here is a contrivance that may be carried in the pocket, by means of which a line may be thrown from the shore to a stranded ship, and thus enable those on board to form a connexion which will save them from being swallowed up by the breakers.

It must be a great convenience to have such a trunk or sailor's chest as this — one which is water-tight and is capable of sustaining fifteen persons in the water. Shipwrecked persons can thus save themselves and carry their own clothes and provisions at the same time.

The Royal Family are dear lovers of Yachts. The Queen has one called "Victoria and Albert;" and here is the model of another, called "Victoria," which she had built expressly as a present to the Emperor of Russia — perhaps as a return for a splendid chair-carriage and a span of ponies which that monarch gave her, and which I saw in her royal mews or stables at Windsor Castle. The Queen and Albert were present when Stevens' Yacht America run against the whole squadron, of forty Royal

Yachts, at the Isle of Wight, and beat them all! It was a sad day in English history, never to be forgotten.

This bell-buoy is probably a model of the same that we saw near the mouth of the Thames. By the slightest motion of the water on which it rests, the bell is made to ring, and thus warns vessels of their danger in foggy weather and in the night time.

Sometimes rudder-fastenings get destroyed at sea, and then the ship is at the mercy of the elements. Here is a plan of improved rudder fastenings which can be refitted on board.

Dead-reckoning is a matter of great importance. Sometimes ships sail days and weeks without obtaining a solar observation; and then all depends upon the log for calculating one's position. Here is a perpetual log for indicating the speed and leeway of ships, that can be consulted with the greatest facility.

There — on that table — is the identical quadrant and compass used by Captain Cook in his voyage round the world. They look old, and not half so well finished as more modern instruments.

Here is a marine signal-lamp, that gives a light equal to a blue-light. All vessels on the Grand Banks, or elsewhere, in foggy weather, and in nights, need such signals hoisted to prevent collisions.

Who would not wish to avoid sea-sickness? Here is a double action sofa bed, lying on which the motion producing dizziness is prevented, and it is said sea-sickness is avoided thereby.

Here are models of a brigantine; of a clipper merchant schooner; of Her Majesty's Royal iron screw steam yacht "Fairy;" of a merchant ship built according to Lloyd's

plans ; of an eight-oared shallop ; of a brig yacht 450 tons ; of a ninety gun man-of-war, and indeed of all sorts of English craft. But in the American Department is a model of a merchant ship sent out from the Smithsonian Institute at Washington ; that has *taken the premium* over all British models ! This is just like Brother Jonathan.

A gutta percha boat is made portable for crossing inland waters. By the side of it are various life-preserving implements, such as buoyant mattresses, cushions, bolsters, portmanteaus, &c.

A deck-seat — just the thing for a lot of passengers to sit upon, — can, in three minutes be changed into a safety-raft capable of sustaining eight persons on the water.

And here is a gun or war engine capable of firing 10,900 charges of ball cartridges in ten minutes. We hope that wars, and the use of such deadly weapons, have ceased amongst civilized nations.

FLAX COTTON GOODS. — Passing a little out of the Naval Department, we are glad to notice a specimen of the Flax prepared according to the French patent of Monsieur P. Claussen. We have much hope that this may make New England the Cotton growing part of the United States. The Flax, by Mr. Claussen's system, is speedily separated from the woody part of the stem by chemical process, is cut up, the tube of each fibre charged with a fluid that bursts it, the gluten separated from the flax, and then it can be spun like Cotton alone, or mixed with wool, silk, or common cotton. In this Department of the Palace are exhibited yarns spun from the Flax Cotton, alone, and mixed with cotton, wool and silk. We can

raise Flax enough in the State of Maine to feed every cotton factory in New England.

The Lancaster manufactory has sent in a fine gauze flannel, made of sheep's wool. We never saw woollen gauze before, and least of all a gauze flannel. But it must make a rich trimming, and articles of winter dress for ladies.

The Poplins exhibited here—especially those from Ireland,—are amongst the richest goods in the Exhibition. Some are imperial blue and gold ; others are white and gold tissue. Then we meet with those that are corded, plaided, tartan and check. These poplins will wear many years, and meanwhile may be colored anew. The fabric is silk and fine worsted, occasionally intermixed with gold and silver.

LETTER XXXVI.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The American Department—Wayne Scythes—Shoe Pegs—Tacks—Granite Cutter—Cars—Products of Ohio—Yankee bed-quilt—Boston Sweeps—Prince Albert Wagon—Bread-stuffs—Daguerreotypes—Alabama—South Carolina—California—Reclining Chairs—Air-exhausted Coffin—Dress Cloths—Virginia—Michigan—Massachusetts.

WE have already noticed many articles sent out from the United States, but let us take a small walk directly into the American Department.

Hanging against the wall is a large, polished maple frame, in which are displayed the different kinds of scythes manufactured by the North Wayne Scythe Factory in Maine. The fact has been stated already, that these took the Prize.

There is a barrel of things curious enough in England—Yankee shoe pegs. No pegged shoes are yet made in England; the English think soles must be sewed, or a shoe is not a shoe. They will yet adopt Brother Jonathan's improvement in shoe making.

Field, of Taunton, has sent out beautiful samples of iron and copper tacks and nails. It is said that the English cannot manufacture them so well, and with so much facility, as they are made in Massachusetts.

That machine from New Hampshire, invented by Robert Eastman, Esq., of Concord, for dressing, shaping, and ornamenting stone for architectural and other purposes, is a valuable invention, which may be of service amongst the granite of Kennebec and other parts of Maine.

We are glad to see some railroad car seats manufactured in Troy, N. Y., and only regret there is not a full-sized Yankee car here, for John Bull to see. They have not yet found out in England how to seat cars with a passage-way through the middle, nor how to provide them with private saloons, with night couches for invalids, families, &c. Our common cars are better than their best. Their first-class cars, indeed, are richly lined and generously stuffed; but can accommodate only six or eight in each, who are *locked* in, and can have no intercourse with any other persons in the train, not even with the Conductor.

Ohio is amongst the States the best represented in the Fair. She has specimens of beef and pork in barrels, lard-oil and adamantine candles, catawba wine, chewing tobacco, Indian corn, wheat, brooms and broom corn, artificial teeth, mortising and boring machine, compound microscope, lightning rods, points and insulators, hemp-dressing machine, patent churn, ploughs, surgical instruments, steam-dried Indian meal, and an invention from Columbus for teaching the blind to write and draw, and said to be applicable to the teaching of Geography, Geometry, Mathematics, &c. Nor is this all — we see a large glass jar from Cincinnati filled with great, luscious peaches preserved, and labelled, “A present from the

Queen City of the West to Queen Victoria of England." It is a *Royal* present, undoubtedly.

We notice a very curious bed-quilt, wrought and sent to the Fair by some American Ladies, that consists of small squares of various colors, so arranged as to constitute a pedestal in every few inches, on which is placed the figure head of some one of our American scholars or patriots. It is a curious and handsome piece of workmanship, or rather of workwomanship.

By the application of some machinery of his own invention, E. Page, of Boston, can manufacture more than 8,000 feet of oars and sculls per diem, and thereby combine rapidity of production with cheapness of price. The oars are of superior model to any in England.

There is a large number of carriages in the Exhibition, several of which are exhibited by E. Riddle, Esq., of Boston, the American Commissioner. Amongst them is a wagon called "The Prince Albert Wagon," which is very light, beautiful, and has a shifting top. It arrests the attention of the English gentry, and, I am told, they have given orders for several of them to be made in Boston at any price.

One of Brother Jonathan's first objects appears to be to show the nations when all the rest of the world become hungry, just where they can go and find bread enough, and to spare. Hence, here is a whole row of barrels and bags from the Genesee country, N. Y., of spring wheat, Mediterranean wheat, white flint wheat, barley, rye, buck-wheat, oats, Indian-corn, shelled and in the ear, brown corn, flax, hemp, millet, clover, herds grass, red top, and other field seeds. Also from Chicago, Illinois, Cincinnati, Ohio, and other States, are barrels of

finest flour, with the staves varnished and the hoops gilded ; barrels of pork, beef, tallow, lard, boxes of farina, starch, specimens of tobacco, cotton, rice, hominy, oil cake, pearl barley, &c.

Daguerreotype miniatures are here in great numbers and perfection. The truth is, American daguerreotypes are much better than those in England—probably because our air and light are clearer. The first likenesses I saw were a few from Vermont, representing some of the handsomest daughters and mothers in the Green Mountain State ; and I could but feel proud of such an exhibition of the beauty of our country. Amongst other daguerrian likenesses, we notice very large ones of President Fillmore, Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Col. Benton, Mr. Calhoun, Gen. Jackson, Gov. Cass, Gen. Scott, Gen. Taylor, &c.

There are minerals here from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, the iron mountains of Missouri, the zinc beds of New Jersey, and the copper regions of Michigan. We have about all the valuable minerals of the world in our country, from platina and gold, to lead and iron.

South Carolina has a national appearance in the Crystal Palace—samples of everything, almost, that can make her independent ;—such as Upland Cotton, Sea-Island Cotton, rice in the sheaf, spirits of turpentine, palmetto cedar, and sweet gum-wood, and a specimen of secessionism, consisting of a broken jar full of escaping gas. Amongst her manufactures, we notice several pieces of cotton shirtings and sheetings, a canoe-boat, cut out of the trunk of a cypress tree, a phæton carriage, a basket, and a circular table, large enough for the accommodation of a large company of Southern chivalry.

Gold and other California ores are present ; and we notice, also, from that new State, an improved steam-engine quartz-crusher, which must satisfy the nations, that if gold cannot be dug out of the sand in lumps, it may be ground out of the rocks with equal certainty and ease.

The Philadelphians have sent out a splendid set of reclining chairs ; but the English people hold all such Yankee contrivances for people in health, as reclining and rocking-chairs, in derision. They constitute no part of the furniture of an English parlor. Also, E. Starr, of Philadelphia, placed in the Palace several forms of printing bank-notes and stereotyping, together with specimens of the notes, and of electrotyping.

New Hampshire has a sample of fine Saxony wool, brought from the flock of the exhibitor, S. Sibley, of Hopkinton.

Air-exhausted coffin. This is a new invention to preserve the dead from putrefaction. After the body is deposited, the coffin is closed up, and the air entirely exhausted ; and it is said the body will keep thus unchanged forever, if the air is kept out so long. The same man, E. G. Tuckerman, of New York, also has air-exhausted boxes for preserving fruit, fish, and flesh.

Genin, the same that paid the great price for a ticket to attend the concert of Jenny Lind, has a large display of New York hats and caps in the Exhibition. France may equal them, but England cannot.

American cloths for dress-coats, and cassimeres for pantaloons, are here from manufactories in Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New York ; and though one would hardly think of carrying such fabrics to England with the idea of competing with British manufactures,

really these look as fine and substantial as the best of English cloths. The cassimeres offered by friend J. D. Lang, Vassalboro, were made of American wool, (from Ohio, I believe,) and he asserts, that cassimeres, of equal excellence, cannot be manufactured in England.

Under the sign of the State of *Virginia*, we notice samples of iron ore, greensand marl, soap-stone, roofing slate, galena and silver combined, gold ore, quartz rock, tobacco in the leaf, and manufactured, (this is the only specimen of anything to *eat* from Virginia,) and of manufactured articles, ladies' and gentlemen's saddles, daguerreotypes, books, types, and envelope paper.

Michigan, a State far back in the woods, away from the sea-coast and the Atlantic Ocean, has one important invention here, viz., a revolving cylinder engine and leeway indicator, with a fog-whistle for Light Houses.

Next to New York, Massachusetts has the most in the Great Exhibition. That is a little State; but she makes her large mark in the world. Amongst her articles, we notice ship's models, books for the blind, pegged boots and shoes, cooking-ranges and stoves, all sorts of mechanical, surgical, and agricultural tools, specimens of human teeth, black-lead crucibles, wooden bowls, corn brooms, buckets, purchase blocks, gossamer wigs, piano-fortes, power-loom lathes, gold pens, hydraulic ram, combination bank lock, electric clock, folding, pressing, and sewing machine, cordage, cotton duck, mathematical telegraph, iron flooring, gingham, cassimeres, carpets, shawls, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

WALKS IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Queen in the Palace—Murder of the Innocents—Child driving a hoop—Eve, Gabriel and Satan—A Boy's broken Drum—Amazon—The Galleries—Voting Machine—Copying Electric Telegraph—German Toys—A Carpet given to the Queen—Duke of Northumberland's Reward.

WE have said that at the northern end of the Transept is a robing-room fitted up for the Queen, who enters it by a private door leading into the Park. The chairs, tables, couches, &c., are covered with blue silk damask of Spital-fields manufacture, one portion being richly carved and gilded, and the other of black-walnut wood. The great mirror in which Her Majesty sees herself, is very rich. The carpet is of the finest silk-velvet, woven with beautiful designs, embracing groups of roses and convolvuluses. The Queen comes to the Crystal Palace in her State Carriage, accompanied perhaps by Prince Albert, and some of her children and other members of the royal household. Alighting therefrom, she enters the private door, and in the robing-room her ladies-of-the-robes relieve her of her riding garments, and dress her up in robes suitable for walking about the Palace. This is generally a rich, but plain satin gown, and there is a circlet of diamonds, or a coronal, upon her brow. When the whisper begins to pass amongst the moving throngs that crowd the nave, the aisles, saloons, galleries, &c. that the Queen

is in the Palace, — though there is in every part of the edifice, at every visitor's side, some object of wealth or beauty to arrest his attention, from that moment nothing else is seen or looked upon but her Majesty, Victoria. The people, however, are decorous and polite. There is no rushing or crowding, as there would be in *some* Yankee circles amongst us, till the front ranks are pushed upon the royal party as it proceeds; on the contrary, there is rather a withdrawing quietly, that each individual may select some good position by the side of the avenue, or in the gallery, where the Queen is expected to pass, in order that thus a view of the Sovereign may be had. She is attended by no body-guard, or soldiery. There are policemen all over the Palace, and these are enough to protect the Queen or any body else in the edifice. She moves leisurely and gracefully about, noticing things eagerly, and making them the topics of conversation with her companions. If the Queen places her royal hand upon any thing, or expresses approbation of it, *that* is a fortune to its owner. The next day, henceforth, that is *the* fashionable article in the kingdom. I never saw any persons speak to her in the Palace, but some of her own party; nor did I ever hear her direct her discourse to any others — except in one instance; an unfortunate lame girl, fearing to be in the way of Majesty, attempted to run from her presence, but fell in the act. The Queen sprang towards the child, raised her up from the floor, pressed a kiss upon her pale cheek, spake a word of kindness to the child, and thus relieved her of her fears.

Near the centre of the Transept is a finely wrought piece of statuary, representing the Murder of the Inno-

cents. The principal figure, large as life, is a fiendish looking man, perfectly naked, standing upright, with his left hand grasping the leg of a naked child at its ankle, and holding it out before his own savage eyes. Its head hangs down perpendicularly, its mouth is open and awry with screaming, and its eyes are wild in tears. The heartless murderer holds a pointed glistening steel dagger in his right hand, which is raised and about to be plunged into the naked body of the innocent in his power. A female figure — the mother — has fallen upon one knee before the monster, her face delineating the highest agony of fear ; her right hand has hold of her infant's arm which drops below its hanging head, and her left is raised as if to prevent or receive the coming thrust at her sweet child. The whole group is well executed, and affords a scene of terror.

Not far from this is a statue of the Queen on horse-back. The horse is designed to represent her favorite one, and her own likeness upon him is as good as any we generally see. Opposite this, on the other side of the Crystal Fountain is a like statue of Prince Albert mounted on his Arabian steed.

One of the prettiest specimens of statuary which we notice, is a child driving a hoop. We almost think we can see the little fellow run. Another statue, however, near by, is about as pretty — a child at prayer ; the way his little hands and eyes are raised to heaven, and the innocent and hopeful expression there is in his face, make us feel to sympathize with his earnest and simple devotions.

Eve is represented in different aspects. Once she stands just as she came forth from the hands of her Maker — without guilt — without a sense of shame — pure and

beautiful. At another time, we find her asleep — a full marble figure — and the Arch Deceiver hovering over her and whispering into her ear those dreams of pleasure which, awake, would lead her to taste of the forbidden fruit. Satan, too, is again represented as in supernatural conflict with the Archangel Gabriel. In holy triumph the Angel treads upon his' neck, whilst a terrible but powerless rage bursts from Satan's fiendish eyes. It is Milton's idea brought out in marble. These are amongst the finest specimens of art in the world.

See you that marble figure, in perfection, of a boy strutting along with a drum by his side, who, in the ardor of his military zeal, has plied his sticks so powerfully as to have broken in the head of his drum! The little fellow has suddenly halted in a strange surprise, and his countenance depicts the most woful grief. I have before heard of statues weeping, but never believed the fact till beholding this exquisite effort of comic art.

An Amazon on horseback attacked by a tiger, is one of the most beautiful specimens of statuary in the Exhibition. It is in zinc, bronzed. So purely original is the form of the Amazon, so certain her position, and so spirited is her action in hurling her javelin at the tiger, clinging with deadly grasp to the flanks of the horse she strides, at hardly any thing can be compared to it in the whole range of modern sculpture. Her person developes one of the most beautiful forms of the Amazons, and it is almost entirely unencumbered with drapery. The terrible spring of the tiger, and consequent shock of the horse, are depicted with such life-like perfection, that one almost expects the blow which is to terminate the struggle; and in the undaunted eye of the heroine is read the certainty

of the stroke that is to penetrate the brain of the monster and hurl him lifeless to the ground.

But we have walked as long as we can afford amongst the statuary of the Palace. Let us ascend one of the galleries.

The floors of the galleries embrace about four acres. These floors have, occasionally, square openings in them, very large, with latticed railings and fronts finished like the main gallery walls, through which visitors below may look up into the gallery saloons, or those above may look down amongst the moving throngs on the lower floor. There are three stories of these galleries. All are enlightened by the glass sides of the edifice. In some cases the glass is colored, red, or blue, or yellow, or purple, &c. so as to throw stained streams of light, in happy rainbow contrasts upon certain stalls or articles in the Exhibition — thus producing a most pleasing effect. The four acres of gallery floors, which we have mentioned, are independent of the square openings alluded to. In some of those openings, flights of mahogany stairs descend to the main floor below, or to a gallery above.

The first thing that arrests our attention in the North Central Gallery, is a Voting Machine, designed to prevent fraud in the exercise of the elective franchise — a machine that *might* be an acquisition in all our town meetings. It is constructed by a Mr. Chamberlain, an Englishman.

It consists of a model ballot-box which has several knobs in front, that are labelled with the names of the different candidates in nomination. On the inside, next to where the receiving officers or polling clerks stand, it has a bell and a corresponding number of dials, unseen ;

and one larger one showing the "Total votes recorded." The voter enters a turn-stile, which, as he moves it on entering, adjusts the machinery, so that when he pulls a knob, a mark is made on the unseen dial which records the vote against the candidate's name voted for, and another on the larger open dial which exposes the total number that his vote makes. There is a "Nobody" knob, which a man may touch if he wishes to scatter his vote, and help nobody. This also is recorded. He cannot vote twice, because the machinery is not adjusted for a second ballot, till a new voter turns and enters the turnstile. In this way all double voting is precluded. It need not be seen or known whom the citizen votes for. The presiding officer knows every moment just how many votes are polled, and at the close, by raising the lid, the whole story is recorded on the dials and told at first sight without mistake and without counting. The machine appears quite simple, and efficient, and arrested much attention in the gallery.

Near this is the Copying Electric Telegraph, placed there by a Mr. Bakewell. It exhibits one of the most surprising and useful results of the application of electricity to the purpose of common writing. The writing is by white letters on a blue ground. The message to be forwarded is written on tin-foil, with varnish. This writing is fixed to a revolving cylinder, which is connected with the conducting wire. At the station where the message is to be received, a piece of paper, saturated with a certain chemical solution, is fixed to a similar cylinder. As soon as the electric current is put in motion, the contact is broken always as the point passes over the writing, the varnish being a non-conductor. As long as the current

is unbroken, the receiving-paper is being changed to a blue color; the writing at the same time, becoming visible and is formed of a number of small and intimately connected square white spots. This Telegraph transmits copies of the hand-writing of correspondents so exactly, that their signatures may be identified. This is copied at the rate of 130 letters per minute. The writing is not, indeed, as clear as in ordinary penmanship, but it is sufficiently distinct for all useful purposes, and is as distinctly legible as copies of letters generally made by copying machines in counting houses. The writing is clearest when the paper is first taken from the machine. Mr. Bakewell will have to improve his chemical solutions so as to make the record more permanent.

Amongst the toys of one of the German States, we notice many figures of men and women, old and young, and of boys and girls in groups, looking like miniature life, and so placed in connexion with an Electric Telegraph, that they are made to jump and dance, and laugh and cry and otherwise distort their faces; and it seems difficult to understand how they were not all actually alive and self-moved. As a little show, it is worth halting half an hour to witness. The Germans are the greatest toy-makers in the world, and very much of their matters in the Exhibition are adapted to the fancy of children, old and young.

Hand-labor cheaper than machine-labor. In this gallery is a specimen of ladies' handiwork, which is designed to show, that on some matters, at least, labor-saving machines have not the advantage over human hands in the cheapness of production. It is a large and beautiful carpet presented to the Queen, and by her sent into the

Palace, and hung up in the gallery for exhibition. The carpet is thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, executed in Berlin wool. It is the production of the leisure hours of a number of ladies, and is a good specimen of their industry and taste, rivalling the finest productions of European looms. Each lady, upon the payment of a guinea, had the material, and a square of two feet, sent her for execution. The square is composed of three hundred and forty stitches on each side. After completion, the squares were returned, and fitted together as a whole. Its cost was £800 ; but if worked by the loom, it could not have been sold for less than £1000. Her Majesty was so well pleased that the hands of females could thus be more profitably employed than looms, that she insisted on having it carried to the Crystal Palace, and exhibited as a token of the triumphs of her own sex.

The Duke of Northumberland, last Spring, offered a reward of \$100 to the inventor of the best Life-Boat. This brought a large number into the Crystal Palace, several of which are exhibited in the western gallery. Amongst these, we notice one presented by Mr. Light, of London. The object of this invention is to render ordinary ships' boats so buoyant, that they become Life-Boats, and are capable of saving the passengers and crew under almost any circumstance. The material employed is extremely buoyant, and is rendered impervious to water or moisture. By filling the spaces between the timbers with this material, and then covering the whole with a thin lining of boards, a boat is rendered so buoyant, that, even when overloaded with passengers, should the seas break over it, there would be no danger of its sinking. Or, should the bottom be stove in, the frame would float and act as a

raft, which the material, from its tenacity and fibrous nature, would hold together. The process, it is said, can also be applied with advantage to the bulwarks, and between the timbers and ceilings of ships; and it must be evident, that in the event of their going to pieces, each portion would, from its own power of floatation, become a life-buoy. It is also said, that the material can be adapted to any bulk, in any form, and to any part of the ship or boat usually left vacant; and, consequently, that it will not diminish the space for stowing the cargo, and that the mattresses, couches, seats, and all the furniture, can be made the means of saving life in the time of shipwreck. It may also be applied to jackets, belts, life-buoys of all kinds, and for floats for fishermen. The life-belts can be adjusted in ten seconds, and are incapable of being injured by weather or climate.

There was enough in the Palace worth studying. The whole world will derive essential benefit from the new inventions and improvements brought here for the different nations of the earth to profit from. We have not time or room, in this work, for further Walks in the Crystal Palace.

LETTER XXXVIII.

A SCENE NEAR THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

View of the Lake—A miniature Man-of-War—The Queen and her Son coming down from the Crystal Palace—The Embarkation and Sail described.

LONDON, AUGUST 18, 1851.

My Letters, hitherto, have contained descriptions &c. for adult readers ; I must write something for the boys — good ones — for many such, I trust, are amongst our reading friends. It is unnecessary now to describe the three hundred and sixty acres of Hyde Park, on which the Crystal Palace is erected, or to speak further of the external appearance of this immense and brilliant edifice. But suppose yourself to be standing near its east end. Just now, cast your eye to the right and look through the arching trees and over the verdant lawns to a lake of pure water, called the Serpentine, that is long and narrow like a river, running parallel with the Glass Palace. It is an artificial pond, perhaps two miles long by a fourth of a mile wide. It is deep water. The beach is covered with pebbles of flint. Trees grow upon the shores and shade the margin of the lake. Under these trees are circular seats, and long movable benches and settees. Occasionally there are green-houses, arbors and flower gardens. Boat-houses, also, project over the water ; and pretty wharves

are built out from the shores, at which lie fancy boats with sails, or oarsmen in row-boats, beckoning you to step on board and take a trip on the placid Serpentine. The fare is sixpence. Nothing can be gayer or more cheerful than this water-scene.

Let us proceed to the shore, and look out upon the lake. Swans, and geese, and ducks are resting upon its bosom, single or in flocks, and the gentle deer stand half leg deep in water, lapping the element, and cooling themselves in the refreshing water breeze. All over the lake are light and fanciful water crafts, some moved by steam, some by wind, some by oars, carrying passengers and parties on excursion to various parts of the lake — such as the distant bridges which cross it, to the Kensington Gardens, the Queen's Charity Hospital, &c.

But what is that object moored yonder in the centre of the lake? It is a veritable ship — a man-of-war — or rather, as we should say, a boy-of-war. She may be about twenty tons in size, — just large enough for the commission of the young midshipman who commands her. She is indeed named for him, — “*the Prince of Wales*” — the Queen's eldest son, England's king that is to be, now ten years old. He is already a midshipman in the Navy, and designs to follow a nautical life as did his great-uncle, the late King William IV. In this miniature frigate he begins his professional education. The ship is a three-decker, each deck is mounted with brass cannon corresponding in calibre to the size of the boy-of-war. She is fully rigged and equipped, and her sides shine like polished ebony. From her mizen peak streams the royal ensign of the British crown; and her white sails are bent ready for sea. She is fully manned

by sailors and marines in uniform,—all of the young Prince's own age and size, ten years old—and her decks seem alive with blue coats, red vests, yellow epaulettes, and black plumes.

But hark! Heard you the boatswain's whistle?—and now the sound of those bugles, and the roll of the drum? And what means that gun just discharged from the weather bow of the ship? There is a commotion even amongst the people on shore, and thousands appear to be hurrying to the borders of the lake. Let us get a good position by this canopied wharf, and see what is coming.

A beautiful little barge or yacht, is let down from the ship. The seats are all cushioned with red silk velvet, and a white satin canopy, with the Royal Coat-of-Arms painted upon it, covers the stern of the boat. Twelve young and nimble oarsmen, clad in uniform, six on a side, take their positions at the thowl. A miniature officer sits at the helm and gives command, and the silver mounted oars dip the silvery surface of the lake, keeping time with wonderful exactness. The barge is making direct for the royal wharf, near which we have taken our seat.

Now turn and look behind you, towards the Glass Palace. Ready policemen have cleared a wide passage-way amidst the thousands of people that cover this part of the Park. The private door, on the Palace side, opens, and a mother and her little son, holding each other by the hand, are advancing towards the barge. It is Queen Victoria and her boy, the Prince of Wales. They both bow to the people as they pass; and by the time they have reached the carpeted wharf, and halted

under the canopy that shields it from the sun's rays, the little Jack tars on board the yacht have brought the pretty craft along-side the marble steps. They uncover their heads, and the young midshipman, taking the hand of his mother, conducts her to the stern where both are seated together under the satin canopy of the barge. All being ready, the command is given, and the young oarsmen together dip the crystal waters of the mirror-like surface of the lake; the thousands and tens of thousands that line the shores shout a full toned English *hurrah!* the Queen bows and smiles, the young Prince waves his hand, and the barge proceeds with stately slowness towards the ship. Meanwhile her yards are manned, and the flags of all nations are strung upon the rigging. A second cannon from the ship's prow announces the arrival of Her Majesty, and the band on board strike up the National Anthem—"God save the Queen!" Velvet steps with gilded railings are let down the side of the ship to the barge, on which the Queen and her son, who owns the ship and manages it as his nautical toy, ascend to the upper deck, on reaching which the manned yards send forth their juvenile "hurrahs!" that echo over the lake.

And now you hear the boatswain's whistle again, and the "Yo! heave O!" of the young sailors, as they spring at the capstain and weigh anchor. The boys in the rigging too, are unfurling the sails. In a few minutes every rag of canvas is spread, and the ship is put under way, beating against the wind, first making a tack towards the wharf where we sit, and then standing off towards the opposite shore. The band plays the sweetest music all the while, and the young midshipman sails his ship the

rest of the afternoon in a manner to display the best nautical skill of which he is capable.

The sight is certainly a very pleasant one, and the Queen and her Princely boy enjoy as much in being seen, as do the assembled nations, gathered about the shores in beholding the Majesty of England sporting herself on the crystal bosom of the silvery lake, with the young heir-apparent to the throne.

It is not every boy in America that can have such a play-thing as I have described ; but it is not those who are most indulged and pampered in youth, that make the hardiest and most useful men. The republican elements of royalty are the elements of a *good character*, and this — boys! — will make you more than princes and kings in the sight of God and good men.

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part — there all the honor lies.”

LETTER XXXIX.

OLD BRENTFORD AND THE KEW GARDENS.

Kew, the Residence of George III.—Ride to Brentford—Great Nurseries—Alderney Cows—Duke of Northumberland's "Sion House"—Crossing the Thames—Basket Willows cultivated—The Royal Mansion—Queen Elizabeth's Elm—Kew Green—King of Hanover, and his Brother—the Manor—Lodges—Pagoda—Gardens—Specimens of Royalty—Return to London.

KEW, AUGUST 21, 1851.

KEW is not a city—not a village, but a royal estate, consisting of some thousand or more acres of parks, and lawns, and cultivated farming grounds and gardens, about a dozen miles above London, on the Thames. It was the favorite residence of old King George III., whose crown lost its thirteen American jewels, when the rebel Washington warred for Independence. Most of his large family of children were born here. It is one of the most magnificent seats in England, but is now occupied only by some of the distant relatives of the family.

I came hither, this morning, from St. Paul's church yard, in which, hard upon Paternoster Row, is the stand for lines of omnibuses, which run to Old Brentford. Whilst waiting for the next 'Bus to start—half an hour—I busied myself in examining the statue of Queen Anne, which stands in the yard in front of the Cathedral, and walking amongst the arches of the grand vestibule of the edifice. In reviewing some of the monuments and statuary at my leisure, I was more interested than at some former visits to the Cathedral, and was specially struck

with the satin-like appearance of the drapery on all the statues of Statesmen, Warriors, Scholars, and Philanthropists, gathered in mute companionship there.

Gathering new recruits, as the 'Bus passed through the Strand, Pall Mall, and Piccadilly, it was full to overflowing inside and out by the time we reached the Fulham Road that leads up river. My seat was with the driver, that I might take a better view of the country. Leaving London, we passed through Fulham, Brompton, Hammer-smith, and Chiswick to Brentford. The ride amongst the suburban residences of the nobility and gentry of the Great Metropolis was delightful indeed. There are, also, many fine nurseries and elegant gardens on the way. In Brentford, I visited Reynold's Nursery, the largest in the world. The owner died recently, and the contents of the Nursery will be sold at auction this Fall. I also visited the stock farm of Mr. Wilmot, who has the real Alderney cows for sale. If the moon changes right next Spring, I hope to receive a couple of them. A friend in Brentford, Mr. Charles Wild, who has relatives living in Hallowell and Augusta, has been very kind and attentive to me. Anticipating my arrival, he has obtained for me an invitation to visit the splendid residence of the Duke of Northumberland, and his Home Farm. He owns five hundred farms in the country. They, probably, produce as much, and feed as many people as if they were owned by five hundred people.

Mr. Wild accompanied me to the shore of the Thames, which we crossed in a ferry-boat, passing the foot of a long island, containing several acres, as full of young willow sprouts of this year's growth, as ever a marsh was of rushes. These osiers are cultivated for basket stuff. The

shore on the side opposite Brentford is in Kew, and rises to an intervalle of rich alluvial soil. The seat of King George is on this intervalle, which rises, as the land recedes from the river, and forms many hundred acres of gentle hills and spreading dales, cultivated as tastefully as a monarch's means might command. The mansion of the old king is a huge brick edifice, with wings and battlements, some three hundred rods below the ferry, and on the right side of the road that runs down river. In approaching it, I noticed near the river the stump of a great elm, planted by Queen Elizabeth in her childhood. This was her birth-place and home during her reign, three hundred years ago. The stump is fenced by circular palings, and is carefully preserved. The grounds around the royal mansion are enclosed, and are beautiful. The walk from it, by Elizabeth's Elm, up to the ferry, was the favorite one of King George III. Often was he seen walking thus on the banks of the river, a portly old gentleman in small clothes, wearing a long queue that hung down his Majesty's back. They tell some comical anecdotes of his being hailed whilst on these walks by watermen passing on the river. Kew Green is further down the river, adjoining the royal mansion. It is a great square, on the river side of which is the venerable residence of the King of Hanover, a son of George III., and a base monarch; and on the opposite, the Duke of Cambridge, opposite in every respect, — a very worthy and beloved man, whilst living, though he was a brother of the Hanoverian King. On the Green is the royal chapel, — an antique building, and a burying-ground with tombs and monuments.

The celebrated Kew Gardens — the best in the kingdom — are half a mile in rear of the old king's mansion,

in passing to which, we went through sylvan groves and cultivated fields, of vast extent, at our right and left. Beyond the gardens, in various directions, amongst forests, are to be seen little temples and lodges, of exquisite taste, in which visitors may rest and refresh themselves. Still further on, an octagonal building of ten stories, each story with projecting eaves, rises above the trees, like a grand tower. This is the Pagoda, and was built by George IV. Near this, is a thatched harem, kept for his unmarried wives. It was enclosed by a tight fence, through which no visitor could enter.

The gardens embrace many acres, laid out with much taste, and cultivated in perfection.

The Great Conservatory is the largest in the world. It is cruciform in shape, and entirely of the best glass blown into pattern shapes. It was constructed by Paxton, the royal gardener at Kew, whose brother, the gardener at Chiswick, constructed the Crystal Palace in London after that model. But the Kew Palace is more of a "crystal" one, and though not so large, is very much handsomer than the great London one. It has samples of all sorts of vegetation in it, from every climate — from the palm trees and bananas to the lowly nettles. Here, in an artificial pond, is a Victoria lily, such as is in Regent's Park Garden.

Whilst at the Conservatory, I had a full view of royalty. A state carriage drove up, having a *Crown* upon the panel of each side door. A herald, mounted on a single horse, clad in livery, led the van. Another, richly dressed, sat upon the rear horse of the large and glossy span of white steeds that drew the carriage, the body of which was network of rattan. Behind, stood a footman in gold epau-

lettes. Word was given, that the Royal Family had arrived ; and Mr. Wild and I hastened to that side of the building where they were to alight. The carriage drove up to the steps, and the back and front parts of the top being thrown partially down, exposed two old ladies on the rear seats, and three young ones on the forward one. They were the Duchess of Gloucester — sister of the late Kings George IV., and William IV., and daughter of George III. ; the Duchess of Cambridge, widow of the late Duke of Cambridge, brother of the late kings ; the Princess Mary, cousin of Victoria, and two other Princesses, whose names I did not learn. On alighting, the word was given to the crowd that had rushed out of the Conservatory to get a view of Royalty — “ off hats ! ” an order which all the *English* subjects present doubtless obeyed. I wanted my hat on my head at that time. As they passed along the building to enter it at the south end, I stepped in again at the side door, and were in readiness to have them pass me as they should come down my way. I was examining an India Rubber tree as they approached my royal presence ; and as no other person dared to stand so near monarchy, I happened to be the only one that they could make inquiries of. The Princess Mary, noticing the label upon the tree, gently requested me to explain the process by which the gum was obtained from the tree. I did so as readily as I should have done to any other genteel maiden. She is about twenty-five years old — not very handsome. She wore a white satin bonnet and dress, with a light, pink visite, descending low, in a plain sheet of richest satin fabric. I looked upon the old Duchess of Gloucester with some curiosity, for I remembered that it was with her father that America had two

wars. She and the Duchess of Cambridge are true *English* women — fat, hale, and consequential. Wine, beer, and beef, have a characteristic effect upon English bodies.

P. S. My visit at Kew was a delightful one. Whilst there, I made arrangements with a gentleman for correspondence, after my return home, on subjects of English Agriculture. I returned to London, passing the magnificent residence of the late Lord Holland, where Fox and Canning died. It is some ways in from the road, and the grounds, in part, are shaded with long rows of gigantic oaks and elms. Our carriage reached the Crystal Palace just as the Exhibition closed for the day. The omnibuses and coaches in the streets, by the side of the Palace, which were there to convey the sixty thousand visitors to various parts of the city, were beyond what I had ever seen before, in point of numbers. For miles, the streets were literally black with them, and they could only move like men borne along in a crowd.

The carriages moved slowly, only in a line, and that under the prompt directions of the army of policemen, who are everywhere in London.

LETTER XL.

RIDE FROM LONDON TO LIVERPOOL.

Leaving London—Euston Square Station—Great Crowd of Passengers—Miserable Regulations—Plunging into a Tunnel—Fertility of the Country—Heavy Crops—Harvest Work—Appearance of the Fields—Hedge Fences—Mansions, Castles, Parks, and Hunting Grounds—Country not thickly settled—Arrival in Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 25, 1851.

THE distance from London to Liverpool, through Birmingham and Manchester, is over two hundred miles. On the morning of Friday last, I bade my host adieu, and with bag and baggage, (*Eng.*, "luggage,") repaired to the Great Western Station on Euston Square, and entered the passenger's hall, which is of immense size, and most elegantly finished. Such was the rush of people assembled to take trains for different parts of the kingdom, that it was a full hour before the current of flesh had borne us as far as the office, where we could procure tickets for Liverpool. At last I emerged from the jammed hall to the train, and succeeded in crowding into a car. The train consisted of twenty-four cars, with seven hundred people locked into them. There is no baggage car, but trunks, &c., are thrown on top of the passenger cars, exposed to thieves, fire, and rain. No checks are given; all is at the passengers' own risk. I left at 7½ A. M.

Shortly after I left the city, and began to enjoy the beautiful sights of English farming, the train plunged into a tunnel three fourths of a mile long. The darkness was Egyptian. I never saw anything so black. Eyes were useless. The air was close. Two other similar tunnels — one longer — were passed, before reaching Liverpool.

The road passes through but few cities or villages. Generally we were in a fertile and beautifully cultivated agricultural region. English husbandry is perfect. It was in the midst of the corn harvest, though no "corn" grows in England. The wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, horse beans, buckwheat, hops, flax, turnips, cabbages, &c., appeared excellent. Some fields were harvested, and the grain put in horn-shaped ricks; on others, merry men and women were plying the sickles, and binding the sheaves; others were yet untouched. I saw the beauty of English rural life, that has made the poets sing the joys of "harvest home." I never witnessed crops so large in America. The golden fields of grain extended over gently undulating lands, as far as the eye could reach.

The mown grass fields were now red and fragrant with second-crop clover, and even the pastures were as fresh as our grass lands in June. There were no russet or dead patches in any of them. The cattle grazing were chiefly Durham Short Horns. All the fences were live ones — hawthorn hedges, not always very well trimmed. Occasionally tall trees grew up on the lines of old hedges, and then appearing to gain in number by lines of distance, give a show of shade and forest. There are no woodlands, excepting the parks of great landlords. Some of these are most *wildly* cultivated. We passed, in course of the afternoon, Shagborough Park and Farm, owned by the

Earl of Litchfield. In his extensive hunting grounds, we noticed hares and deer skipping over cliffs, and amongst the bushes.

The country between London and Liverpool is far from being as thickly settled as the rural districts of New England. Occasionally, in the distance, you see mansions or castles ; but none of the fifty or hundred acre farms and neat cottages owned by the independent occupants, that are to be seen on all our leading Kennebec valley roads.

The freedom from frost, which never is so severe as to kill grass, and the humidity of the atmosphere, keep the rural districts of England always green and beautiful. Farming here is more systematic than with us, and has more reference to long years ahead. For these and other reasons, English farmers make sure of larger crops than we can yet average.

I reached Liverpool at 9 P. M., and was taken directly to the London Hotel, on Union Street. Glad was I to retire to bed, the sheets of which I found to be literally in rags ; but everything was clean, the air was sweet, and sleep renewed my strength for making observations about the city next day.

LETTER XLI.

LIVERPOOL.

A passage engaged—Pecuniary standard of honesty—Liverpool small, compared with London—Lever-pool—Docks—American Sailors—St. James' Cemetery—Public Edifices—Nelson's Monument—Commerce and Revenue—Cheshire Co.—Beggary and Filth—Sunday—Mrs. Hemans' Residence—Her love of the Sea.

LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 29, 1851.

I HAVE been in Liverpool nearly a week, and to-day am on board the packet ship "Daniel Webster," having taken passage for Boston. The ship lies at anchor, a gale of wind blowing dead ahead, in the Mersey, having hauled out of Waterloo Dock three days ago. She has seven hundred and forty one human beings on board, including over six hundred Irish emigrants in the steerage—the largest number that ever entered Boston in one vessel. The surgeon, Dr. Philbrick, reports small pox on board! and has just ordered a dozen infected and exposed ones on shore. The "Webster" registers 1,300 tons, and belongs to Train's line.

English honesty, I find, has a standard quite pecuniary. Having left my portable writing desk in the omnibus that conveyed us on the night of our arrival from the station to the tavern, I set off the next morning to the office in

pursuit of it. I succeeded in finding the driver and the desk, but could not be permitted to put my hand upon it, till I had paid him an English shilling for *not* stealing it.

If I had come from Boston to Liverpool, I should have thought this a large city — it has between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants; but having entered it from London, there is a mighty falling off, both in extent, bustle, and magnificence. It is only about as large as New York.

Before the Docks were built, the vessels were secured in a Pool that made in from the River. There are several such Pools on the shores of the Mersey. This was the Lever-pool — in process of time the whole city became Liver-pool. The tide rises and falls twenty feet; the current is very rapid and there can be no wharves on the shores. There is a marine wall of stone masonry three miles long, on low-water line, through which vessels enter the Dock by guard-gates. There are 112 acres of these Docks. It is the great European port for American ships. Here the lines of packets, mail steamers, and cotton ships, &c., from Maine to New Orleans, connect the business and intercourse of the two continents; and there are so many American sailors and merchants in Liverpool, that their presence and habits give it the air of New York — yes, the *air*. The streets are vile and filthy, and there are few parks or ornamental trees, except in the suburbs. The St. James' Cemetery, however, is a pretty place. It is a dell of considerable width cut out of solid rock, one side of which is fragrant with shrubbery and flowers, and the other consists of terraces having 105 catacombs or vaults hewn from the rock. The vale between is studded

with graves and ornamented with serpentine walks and shrubbery.

The public edifices of Liverpool are highly creditable to the city. The Town Hall and Sailors' Home particularly engaged my admiration. There is hardly any thing in London itself superior to the "Assize Courts and St. George's Hall." The Exchange is quadrangular. The Merchants' Reading Room in it, where I have spent my leisure hours, is the best I ever saw. In the centre of the open court is a monument of Nelson, in bronze. Britannia is seen placing a laurel crown on his brow, as he stands with one foot on a conquered foe, and the other resting on a cannon. Around the moulding of the pedestal are his dying words — "*England expects every man to do his duty!*" At the base are four human figures in chains, emblematical of his four greatest victories. The Custom House, also, is a splendid structure. The revenue collected here annually is about twenty-five millions of dollars.

The river Mersey runs from South to North. Liverpool is on the east side, and the lights which illumine the three miles of Docks all night, give the city an appearance from our ship of the starry heavens let down and resting upon the shore. It is beautiful. On the west side is Cheshire County, a good agricultural district, and at the river's brink are the villages of Birkenhead, Leasowe, New Brighton, &c., connected with Liverpool by Steam Ferries. The rural scenery of the back ground is made beautiful by gentlemen's estates.

I have seen more beggary and drunkenness here in one hour than I witnessed in London for nearly a month.

Mendicant boys in rags are always at your heels, and the number of vile women is terrible. Would you believe it? —I have seen women scraping the manure from the street gutters with their naked hands, loading their baskets with the filth, and then beheld them put those baskets on their heads, the liquid parts dripping down their necks as they bore their precious load to the purchasers' quarters, to sell it for a penny!

Rev. J. Hemphill is a fellow-passenger. He came with myself and son from London. Last Sunday forenoon we spent with Rev. Dr. Thom, in his Chapel on Bold street, and were very happy to form his acquaintance. He is a great and good man. In the afternoon we went to Rev. J. Martineau's Church on Hope street, but there was no service.

I cannot bid adieu to England and Liverpool, without remembering that this was the country, and this the city that blessed our common world with that bright literary gem, Felicia Dorothea Brown, afterwards the wife of Captain Hemans, R. N. They had a son, by the way, educated in Bowdoin College. She was born in Duke street, 1794, and died whilst on a visit, for her health, to Dublin in 1835. Mrs. Hemans spent most of her life at Wavertree, a few miles below Liverpool, near the mouth of the Mersey and in view of the open sea which inspired some of her best Poems. It was here she composed those beautiful lines to the praise of our forefathers, who landed on the shores of Plymouth —

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast, &c.

As the curtains of the coming night will fall upon me, I shall take my last and farewell look of the Land from

whence my Forefathers came ; and I shall do it with my eyes resting upon the romantic residence of the lovely poetess of Wavertree. She loved the sea — and so do I. And as I go forth upon its heaving bosom, from the Old World in hope of home in the New, I remember and will sing with her spirit the beautiful apostrophe of her own composing :—

“Thou glorious Sea ! more pleasing far
When all thy waters are at rest,
And noontide sun or midnight star
Is shining on thy waveless breast.
Yet is the very tempest dear
Whose mighty voice but tells of thee ;
For wild or calm, or far or near,
I love thee still—thou glorious sea !”

LETTER XLIII.

A STORM AT SEA.

A FRIEND, very near to the writer of these Letters, who accompanied him to England, went to France in his stead, and returned with him to a common home, has contributed from his journal the following description of a scene on our return passage, which, it is believed, may impart a little variety with which to close this volume, and prove not altogether uninteresting as helping the reader to form some idea of a Storm at Sea.

Our voyage to the shores of the Old World, though long, had been unusually pleasant, even for the summer season. The most delightful weather had favored us, and the beauty and novelty of the limitless sea had charmed us. We could hardly realize that we had crossed the broad Atlantic; we had sailed three thousand miles as pleasantly and safely, as though our course had been across a summer lake instead of the wide and tumultuous ocean.

Though we were glad to tread the solid earth once more, yet a month's travel and bustle upon the Island and on the Continent, had made us but love our home the better, and wish for the rest and quiet of sea-sailing again. Accordingly, in due season, we were once more housed upon the wide waters, far from either hemisphere. In the

centre of a circle, with a radius of twelve hundred miles, we were daily approaching that land, the separation from which, had made us only prize it the more.

I felt that sea experience was incomplete without a storm, and had ever been strongly desirous to see a gale at sea, — to behold the waters whipped into madness by the fury of the winds. Peradventure, could I have foreseen the reality, I should not have been so inconsiderate in my wishes. Man's fickle nature renders him unsatisfied even with an unbroken prosperity, and when in the bright sunny hours I wished for storm, I but betrayed the weakness of our common nature. My imagination had more than once wearied itself in vainly attempting to picture the gently heaving waters around me, lashed into commotion, and I hoped once in my life to witness the grandeur and terror of a troubled ocean. I was not to be disappointed.

One fine sunny afternoon, as our noble ship was slowly moving homeward, with all sails set to a fair wind, the barometer which hung in the cabin, gave strong indications of an approaching storm. The captain looked alarmed and gave quick orders to take in sail; sheet after sheet was taken in and confined, and rapid preparations were made to put the ship in readiness for enduring a conflict with the elements. Those few sails which must be set to the wind, in order that the vessel may obey her helm, were reefed to their smallest possible compass. The little windows in the ship's side were closed, the dead-lights of the cabin put in, and the hatches battened down over the poor emigrants below. Still, not the slightest appearance of heavy weather was visible; the sun shone as bright as ever, and the green waves all around us, curled and broke in each other's embrace, as gently and lovingly as

before. The passengers were all on deck ; some lazily seated under the rail, sunning themselves ; others whiling away the tedious hours in sports, or laughing at the foolish barometer ; while others were standing in little squads about the deck, conversing upon that constant subject — the prospects of weather — or quietly watching the sailors busy at their work aloft. All this time the progress of the ship gradually diminished, till there was scarce wind sufficient to prevent the sails from striking against the masts. A dead calm succeeded. The sun, sinking into the western waters, was tinging the glossy surface of the sea with golden light, and the huge ship lay motionless upon the tranquil breast of ocean, glistening in his beams.

As the orb of day disappeared, the moon, "pale empress of the night," quietly rose in a sky as clear as the crystal sea upon which she shone, and nothing as yet occurred, to uphold the barometer in its prophecies. "There it lies, right ahead," said Captain Howard. In an instant every eye was directed towards the quarter he had indicated. At first, nothing unusual could be discerned by our inexperienced eyes ; yet by a careful observation, for a short time, a faint mist was distinguished, lying stealthily close to the verge of the horizon. "There is wind for us to-night. Haul tight the braces. I knew the old barometer wouldn't lie," quietly remarked the Captain, as he took the night glass, to enable him to mark the progress of his combatant. The mist grew in an incredibly short space of time, to a black and threatening cloud. The old sailors would occasionally lift an eye full of anxiety towards the clouds and then look aloft to be sure that all was fast and safe. Though these "sons of the sea" said nothing, a close observer could not fail to mark a restlessness upon

their hardened and healthy faces. They felt that there was no sleep for them that night. In a short time, we were all amazed to behold far off, from our becalmed vessel, the waters leaping in white angry wreaths, seeming to break against the very heavens.

On, on they came, like winged armies. Quick as thought, the ropes were hauled tighter, and the good old ship hauled round to meet them, like a courageous warrior, *front first*. The frightened passengers scampered below quicker than ever. Before one could speak, a gale in its whole fury and might was upon us! Our noble barque, reeled and staggered like a drunken man, from the shock. Wave after wave swept and re-swept the deck, threatening to carry everything before it, while a huge mountain of angry waters, kept thumping away with tremendous force under the stern. All was terror and consternation. The baggage and boxes broke away from their fastenings, and commenced a rude review over the decks below. The passengers who were so fortunate as to possess them, buckled on their life preservers, though they could not have lived a moment in a sea so terrible; while the poor Irish emigrants, stifled between decks, were busy supplicating the Virgin for their safety; or, infuriated with fear, were endeavoring to get on deck and throw themselves overboard, rather than go down in a prison, as they must, should this iron-loaded ship founder. All night there was the utmost terror manifested on board, sometimes in screams, sometimes in a more expressive but agonizing silence. Everything without was fury, all within was fear. The scene defied description. While our good ship lay quietly at her moorings in the Mersey, it seemed impossible that the waves could injure or molest

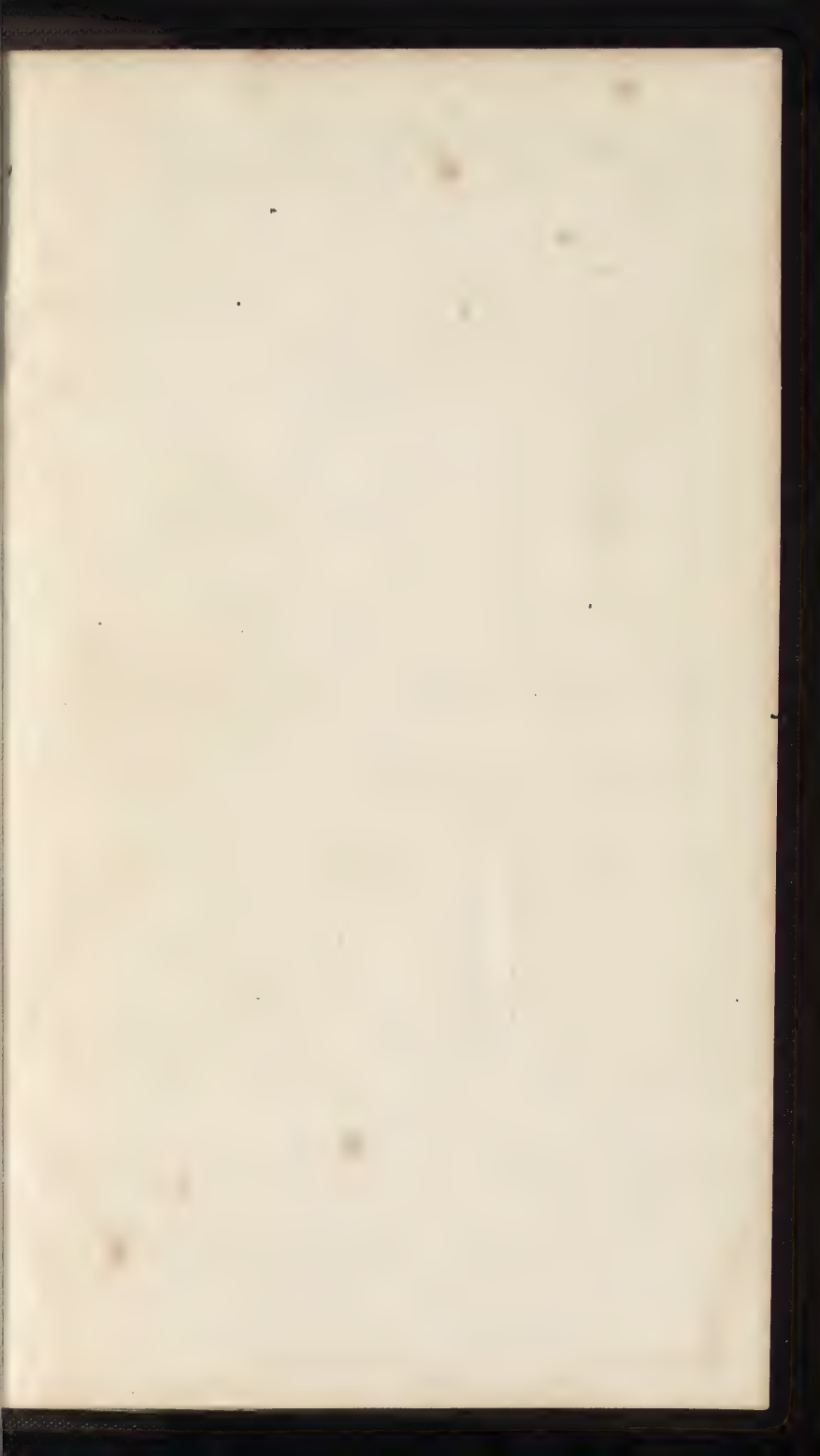
her, she was so large and strong; but on this dreadful night, she was jostled about, and shaken, like a reed before the tempest. In comparison to the waves of the boundless ocean around her, she was only an egg shell, driven by the wind on a mill-pond. Thanks to an all-wise Hand, we were spared from destruction, and permitted to see the sun rise upon a quieted sea. But what a change appeared in everything that met our eyes on ship-board. The sails were torn, spars broken, and the whole ship completely wet and swept by the waves! The old sailors greeted us with a hearty "good morning" and a blessing, seeming to have forgotten their late labor and danger.

"Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times and feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us! but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not! to look around and only see
The mountain wave incumbent with its weight
Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark,—
O God! this is indeed a dreadful thing!"

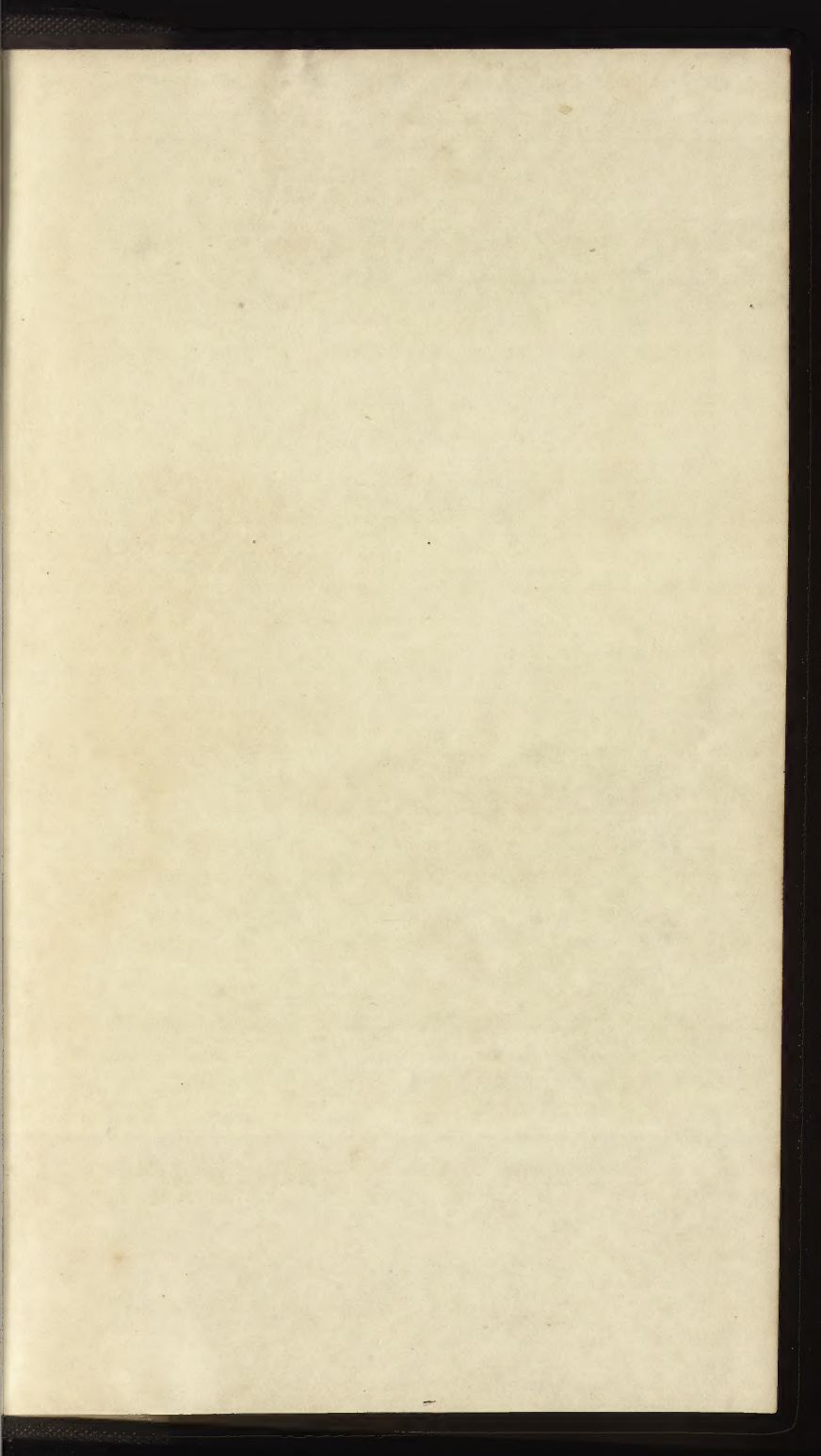












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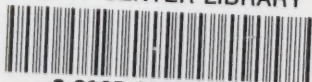
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